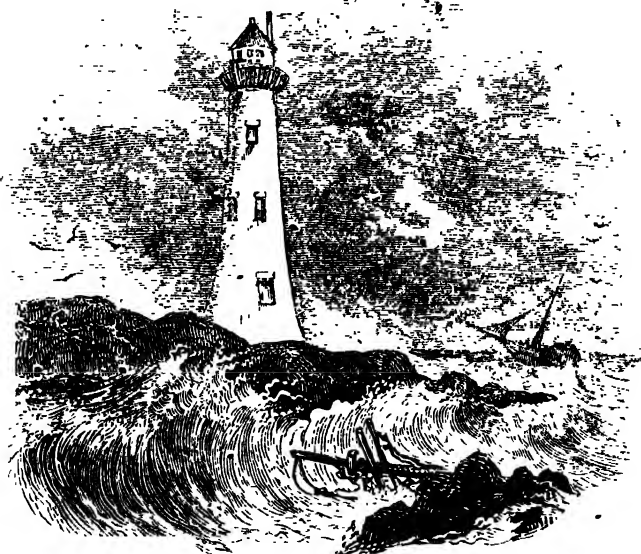


GRACE DARLING.

THE MAID OF THE ISLES.

Dedicated to Her Grace
THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say, within himself,
I shall to-day be uppermost?—CONFUCIUS.



ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS: PORTRAIT OF GRACE DARLING, AND
OF THE WRECK OF THE FOREFARSHIRE, &c., BY CARMICHAEL.

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TO HER GRACE THE
Duchess of Northumberland.

IN dedicating this work to your Grace, the author feels assured he may be more justly accused of attempting to attract the attention of the public, than in any compliment he can hope to be enabled to convey to your Grace.

It is your Grace's particular distinction, that surrounded by all that wealth can procure, or power can bestow—the willing patron of deserving merit, and ever mindful of the wants of others—your Grace is at all times ready to listen to the supplication of distress, and relieve, with unsparing generosity, those who require your aid.

The high birth and distinguished rank alone of your Grace, would not have secured the general approbation which attends your name, had they not been accompanied by that amiability of character, and condescension of manner, which renders duty a pleasure to all

subordinate to your Grace, whilst that aversion to ostentation, which leads you to do good in secret, and “blush to find it fame,” have not a little tended to increase those feelings of respectful admiration, by which your Grace and your noble Consort, are every where regarded.

The affability and courteous deportment of your Grace and the noble Duke, in this town on a late occasion, will long be remembered with respect and esteem; while the meritorious conduct of his Grace the Duke, in private life, as the kind friend, the noble benefactor of a numerous tenantry, and the generous patron of genius in obscurity, are well known, although as assiduous to shun applause as he is solicitous to merit approbation. Such conduct adds new lustre to the name of Percy, and to that of the noble ancestor of your Grace, so appropriately designated by the illustrious Chatham, as “the Heaven-born Soldier.”

Without trespassing further upon the notice of your Grace, it may be offered as an additional apology for affixing to the following pages the name of the Duchess of Northumberland, the well known promptness with

which your Grace came forward as the patron and rewarder of the Heroine of Fern Islands, and the object of the author being to give a record of the events which have so justly given a celebrity to the name of Grace Darling.

I have the Honour

To subscribe myself,

With the utmost Respect,

Your Grace's most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Newcastle, Feb. 1839.

GRACE DARLING

CHAPTER I.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven :
And if there be a human tear
From passion's drop, refin'd and clear—
A tear, so lupid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek—
'Tis *that* which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

SIR W. SCOTT.

GRACE DARLING, the heroine of the following pages, was born amongst a group of small islands, distinguished by the name of the Fern Islands, situate in that part of the German ocean which bounds the north-east of Northumberland. These islands, though hallowed by the residence of the holy St. Cuthbert, and known as the place of his death, have been but rarely visited by the tourist, owing probably to their dangerous approach from the shore, and the tremendous storms by which the whole of the northern coast is so frequently visited.

On the north-east point of the largest of these islands is a light house, first used in 1822, which has proved highly serviceable as a warning for vessels to avoid this dangerous

coast. The present and only inhabitants of the island, is the family of William Darling, whose office it is to attend this friendly beacon; and here, amidst contending elements have been passed the early years of his heroic daughter, to which may be greatly owing the fearless courage and intrepidity of character which she has on various occasions displayed.

For several successive ages the ancestors of William Darling have been the only inhabitants of the Longstone Island; hence, it has almost become their hereditary office to tend upon the beacon lights; this duty was formerly much more arduous than at present, coal fires being kept perpetually burning during the long and lonely hours from twilight till the dawn of morning, but the present erection possesses those modern improvements which renders it of greater utility, and considerably lessens the labour of those employed in its attendance.

William Darling, the father of our heroine, married at an early age the daughter of a farmer, residing a few miles distant from the Fern Islands, in the vicinity of Bambrough. The object of his choice was an amiable, kind-hearted woman, willingly resigning the society of the friends with whom her girlish years had been spent, to pass her future life upon a barren island with the man she loved. The first years of Mrs. Darling's residence in the light house were somewhat solitary, yet she never wearied or felt the hours dull and lone-

ly ; united to the man who was in possession of her heart, her only desire was to contribute to his happiness, and her affection caused the days to pass unheeded, which otherwise might have seemed long or monotonous. Her husband possessed a mind of no ordinary kind ; and with a taste for literature, he was led to devote every hour of leisure to the perusal of books, and the nature of his studies was such as tended to give a depth and intelligence to his natural strength of character.

Ere the lapse of many years from the time of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Darling beheld themselves surrounded by a blooming family, each alternate year introducing an increase to their number—and the 24th day of November, 1816, was that which witnessed the birth of Grace, an event which created the usual degree of joy in the breast of Mr. Darling—affection for his family being a strongly developed trait in his character.

On the morning subsequent to that on which our heroine was born, a small yacht arrived at the island, containing two gentlemen, with their attendants. These gentlemen were, the Marquis of L——, and Mr. S—— ; the former of whom has since occupied a conspicuous position as a statesman and diplomatist, whilst the other has become eminent for his acquirements in the fine arts and in natural history. From the intelligence and urbanity of character which distinguished Mr. Darling, he proved at all times a valuable guide to strangers

visiting the islands, imparting every information respecting the history and natural productions of the place. On the present occasion, after conducting the Marquis and his friend over the various islands, they accompanied Mr. Darling to the light-house, there to partake of refreshment previous to embarking in their little vessel. Whilst partaking of this repast, the Marquis complimented Mr. Darling upon the healthy and spirited appearance of his children, whom he had beheld scrambling amidst the rocks with all the fearless courage and agility possessed by the young chamois. These compliments gratifying the paternal pride of Mr. Darling so as to throw off all restraint, he brought out the young stranger, whom he presented to his noble visitors. Our heroine, even at this very early period of her life, possessed an appearance so interesting as to call forth many flattering compliments and happy presages of the future, after which the unconscious infant was restored to its natural resting-place—a mother's bosom. The Marquis and Mr. S. left the island—the former to embark on that sea of politics, in which he has taken so active a part, and the latter to pursue his more retired and intellectual career amidst the privacy of domestic life.

Time passed over on the little sea-girt island, with a pace as rapid as in the gay and busy world. The gentle baby grew apace, from infancy to girlhood; and at Bambrough church was presented, at the baptismal font,

where she received the name of her maternal grandmother, Grace Horsley. Of Grace her father might have justly said, 'in the words of Bloomfield, the peasant-poet—

“ She was my darling—was my fav’rite child ;
In her the charms of all the rest ran wild,
And sprouted as they liked”—

since, from the earliest period of her childhood, she became his especial favourite, as also the pet and plaything of all the other part of the family, for the addition of twin-brothers to their number, ere Grace had attained her second year, did not lessen the fondness with which she was regarded. Fortunately for Grace, her natural disposition was so amiable, her temper so docile, that an indulgence which would have injured the most of children, only tended to develope more fully the fine and tender sensibilities of her nature.

Mr. Darling was somewhat of a disciplinarian in his family, the elder part of which had been brought up in a rigid style of training ; and, after passing the first years of childhood, were sent from home to receive a suitable education at a small town on the neighbouring coast, previous to their being placed in their various pursuits, by which they were to support themselves, and in honest, useful industry, pursue their humble course of life. This they have done in a manner reflecting the highest credit upon their parents' zealous care. In consequence of the gentle temper and winning ways of the little

Grace, her father felt how great an effort it would require to send her from them ; it therefore became the determination of Mr. Darling, that he himself should become her preceptor, and his should be the task to form her youthful mind, and lead her into wisdom's pleasant paths. Mr. Darling found the work of education a much more easy and pleasing employment than he had anticipated. Grace was endowed with a quickness and intelligence superior to her years, in addition to a love for knowledge combined with a memory the most retentive, and was also passionately fond of the many legends and traditionary ballads connected with the coast. Her happy, joyous voice might be heard singing snatches of the latter while moving about the house, engaged in those domestic employments in which she assisted her mother ; or when rambling along the beach, accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, a faithful favourite of her father's.

“ Her laughing voice made all rejoice .
Who caught the happy sound :
There was a gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touch'd the ground.”

Whilst yet almost a child, Grace would accompany her father in his expeditions out to sea, hence she soon acquired a skill and address in the management of a boat, seldom surpassed by the oldest and most experienced boatman ; and at an early age had learned to guide the little coble through the rocks and

shallows by which the islands are intersected, a task requiring courage and intrepidity : thus she became so completely associated with her father, that he would rarely be without her presence ; and as her brothers and sisters in rotation left their home, Grace became at length the only one remaining to cheer and enliven the dwelling of her parents.

It was a happy circumstance for Grace Darling that she possessed a taste and fondness for literature, which enabled her at all times to derive amusement from the perusal of books, and this prevented her ever feeling the hours passed on that lonely island, dull or devoid of interest. It is true the little library could not boast the possession of many volumes, but these, though few, were well chosen, and the book of nature was ever open to her view. Of the various kinds of the funny tribe, the weeds and shells found along the shore, and the nature and habits of the sea birds which frequented the islands, she acquired a most perfect knowledge, and they were with her a favourite study. And although confined in a great measure to the house during the long and dreary months of winter, seated by the side of her parents, and reading to them the pages of history, biography, or travels, the hours thus spent were rich in interest to the enquiring mind of Grace.

With the advancing spring, Grace was again enabled to visit her many favourites of the feathered race, to whom she had always shewn

a love and kindness, strengthened by the precepts and the example received from her parents of treating every creature with humanity and tenderness ; and even during the first years of childhood, she evinced the strongest traits of a benevolent and feeling heart. In corroboration of this favourable portrait of her amiable character, the following sketch, from the pen of a talented writer, who visited the island during Grace's early years, will be found highly interesting :—

“ It was my good fortune, many years ago, to spend a summer day among the Fern Islands. The party, of whom I was one, took a *pic nic* dinner in the light-house, of which William Darling was tenant. The daughter was then about five years old, and I remember her as one of the sweetest of children I ever saw. This remembrance of beauty, though strong, might have faded, had it not been united with a feeling which led, I am persuaded, to her contempt of life when that of others was endangered. She was brought up with the strictest feelings of humanity towards inferior animals. The island on which she dwells is the peculiar resort of the tern : and, at the time I mention, it was absolutely strewed with the unfledged young of that bird ; so much as to render it difficult to step out of an imperfectly marked foot-path without treading on some of them. An eider-duck, the shyest of all wild birds, had made her nest on the ground very near the light-house : the

little girl took it under her own peculiar charge, and the bird became so accustomed to her, as to allow her to approach close to her nest, without shewing the least alarm. Strangers in her company might approach within three or four yards; but, without the protection of her sweet countenance, and *the shelter*, if I may call it so, of her mild, clear eye, no one could approach within five times the distance before the bird flew away. Had the worthy father of Grace allowed, or, as too many parents do, encouraged his daughter in acts of wanton cruelty, no one would think that she would, in so exemplary a manner, have shewn her affection for her own kind. I have not a shadow of a doubt, that the nine persons so happily rescued owe their lives to the humane education of this interesting and truly heroic maiden."—*Correspondent of the Liverpool Albion, Dec. 1838.*



CHAPTER II.

“ Trust not yon smiling sky.”

THE current of time passes on, like the flow and ebb of the ocean. The first sixteen years of Grace Darling's existence were passed unmarked beyond the ordinary course of events. Her childhood had been spent in joyous happiness, protected by her parents' fostering care. She scarcely knew by name ought of the turmoils and distracting cares which break the peace of those who move amid the world's gay throng. Grace now lingered on the verge of girlhood, and the gay and thoughtless child was fast emerging into a graceful and superior woman. Yet her laugh was as gay, and her eye as bright, as when, in the sunny days of childhood, she would scramble amidst the rocks in search of some of her favourite shells. Her parents were the centre of her affections; and so free from selfishness was her kind and generous nature, that to see that they were happy, and to know that she contributed towards establishing that happiness, was reward sufficient for every exertion made in administering to the comfort of those dear to her. Her brothers and sisters, as has before been related, were now all absent from their home; and Grace, by sending many a kind token of remembrance, strove to assure them, that although absent, they were not

forgotten ; the youngest twin boys were especially dear to her, and it was her studious care to make the holiday visits to the island as gay and happy as was possible. This was, however, no very arduous task ; in the age of boyhood the heart is usually light and free from care, receiving a new and varied pleasure from each object presented to the view : the sense of enjoyment has not been deadened by struggles of the world, in which, sooner or later, each must play his part : the heart yet retains its freshness and freedom from those debasing chains which bind the soul down in the pursuit of gain ; or vainer still—of ambition's idol—power, a pursuit so often ending in vanity and vexation of spirit.

It was drawing towards the twilight of a day in September, 1832, when Mr. Darling, who had been across the water to North Sunderland in his coble, returned to the island, accompanied by his eldest son, who had come from the town of Alnwick, where he was at that time residing. They were met at the beach by Grace, who expressed her joy at seeing them, at the same time observing how anxious her mother and she had been for their return, as they perceived every token of an approaching storm. The whole of these islands have, indeed, been the scene of many shipwrecks of the most melancholy and terrific description, and during which Mr. Darling has frequently been the instrument of preserving his fellow-creatures from the yawning wave ; and at these times Grace

witnessed drowning creatures brought to the light-house, where they remained for days, nay, sometimes for weeks, receiving from her mother and herself the most tender care and delicate attention until perfectly recovered; and, when suffered to depart, their benevolent preserver and his family were always rewarded with heart-felt blessings and thanks.

To return from this digression, the morning had been intensely close for the time of the year. The waves lay calm and untroubled, and there was scarcely enough of wind abroad to ruffle the plumage of the sheldrakes and other sea-birds, which, with that unerring instinct they possess, were now slowly winding their way, and making to the cliffs for shelter. Mr. Darling and his son had not been more than an hour arrived at the light-house, where they were also warmly welcomed by Mrs. Darling; and scarcely had they partaken of the repast provided for them, ere the betokened storm commenced. The wind, which at first began to sigh and wail through the cliffs, as if mourning for the ill it might work in its fury, now gradually increased until it blew with all the frenzy of a tempest. Rain began to fall, mingled with hail, and the angry waves beat against the light-house with terrific violence. Grace had taken her station at one of the windows, from thence to witness the war of the elements; and from her position was presented to her view a scene at once awful and sublime. She had not long retained her station; ere she

beheld an object that awakened the most lively feelings of alarm and anxiety. At a trifling distance was observed a small yacht, and, from its slight and fragile appearance, it seemed ill fitted to endure the force of the storm with which it was contending. One moment it was borne upon the summit of a mountainous wave, and the next it appeared engulfed amid the mighty abyss of waters. An exclamation of alarm from the now fearfully excited Grace brought Mr. Darling to her side, who perceived at a glance the imminent danger to which the little yacht before them was exposed. A long narrow ridge of rocks ran along the coast, the cause of wreck to many a stately vessel. To these the yacht was driving with a rapidity which threatened speedily to occasion its destruction. Without the delay of a single moment, every one of which had now become precious, Mr. Darling hurried down to his boat, accompanied by William, leaving Grace to support the weakened spirits of her mother. Mrs. Darling was nervously susceptible of the dangers which had been braved by her husband; and more than once, during these daring efforts he had made to preserve the shipwrecked mariner, she had been so much overpowered, as to sink into a state of insensibility, and had not recovered without the utmost difficulty and attention. The alarm of Mrs. Darling on this occasion was, however, of but brief duration. Mr. Darling and his son succeeded, though with some difficulty, in reaching the side of the

yacht, but not before it had struck against a rock, and a few minutes longer would have been too late to preserve its inmates from perishing: they were, however, securely placed in Mr. Darling's boat, and in safety reached the friendly light-house.

The party so fortunately rescued by the skill and courage of Mr. Darling, consisted of two young men, a lady, and the boatman. They had sustained no material injury by the exposure to the storm; for, excepting the alarm, they only experienced a complete drenching from the rain and spray; and this was speedily remedied, the lady being furnished from the wardrobe of Grace, whilst her companions were supplied in an equally liberal manner by Mrs. Darling, with dresses belonging to her absent sons. Having equipped themselves, the young men joined the family of their preserver; and notwithstanding the somewhat homely nature of their clothing, their appearance was gentlemanly and highly prepossessing. The elder of the two introduced himself by the name of Dudley, and his companion by that of Morrington; they gave a rapid narration of the adventures of the day. They had left the bathing-place of Tynemouth early in the morning, accompanied by the sister of Dudley: tempted by the fineness of the day, they had put further out to sea than was their first intention, when the gale coming on in so sudden a manner, they were driven out of their course, and losing all controul over their vessel,

were left exposed to the mercy of the wind and waves.

Scarcely had Dudley completed his short narrative, ere they were joined by his sister and Grace. Caroline Dudley, in the most graceful manner, expressed her thanks to her worthy host, declaring words were too feeble to express the feelings of her heart, which would ever retain a most grateful remembrance of the courage, humanity, and kindness which had prompted Mr. Darling to attempt their rescue. Mr. Darling begged her to be silent upon that subject, observing he was sufficiently repaid by the consciousness of having been the instrument of preserving the life of a fellow-creature—rising, and intimating at the same time, he must now go and relieve his son from the watch by the beacon, Mrs. Darling and Grace being left to entertain their unexpected guests. Mrs. Darling had already spread a table with whatever delicacies her larder could produce. She begged Miss Dudley to take a seat by the board, repeating a similar invitation to Dudley and Morrington; and being joined by William, the little party were soon busily engaged in discussing the various materials with which the table was supplied. Engaged in an agreeable conversation, the storm which continued to rage without, was unheeded. At a late hour, they retired to their respective chambers, to seek the necessary repose; the apartment of Grace for this evening being shared by her new friend, Caroline Dudley, and the

vigils of Mr. Darling for this night were relieved by William, who remained in attendance upon the beacon until day-light, when, having extinguished the lights, he retired to his chamber, to court

“Tir’d nature’s sweet restorer—balmy sleep.”

CHAPTER III.

“Thick waters shew no images of things ;
Friends are each other’s mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal, or the mountain springs,
And free from cloud, design, or flattery.”

It was a late hour in the morning ere Caroline Dudley awoke; upon unclosing her eyes, she beheld, from the little window of her apartment, the sun shining in unclouded splendour. She found that Miss Darling had already arisen and was gone. Having performed the duties of her toilette, Caroline descended to the apartment where they had supped the preceding evening; here she found Mrs. Darling and Grace, with whom she exchanged the greetings of the morning. Miss Dudley was told, in reply to her enquiries, that her brother and Morrington, with Mr. Darling, had gone out to walk along the beach. In a short time they returned, and with excellent appetites sat down to breakfast. The table was supplied with tea and coffee, and

also fish and eggs of the finest description, to which ample justice was done by all. "I find, Mrs. Darling," said Dudley, addressing his hostess, "we shall have to encroach still further upon your hospitality: Mr. Darling informs me we cannot leave the island to-day, as the sea still continues so rough." Mrs. Darling assured him of the pleasure it gave her to have them as guests; whilst Grace expressed to Caroline a similar feeling. Caroline, however, experienced the greatest uneasiness, from the anxiety and alarm which their protracted absence would occasion to her father, at the same time declaring, but for that circumstance, she should be most happy to remain for many days upon the island with their kind and hospitable entertainers; she suffered herself to be consoled by the prospect of being enabled to return home on the following day; Mr. Darling volunteering to accompany them in his boat, that of Dudley's having become unfitted for use from the injury it sustained among the rocks the previous evening. When breakfast was over, Grace proposed to Caroline to accompany her to the turret of the light-house, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding scenery. Ascending the spiral stairs, they soon attained the summit of the tower, and from thence beheld a landscape of the most interesting and varied character. The day was delightful; there was just as much motion in the air as to disturb the little fleecy clouds which floated on the horizon,

giving a pleasing variety of light and shade to the landscape. The wide sea, which yet heaved and swelled from the violence of the yesterday's storm, was pouring in its tide with a rapidity, threatening with destruction whatever might be opposed to its current. On the one hand Bambrough Castle reared its proud front on a lofty promontory, on the other was Holy Island, with the ruins of its priory, whilst the view on the north was bounded by the hills of Cheviot. Caroline gazed on the prospect before her, with the most intense feelings of admiration, in which her companion sympathised, although it was a scene familiar to her view; yet, to a contemplative mind, the eye always loves to gaze upon a beauteous landscape; and the ocean, whether in her mild or most savage mood, presents an object of the most sublime and undying interest—

“Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.”

Grace recounted to her companion the many legendary tales which give so much interesting locality to the surrounding scene, all of which were new, and were listened to with deep attention by Miss Dudley; such a situation accorded well with the romance of Caroline Dudley's disposition, and would oft be recalled to remembrance in after days. Seated in this lofty tower in a lonely island, listening to the

tales of old, which fell in soft and melodious accents from the lips of her companion, a simple island maiden, called forth all the enthusiasm of Caroline's character, and she was attracted to her companion with the strongest feelings of regard and friendship; whilst to Grace, Caroline appeared as a being of another sphere, such as she had often pictured to her imagination. They had not long remained engaged in conversation, when they were joined by Dudley, Morrington, and William Darling; and, at their request, Caroline and Grace equipped themselves for a walk along the beach. Having descended, they soon found themselves by the edge of the ocean, whose tide was now receding, and consequently the sands were in an agreeable state for a ramble. Before they had strolled far, they were deserted by their *beaux*; but this was unheeded, the attention of Caroline being absorbed by Grace, who was pointing out to her notice the most interesting objects upon the various islands. The interest of Caroline increased as Grace pointed out to her the island on which St. Cuthbert, the tutelary saint of Northumberland, resided; for here still may be seen the small hermitage, to which he retired from the priory of Lindisfarne, deeming a monastic life there possessing too many enjoyments, and distracting his mind from serious contemplations. Nor could he have chosen a place better adapted for a life of gloom and mortification than the island he selected, and where he spent

the last years of his existence. The ancient description of the place is truly horrible, there being neither water nor any trace of vegetation upon the island; and in addition to its other disadvantages, it was the abode of demons. Upon the holy saint, however, becoming a resident, "the flinty rock bubbled with fountains of fresh water; the once barren soil, with prolific abundance, brought forth grain; trees and shrubs bearing fruit decked the smiling shores; the troubled waters clapped their hands for joy; the plains assumed a mantle of green, embroidered with flowers; the evil spirits were bound in eternal darkness, and angels of light communed with the anchorite." Unfortunately, after the holy saint's decease, the island returned to its former and present state of sterility. On the island there is still the remains of a church, in which is a stone coffin, one of the many said to have been occupied by the restless remains of St. Cuthbert.

The attention of the wandering maidens was next drawn towards Holy Island, a few miles further north, where are the ruins of a noble priory; this place was once of considerable importance, but now beautiful in its decay, and still rendered of great interest by its historical associations, as well as the singular legends connected with its early history. Indeed, at a period so early as the Saxon heptarchy, Lindisfarne was a monastic retreat; and, during the incursions of the Danes, this priory suffered repeated attacks from those

sea-kings, by whom it was pillaged and devoted to the flames. Warkworth and Dunstanborough were also alluded to by Grace, as places of considerable interest, situated a few miles distant along the coast; and Caroline avowed an intention of requesting her father to accompany her upon a pilgrimage to each of those sacred ruins before they should return to their own residence in Bedfordshire.

Caroline, in return for the information afforded by Grace, gave a lively, yet somewhat satirical picture of the gay world to which she belonged; and of the manners and customs of a class of society differing so materially from any known to her companion. Miss Dudley had just completed her education at a first-rate boarding-school, and her manners possessed that finished polish and easy grace, which, mixing with refined society, seldom fail to produce; and she had also all those modern accomplishments considered so necessary in a fashionable education. But this was not all; for, in addition to those outward graces, an intellect of the highest order had been cultivated with a care greatly tending to curb without subduing the romance and enthusiasm of her character. In person, as much as in mental qualities, Caroline presented a strong contrast to Grace Darling; she was tall and elegantly formed, and her beauty was of that rare and classic character so well adapted for the study of the artist. From her mother, a native of Spain, she inherited eyes and hair of the darkest hue, and from

the same source derived her ardent and romantic nature. On the other hand, Grace Darling was rather beneath than above the ordinary size of women, of a slender and graceful figure, whose easy and airy movements bespoke a light and happy heart; her countenance was remarkable for an expression of good-humoured vivacity; her dark brown hair waved in sunny ringlets; her complexion partook of that delicate shade of pink, often admired in sea-shells; whilst her soft hazel eye beamed with an expression of benevolent feeling. Notwithstanding she had passed her life in so retired a situation, shut out from all society, yet a natural desire of pleasing gave to her manners an easy and winning grace. The education she had received from her father, whilst it developed her excellent understanding, had not destroyed that child-like simplicity and freedom from all guile, which formed so amiable a part of her character; and this, as much as her intelligent sweetness, attracted and rivetted the regard of Miss Dudley.

It is somewhat strange, that two beings so widely dissimilar in natural as in acquired character, as the lofty and high-born Caroline, and the gentle and humble Grace, should have been drawn together by such strong bonds of friendship; yet it may be in friendship, as in love, the heart seeks and values qualities the very opposite to those of its own. Beguiling the time in friendly converse, hour passed after hour, until at last the morning

arrived which was to herald the departure of Miss Dudley, her brother, and Morrington from the island. It was not without a strong feeling of regret that Caroline prepared to take leave of the amiable Grace and her kind-hearted mother. Caroline obtained a promise from Grace, sanctioned by her parents, of a long visit previous to their leaving Tyne-mouth. At an early hour in the morning, the weather being propitious, every thing was prepared for their departure; Mrs. Darling and Grace accompanied Caroline down to the beach, where the boat was in readiness, and by it were assembled Dudley and Morrington, who, being supplied with guns, had spent their time in rambling about the islands with William Darling. The two young men warmly shook hands with the good-humoured Mrs. Darling, who felt considerable sorrow at their departure, their frank and open-hearted manners had completely won her heart, whilst she regarded Miss Dudley with respect and admiration. Dudley again thanked Mrs. Darling in the most animated terms for her kindness; and after cordially shaking hands with Grace, he assisted his sister into the boat. Between Caroline and Grace many sorrowful adieus had been exchanged, with a promise of frequently corresponding. Mr. Darling then took his station in the boat, placing William at the helm, and there being a favourable breeze, they were soon borne away upon the bosom of the ocean. Mrs. Darling immediately returned to the house, on the boat

leaving the shore, whilst Grace stood by and watched, until it became as a speck on the horizon ; and when lost to her gaze, with a slow and measured step, she retraced her way to the light-house, feeling, for the first time, that she was alone.

CHAPTER IV.

“For I had heard of battles, and I long’d
To follow to the field some warlike lord.”

Douglas.

FREDERICK DUDLEY was the only son of a younger brother, descended from an ancient and powerful family, whose hereditary possessions had dwindled away with each successive generation, until at last but a small portion remained of the once princely estate, to the grandfather of Frederick Dudley. Fortune, however, blessed Mr. Dudley with a numerous family, and, through the interest of various friends, he obtained appointments for his sons in the civil and military service of his country. The eldest son, at an early age, went abroad as secretary to an embassy to the court of Vienna. The second held a high military rank ; the third was post-captain in the navy ; whilst the youngest, preferring retirement and literature, was a clergyman in the village of St. Leonard’s, in the county of Bedfordshire.

The Reverend Charles Dudley was a man of domestic habits, well adapted for the profession he had chosen, and by his zeal and attention to the duties of his sacred office, won for himself the love and esteem of his parishioners. Soon after his appointment, he married the beautiful daughter of an aged Irish officer, who had been for many years residing in an elegant mansion near the village. Miss O'Donnell was an amiable and intelligent girl, sincerely attached to Mr. Dudley; and their wedded life was such as might be expected from the union of two hearts formed by nature for each other. They had but one child, a fine high-spirited boy, and by his father he was educated in a liberal and intellectual manner. The first interruption to the happiness enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, was the strong predilection evinced by their son for the military profession; which predilection was probably owing, in a great measure, to the adventures related by his grandfather, Major O'Donnell. The aged major would often "fight his battles o'er again" to the wondering boy, and loved to tell of his "perils and hair-breadth 'scapes," when engaged in the East India Company's service. Major O'Donnell embarked in his military career as ensign, in a battalion commanded by the distinguished Lord Clive. Soon after entering the army, he displayed so much courage and conduct in an engagement against the rajah of Tanjore, as to attract the notice of his lordship, by whom he was ever after-

wards regarded with the most favourable attention, and an early opportunity was taken of promoting him to the command of a troop. At the taking of the city of Arcot, O'Donnell was at the side of his commander, in the thickest of the fight; and when, after this splendid achievement, a diamond-hilted sword was presented to his lordship by the East India Company, his young officer, O'Donnell, received a most flattering compliment for his valour, with a promise of further promotion. Nor were his expectations from this promise disappointed. At the recovery of Calcutta, he did not forfeit the laurels he had already won; and a few days after the battle of Plassey, where he had conspicuously distinguished himself, the name of O'Donnell appeared in the gazette, with the rank of major attached to it. When Lord Clive returned to England in 1767, he was accompanied by Major O'Donnell and his youthful wife, for the major had been married a few years to the daughter of a brother officer. From the number of years Major O'Donnell had been resident in India, and the active service in which he had been engaged whilst there, he returned home with a constitution somewhat impaired from the effects of climate; and it was with a debilitated frame, yet unbroken spirits, that he retired to the mansion purchased by him, near the village of St. Leonard's, a few years previous to the Rev. Charles Dudley's appointment there.

It will not now be surprising that Frederick Dudley should, at an early age, have

evinced a fondness for a military life ; this continuing to strengthen with increasing years, and his father finding this predilection not to be conquered by his arguments or those of Mrs. Dudley, at last procured for him a pair of colours in a marching regiment. This gave the most unbounded joy to the heart of the youthful Fréderick, who, with all the sanguine feelings of youth, anticipating as bright and as glorious a career as that of his grandfather, made up his mind to be a hero and a conqueror. Alas, how seldom are the hopes of youth realized ! and how often is a knowledge of life gained by a passage across the Bridge of Sighs !

Preparations were immediately made for Frederick's departure to Plymouth, at that time the head-quarters of the regiment to which he was attached. He had to commence his journey at an early hour ; and the evening previous, he walked up to the house of his grandfather, there to bid him farewell. Frederick found the major alone, who kindly welcomed him, though without displaying his usual vein of jocular gaiety. In fact, the major, although approving of his grandson's military ardour, felt considerable regret at the prospect of being deprived of his society. Frederick sat an hour with the major, during which his future prospects were fully discussed, and a few words of advice respecting his general conduct, with caution to avoid those excesses which he knew from experience soldiers so frequently indulged in ; this

advice the major backed out by an order upon his banker for a sum sufficiently large to place Frederick upon a footing of equality with his future associates. The major warmly wrung the hand of Frederick when he rose to depart, charging him to write frequently ; at the same time hinting, he should look for his name in the Gazette, and there hope to find his expectations realised.

Frederick left the poor old major alone, in his now solitary home. The major had been a widower for many years, as also a valetudinarian, and derived more pleasure in the society of his grandson than that of any other person. It seemed like a renewal of his own youthful feelings, to listen to the aspirations after military glory, which tintured every word and action of Frederick ; and memory would carry him back to former days when he, a wild and impetuous boy, was dwelling beneath his father's roof—again and again picturing in imagination the evening before his embarking for India—his father's sorrowful voice blessing him, and the tears which anguish forced from his heart-stricken mother. What mighty changes had not occurred since that time ! The shout of battle had rang in his ear—he had witnessed many a scene of carnage, as well as taken part in the pageantry of court and camp ; but now he was an old man stricken in years, depending upon others for solace and comfort. The gay and happy boy, of whom he was now deprived, had been for years his only pleasure, but he willingly

resigned him to the service of his country, unmurmuringly beholding him depart to join a profession which, to the prejudiced feelings of the major, was so immensely superior to that of any other.

At the first dawn of morning, Frederick bade adieu to his parents, receiving his father's parting blessing, and his mother's fond embrace; and it may be supposed it was not without sorrowful feelings that he, for the first time, left his happy home. He rode to Bedford, the nearest posting town, attended by a grey-haired serving-man, the only male domestic of Mr. Dudley. The old man had often carried Frederick, when a child, in his arms, and his departure was a subject causing nearly as much regret to old John as to the major or Mr. Dudley. The first few miles of Frederick's journey were passed in silent abstraction, but the beautiful country through which he travelled, and the excitement which is almost inseparable from riding on a high-spirited steed, in a short time restored Frederick to his wonted vivacious spirits; and he indulged old John by chatting to him during the remaining part of his journey to Bedford. Here he took his place in the mail, and arrived at Plymouth on the following evening.

Upon Frederick's arrival at Plymouth, his first care was to present his letters of introduction to the colonel, by whom he was received with great courtesy, and at the mess-table introduced to his brother officers. They were a set of gentlemanly men, and Frederick

soon felt at home and happy in their society. In a few days Frederick procured his military dress; and although no coxcomb, it was not without a pardonable feeling of gratified vanity that he surveyed his handsome person when equipped in the becoming uniform of his regiment. Pleasantly passed the first weeks of Dudley's residence at the barracks, a short time sufficing to initiate him into the duties of his profession. His companions were in high spirits, anticipating being soon ordered to join the British troops at the time engaged under the command of Sir John Moore. At last an order arrived from the commander-in-chief, for immediate embarkation for the Peninsula. All were now engaged in the bustle of preparation; and, with as little delay as possible, the troops were on board the transport which was to convey them to Lisbon; and Dudley, with many others, for the first time beheld the shores of Albion recede from their view.

Prosperous were the gales which attended the vessels, and, after a brief and pleasant passage, they arrived at Lisbon, where the British Legion were to disembark. Having landed, the troops were quartered for the night in various convents in the city, and on the following morning commenced their march into the interior of the country. The various hardships endured by the British forces in this ill-fated campaign, soon began; and Frederick Dudley did indeed serve a stern and severe apprenticeship to his glorious profession.—

Forced marches, with a scarcity of provisions, were only a prelude to the miseries endured in this expedition. Surrounded on every side by an enemy, so immensely superior in numbers, regarded with suspicion and ill-concealed dislike by the mass of ignorant and bigotted Spaniards they had come to assist, who so far from feeling grateful for their succour, despised them as foreigners, whilst they detested them as heretics. It cannot be a subject of wonder that so little was achieved at this period of the Peninsular war, although the British soldiers displayed that same spirit of invincible courage that had conquered at Cressy, and at Agincourt. After various skirmishes with the enemy, in which the British forces were generally successful, it was at length found expedient to commence a retrograde movement, the worst and most unpleasant of all movements to a British soldier. Winter had then set in with great severity, and the face of the country being covered with snow, great and incredible were the hardships endured by the army during their retreat across the country, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. At last the troops succeeded in re-embarking, but not without the loss of their brave and gallant commander, Sir John Moore, whom they left on the field of Corunna, with many a brave soldier sleeping by his side. The remnant of the army arrived in England, having previously encountered at sea a tremendous gale, in which part of the fleet was lost, a part driven to

Plymouth, and the remainder succeeded in reaching Portsmouth—amongst the latter was the vessel in which was Dudley. On disembarking the troops, they presented a very different appearance from the bold and gallant-looking band that had sailed from Plymouth so short a time before. Then they were in health and spirits, sanguine and full of hope of success in conquest : now they returned broken down in health, and worn out in spirits from the fatigue and privations to which they had been subjected.

Shortly after the arrival of Dudley, he obtained leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting St. Leonard's. He had written to his father immediately after landing, announcing to him that event; and, in reply, received an urgent request to visit his home as speedily as possible. After a hasty but pleasant journey, Frederick arrived in sight of his native village. It was a lovely day, such as is often in the early part of spring; the hedges were putting on their spring garb, and budding into beauty, whilst the air was enlivened with the wood-notes wild of many a gay chorister. Dudley felt the influence of the scene through which he had journeyed; his spirits arose to an exuberant height of gaiety; he dismissed his chaise on reaching the lawn which formed an entrance to the vicarage; and entering the house unannounced, presented himself before the gaze of his startled parents. Frederick was welcomed with feelings of the most exquisite delight,

his mother noting with satisfied pride his improved and manly appearance, for the few weeks he had been in England had sufficed to restore him to his wonted health. After answering the various interrogations of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, Frederick hastened to the house of Major O'Donnell, who was at that time confined by an attack of gout. Arrived at the residence of the major, Frederick was admitted by the major's favourite servant, an old soldier and countryman of his own. O'Brien had shared in the campaigns of his master, and had saved him from falling into the hands of the enemy, though at the risk of his own life; this faithful servant attended the major during his long illness, resulting from the wounds received at the battle of Plassey. When the major left India, he purchased the discharge of O'Brien, whom he brought with him to England, and from that time had been a sort of major-domo in the household. O'Brien was delighted to see his master's favourite, assuring Frederick of the joy his arrival would occasion to his master.

Frederick, on entering the room of the major, found him seated on an easy chair, his feet wrapped up in flannel, his countenance presenting that appearance of stoical endurance usual to it when suffering from the gout. The major warmly shook hands with Frederick, expressing with his usual animation the pleasure he felt at seeing him. The major then commenced a series of questions relative to the proceedings of the army in the Penin-

sula, though interrupted at intervals by exclamations of pain from the gout, and at his desire, Frederick recounted each particular event that occurred. The major listened with great attention to the young soldier's narrative, and his master-passion still reigning predominant, he grieved more for the unsuccessful termination of the campaign, than the hardships endured in its prosecution. To the conduct of Sir John Moore, the gallant commander of an ill-supported expedition, the major gave the meed of admiration, with a sigh to his memory and untimely fate.

“Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.”

CHAPTER V.

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

QUICKLY passed the time of Frederick's visit to the village of St. Leonard's. His leave of absence having expired, he rejoined his regiment at Faversham in Kent. Ere long, they were again ordered into active service, and, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, proceeded to Portugal. This campaign formed a strong contrast to the former one in which Dudley had been engaged, the British arms being in almost every instance covered

with success. The promotion of Frederick Dudley was unprecedented in rapidity, and the laurels that he won were bright and unfading in their hue. After the French had been driven out of the Peninsula, the troops of Dudley were stationed at Madrid during the months of winter. The fetes and balls given by the Spanish nobles in honour of their British allies were of the most splendid description. It was at one of those balls, that Dudley beheld the lovely daughter of the Marquis Santalina. The young major was presented to the lady Isora, and obtained the honour of her hand for the evening. Dudley, gazing on his fair and noble partner, felt a new and pleasing sensation, whilst she listened with admiring attention to the animated conversation of the British soldier. The lady Isora was about seventeen—tall, and rather *en-bon-point*, with large, dark, languishing eyes, dark, glossy ringlets, and a beautiful and fair complexion. She was dressed in the graceful black costume of her country, and appeared a personification of the beauty of a Castilian romance. Her manners were gentle and winning, and her conversation enthusiastic. Dudley left the ball-room soon after the lady Isora in a perfect intoxication of delight.

•On the following morning, Dudley called at the mansion of the marquis; and was received by him with the stately courtesy of a Spanish noble, and by the lady Isora with a look of pleasure and a mantling blush. From this time the visits of Dudley to the castle of

Santalina became long and frequent ; the feelings of admiration with which he had at first regarded the lady Isora, soon ripened into the deepest love, and he was at last made happy by her admission that she did not regard him with indifference. He obtained her permission to acquaint the marquis with his attachment. The declaration of Dudley was received with an air of chilling sternness, and his suit was proudly rejected by the haughty Castilian noble, accompanied by an intimation, that henceforth his visits should be declined. The distress of Dudley was little inferior to the anguish endured by the lady Isora, who was now not permitted to receive any visitors, or go into society without the constant guardianship of her duenna, who had orders from the marquis never to leave the sight of his daughter ; and all the efforts of Dudley to obtain an interview, or the safe conveyance of a billet, were unavailing. A few weeks passed over without his obtaining a sight of Isora ; and as the time was fast approaching for his regiment quitting Madrid, he was sunk into a state of almost hopeless despair.

Indulging in gloomy thoughts, Dudley rode out one evening along the road which led past the castle of Santalina, without obtaining a glimpse of Isora. Absorbed in musings of no very pleasing nature, he rode on without heeding the distance, and the shades of night were closing around ere he thought of returning. Dudley, on raising his eyes, espied at a short distance, a cavalier defending him-

self from the attack of three bravoës. Spurring his steed, Dudley was by the side of the combatants, and discharging his pistol at the bravo who first perceived his approach—the ball took effect, and he immediately fell; the next moment Dudley was on his feet, and drawing his sword, attacked another of the assailants: the bravoës finding their assault returned with so much spirit, fled, leaving their slain companion on the field of combat. Dudley then addressed the cavalier, and found, in reply to his enquiries, that he had received a slight wound on his sword arm, but was otherwise unhurt. Having bound up his arm, they mounted their steeds, and together rode on towards Madrid. The young Spaniard informed Dudley, that he was returning to his family at Madrid; anxious to reach home, he had left his carriage and attendants at an inn upon the road: when attacked by his assailants, he had defended himself, but was nearly overpowered, when the assistance so opportunely arrived. The young Spaniard, in concluding the account of his adventure, expressed, in the most sincere manner, his gratitude for the service, he had received, declaring Dudley might command him in every thing, even to the extent of his life and fortune. Major Dudley felt a sensation for which he could not account whilst listening to the explanation of the young Spaniard, every tone of whose voice seemed familiar to his ear. Turning along a path unknown to Dudley, they approached what appeared to be

a private entrance to an ancient edifice, and having left their steeds in charge of a groom, they passed through a corridor. The door of an apartment was thrown open, and Dudley then discovered he was in the castle of Santalina! The marquis was seated, deeply perusing a volume, and the lady Isora was reclining upon a couch, apparently absorbed in pensive ruminations. At the announcement of Don Sebastian Santalina, Isora sprang up from her recumbent position, and, with an exclamation of pleasure threw herself into the arms of her brother. The marquis arose, and with great apparent satisfaction welcomed his son, while Dudley stood in a state of bewilderment, undecided whether to advance or retire; but little time was left him for deliberation. Don Sebastian turning towards him, begged to present to his father the gentleman to whose bravery he was indebted for escaping from the swords of assassins. The stately marquis started with an air of surprise, when he recognised Major Dudley, expressing, however, with great urbanity, his thanks for the service rendered to his son. The attention of Dudley was entirely occupied by the lady Isora, who had sunk upon a couch in a state approaching to insensibility, from the revulsion experienced by her feelings, at so unexpectedly beholding her lover. In a short time Major Dudley withdrew, finding that his presence occasioned so much embarrassment to the marquis, Isora having previously retired, without Dudley having an

opportunity of exchanging a sentence with her, beyond the ordinary forms of politeness.

On the following morning, Major Dudley received a visit from Don Sebastian, in the course of which Dudley explained to him his attachment to Isora, with an account of the reception his proposals had received from the marquis. Don Sebastian assured him he would exert whatever influence he possessed with his father, to induce him to bestow upon Dudley the hand of Isora, imagining, from what he had witnessed, he was already in possession of her heart. The entreaties of Don Sebastian prevailed; the marquis was induced to sanction the union of his daughter with Dudley, having previously received a satisfactory account of his family and fortune.

The peace of Europe being afterwards apparently restored by the abdication of Napoleon, Dudley returned to England with his fair and youthful bride. Death had made sad havoc in his family during his absence; his noble-hearted grandfather and his kind and gentle mother were no more. Sad and melancholy were the feelings with which Major Dudley again beheld St. Leonard's; and it was with a chastened joy that he presented his bride to his bereaved and sorrowing father. Isora was received with the utmost kindness by the father of her husband, and a ray of pleasure lighted up his benevolent countenance at the sight of his son's noble bride. The mansion which had belonged to Major O'Donnell, was prepared for the reception of

Major Dudley, a wish to that effect having been expressed in the will of O'Donnell, who had also bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune.

Expatriating upon the virtues of his kind-hearted but eccentric grandfather, Dudley led his Isora through the house which was henceforth to be her home. Blissful were the hours passed by them there, and the birth of a son in the first year of their marriage, added another link to the chain which already bound them to each other. Isora spent much of her time at the vicarage; her playful conversation and kind attentions always won Mr. Dudley from pensive reflections: her presence gave a charm to his dwelling, which he feared had been lost to him for ever. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Major Dudley was again called upon to unsheath his sword. After the battle of Waterloo he returned to Isora and little Charles, now a sprightly boy, and resigning his commission, fixed his future residence at St. Leonard's. Isora again became a mother, and a daughter shared with little Charles the care and affection of their indulgent parents.

Years rolled on, working their usual changes. Charles and Caroline were sent to boarding-schools in a neighbouring county. It was a trial to Isora to part with her children, yet she sacrificed her feelings to their future welfare. In the village the lady Isora was loved and respected; truly did she follow the example of the pious Mrs. Dudley; her hand

was open as melting charity, to relieve the indigent, and to soothe the hour of sickness. To her husband, she was the fond, confiding wife, and the love he felt for her was returned with a feeling akin to idolatry. Arm in arm they would often wander together in the hours of evening, beneath the stately oaks of the park, or by the side of the placid lake, gazing upon the myriads of planets above—these were hours of happiness long to be remembered by Dudley, when she, who was the light and life of his existence, was no more. The worthy vicar of St. Leonard's was gathered to his fathers—he died as he had lived, in peace with all mankind, and esteemed and respected by all. Time had in part reconciled Major Dudley to his deprivation, when a heavier blow awaited him. The hand of death was laid upon Isora, and whilst yet in the autumn of her youth, and in the enjoyment of every earthly happiness, she was removed from her adoring husband and her lovely children.

The despair of Major Dudley upon this event, was of the most heart-withering description. Charles and Caroline returned to school, from which they had been removed on the illness of their mother. Dudley shut himself up in his now solitary mansion, refusing all society, and cherishing in secret the memory of Isora. The only interruption to this life of gloom and seclusion, were the visits of his children at the vacation. Caroline had now completed her education, and returned to the dwelling of her father. Her gentle

and soothing attentions at length won Major Dudley from his solitude: he was prevailed upon again to resume his place in society. It was by the recommendation of his medical adviser, that he undertook a tour to the north. Pleased with the situation of Tynemouth, he remained there for some weeks, deriving much benefit to his broken health by the bracing air of the sea, whilst his spirits were revived by the scenes in which he mingled. Time and the attentions of his children greatly reconciled him to his bereavement; he ceased to mourn as those do who have no hope, but looked forward to a re-union with Isora, in that happy land which no mortal may know.

CHAPTER VI.

“As rolls the ocean’s changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow!”

DULL and lonely were the first hours passed by Grace Darling, after witnessing the departure of the vessel which bore Caroline Dudley away. In the separation of friends, the regret felt by us when we depart is but trifling compared with the feeling of desertion experienced by those we leave behind. In the one case, fresh scenes and society divert the mind from dwelling so much on the sorrow of parting, whilst in the other, each object presented

to our view serves only as a memento, recalling to recollection some scene or circumstance connected with the friend who is now gone. We see the vacant chair—the unoccupied place, the spot on which we parted—again feel the last embrace, and the murmured farewell still lingers on the ear. Of such a nature were the feelings of Grace Darling, and she sat indulging in a pensive reverie, when she was disturbed by her mother, requesting her aid in re-arranging her little household, the economy of which had been somewhat disturbed by the late accession to their numbers. Mrs. Darling had for some time observed Grace's thoughtful mood, and justly defining the feelings which were occupying her mind, rightly considered nothing serves so readily to dispel useless regret as furnishing the thoughts with active employment. This step of Mrs. Darling was successful, and soon she had the satisfaction of seeing Grace restored to her usual spirits, and of hearing her humming her favourite airs whilst moving about the house. Having put all within the house in order, Grace taking her bonnet, walked down to the beach, visiting the nests of her feathered friends, and then wandered along the sands. The remainder of the day was occupied with her needle, or in reading a volume in the company of her mother.

At a late hour, Mr. Darling and William returned from accompanying the Dudleys to Tynemouth, and Grace obtained a full and

satisfactory account of their voyage to, and arrival at that place. The party were received with the most rapturous joy by Major Dudley, who had been previously in a state of almost frenzied despair ; his efforts to obtain any account of the boat had been unavailing, and there appeared but too great a probability that it had been engulfed amid the waves, thus depriving him at one blow of both his children. His rapture at their restoration was proportioned to his previous despair, and he overwhelmed Mr. Darling with the fervent expression of his thanks. At last Mr. Darling was suffered to depart, Mr. Dudley pressing upon his acceptance several tokens of his gratitude, whilst Caroline sent to her friend Grace a kind note, and a locket containing a piece of her hair.

Grace listened with eagerness to Mr. Darling's account of the father of Caroline Dudley ; she felt interested by the description of his noble yet melancholy, air, and the grateful manner in which he expressed the lively sense he entertained of his obligation ; he had sent a thousand kind thanks to the hospitable Mrs. Darling and her gentle daughter, for each act of kindness received by his children and Morrington. Having, as was customary, read a chapter in the "big ha' Bible," Grace retired to rest, and in her dreams was transported to the side of Caroline Dudley.

On the ensuing week, William left for the purpose of returning to his occupation at Alnwick. He left home in excellent spirits,

the pain of parting being softened by the prospect of an early return, as ere the close of the year he expected to revisit the island, where would also be assembled the whole of the family. It was an annual custom with the children of Mr. Darling, to visit the home of their childhood, there to pass the merry days of Christmas, to witness the close of the old year, and welcome in the dawn of the new one. This was always a joyful time—one which Grace looked forward to for weeks before its arrival, and remembered with pleasure long after it had passed.

When Mr. Darling returned to the light-house, after having accompanied William to North Sunderland, he brought with him a packet, which had been waiting for Grace. With eager anxiety Grace broke the seal, for she recognised, in its address, the hand-writing of Miss Dudley—and stepping aside, was soon completely absorbed in perusing its contents. Caroline began by informing Grace of Major Dudley's intention of immediately leaving Tynemouth, and returning to the south.—This sudden determination was occasioned by the arrival in London of Sebastian, now Marquis of Santalina; he had come upon a mission from the court of Madrid, and would probably sojourn there for many months. Upon finding Major Dudley was absent from St. Leonard's, he despatched a courier to his present residence, requesting the major, if compatible with his present arrangements, immediately to proceed to London. The ma-

jor determined to comply with the request of the marquis, and without any unnecessary delay, proceed to London, there to present to Sebastian the children of his sister. In conclusion, Caroline assured Grace of her unabated regard, requesting her to write, and promising that, in return, she would frequently transcribe for her amusement, whatever she thought likely to interest her. Having con-
nected over her letter, Grace returned to the side of her father, and gave to him the letter of Caroline for perusal, and Mr. Darling, first putting on his spectacles, read it aloud for the edification of Mrs. Darling, who was busily engaged at the time with her needle. Mr. Darling, in returning the letter to Grace, observed he was glad to find, that the prospect of mingling in the gaiety of London had not prevented Miss Dudley remembering to write to her.

The last week of December arrived, the time so anxiously looked for by Mrs. Darling and Grace. During the whole of the week they had been engaged in all the bustle of preparation, and numerous were the cakes and pies made by them for the entertainment of their expected guests. At last they all arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Darling had the satisfaction of beholding their numerous family assembled together in the little sitting-room. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and neatness and order threw an air of comfort over all around. It was with feelings of satisfied pride that Mr. Darling beheld the manly-

looking youths who called him father, and his blooming, happy-looking girls, who seemed to enjoy, to their hearts' content, the visit to their humble, yet comfortable, home. The week of Christmas was spent in the usual festive manner; good-humour, and a desire of pleasing and being pleased supplying every deficiency, and rendering the want of variety in their amusements unfelt. Grace enjoyed to the utmost the society of her sisters, and her laughing, good-humoured voice was rarely mute. Mary Ann, the eldest sister, was to be married in a few weeks, to a young man in her own station of life; to Grace she would speak, for hours, upon her hopes and future prospects, not forgetting to enumerate the various qualities of her betrothed, who was, according to her account, the best and kindest hearted creature in the world. The younger sister, Elizabeth, who was a dress-maker at Bamborough, had her little tale to tell. To her, Grace also listened with an attention gratifying to the feelings of the affectionate girl. With songs and tales they would vary the evening's amusement; at other times, a game at blind-man's-buff, or forfeits—then the solitary light-house would re-echo with the merry laugh, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, in the meanwhile, occupying their arm-chairs by the side of a cheering fire, witnessing the amusements of the family with inward satisfaction.

Christmas-day, and the following one, had been extremely fine, but the morning of the

27th was ushered in with clouds and tempests ; during the whole of the day rain fell in dense masses, the wind meanwhile blowing a heavy gale, and night closed without the inclement state of the weather abating. Mr. Darling was several times on the look-out without descrying any vessels ; indeed, the state of the atmosphere rendered it impossible to behold any object at a distance. At an early hour the beacon was lighted, Mr. Darling remaining in attendance until past the hour of midnight : he was then relieved by his sons, Robert and William, who offered to take his station until day-light. Towards morning the storm somewhat abated, and soon after day-break, the atmosphere partially cleared up, the wind still continuing to blow, though with much less violence than on the preceding evening. Whilst William was extinguishing the lights, Robert stepped out upon the turret, and whilst gazing upon the mighty deep with its angry and rebellious waves, his attention was attracted by “ the direful spectacle of a wreck ; ” and, looking more intently, he discovered an object moving upon the Naestone Rock ; and naturally he concluded it was some poor creature who had escaped from the vessel which had perished during the storm. Mr. Darling was immediately made acquainted with what his sons had observed, and preparations were hastily made in endeavouring to effect the rescue of the unfortunate being. The large coble was then got out, and manned by Mr. Darling and

his three eldest sons, was launched among the angry billows.

It was with great alarm and dismay that their departure, on this perilous expedition, was watched by those left on the island. Great, indeed, was the danger to be encountered, and seldom had Mr. Darling been placed in a situation which required so much nerve and courage. The heaving and swelling of the waves were so violent, that it was with the utmost difficulty they maintained their seats in the boat; and nothing but the hope of preserving the life of a fellow-creature would have induced them in their endeavours to reach the rock. They perceived there were two men upon it, one of whom was regarding their exertions with the most intense anxiety, but the other lay still and immoveable, apparently lost to all feelings of hope or despair.

Mr. Darling encouraged by his voice and example the exertions of his sons; at length the boat was brought within a short distance of the rock, and hope of success was almost realized, when an angry wave dashed them from the object of their pursuit, and for a moment they were buried amongst the foaming surge. Still, undaunted by the dangers with which they were surrounded, another effort was made to reach the rock, when two of their oars were snapped to pieces by a tremendous sea which broke around them. A receding wave for a moment left a space around the Naestone uncovered, and, for the purpose of assisting the poor shipwrecked

creatures, Robert jumped out, and the next moment a rolling wave bore the boat away ! Great was the dismay of Mr. Darling upon this untoward event, but his exertions being seconded, they were again so near the rock as to give Robert an opportunity of regaining the boat, and plunging through the waves, he was with difficulty dragged into it by his brothers.

Robert had spoken to the man upon the rock, and learned that his companion in misery was no more, and all the energy of Mr. Darling was exerted to preserve the life of the survivor, as the tide was fast making, and in less than two hours the Naestone would lie deep amid the waves. At last they succeeded in getting a rope thrown out, and so feeble was the survivor, that it was with much difficulty he lashed himself to it, and thus was dragged through the sea into the boat ; uttering incoherent expressions of gratitude, he sunk down in a state of complete exhaustion.

Now that Mr. Darling had effected his object, and had the poor shipwrecked sailor in his boat, he found the difficulties and dangers he had to contend with in returning, from the loss of the two oars, were greater than those he had previously encountered. Their remaining oars, and the sail with which they had provided themselves were of but little service in so turbulent a sea, more especially as the wind blew strongly against them. The strongest fears of Mr. Darling were also excited lest they should be too late in procuring

restoratives for their unfortunate sufferer, who was lying in the bottom of the boat, completely insensible. At last they succeeded in reaching the shore, where Mrs. Darling and Grace and her other children had been watching their progress with the most distressing anxiety.

The feelings of Mrs. Darling had been raised to a state of hysterical alarm, and on seeing her adventurous family land in safety, a plentiful shower of tears relieved her overcharged heart, and restored her to a state of tolerable tranquillity. Amidst smiles and tears from the girls, they were welcomed to the shore. After the first ebullitions of joy had subsided, the attention of Mrs. Darling was directed in administering to the relief of the scarcely breathing form of the shipwrecked sailor, which had been conveyed to the house and placed upon a bed. Occurrences of this kind were not unfrequent at the island, and Mrs. Darling was well acquainted with whatever remedies were requisite to be used in restoring animation. For some time all her care was unavailing, but at last she had the satisfaction of observing consciousness restored, and the poor sufferer was enabled to swallow the cordials administered to him. Franking his kind nurse in a voice rendered scarcely audible from exhaustion, for all her kindness towards him, he expressed a wish to see her husband.

On the summons of Mrs. Darling, Mr. Darling entered the sick room, and in the most

feeling manner congratulated the object of their exertions on his recovery to recollection. Addressing Mr. Darling in a feeble voice, but collected manner, the invalid began by observing, that as he felt himself so ill, and lest the sickness which was hanging over him should terminate his existence, he wished to inform Mr. Darling of what particulars he was able respecting the wreck.

His name, he said, was James Logan, and he sailed as mate of the unfortunate vessel, the *Autumn*, proceeding from Newcastle upon Tyne to Peterhead, laden with coals. The vessel had suffered severely from the gale during the day, and about eleven o'clock at night she was driven amongst the islands, struck upon the Naestone Rock, and immediately began to fill with water. The master and part of the crew then endeavoured to launch the boat, but were unsuccessful, all going down with the vessel, save himself and one of the men who clung to a part of the rigging. To this portion of the shattered wreck they clung with the tenacity of despair, and when the Naestone Rock was left uncovered by the receding tide, they got upon it, hoping their desolate condition might be observed by some one from the light-house, which appeared through the gloom by which they were surrounded, like the beacon-star of hope. Logan rendered every consolation in his power to the other poor fellow who was with him on the rock, and who was in a deplorable condition from the injury he had sustained from

the wreck. All his cares were unavailing, as a few hours before their situation was discovered, his sufferings were terminated in death. Logan then stood alone in this miserable situation, and with a hope arising from despair, still clung to life, earnestly supplicating assistance from that great Being who rules the tempests and directs the storm !

Thus far had Logan proceeded, when he again sunk upon his pillow in a state of exhaustion. Mr. Darling then besought him to be silent, and to reserve the remainder of his narrative until he should be in a fitter state for conversing, recommending him to endeavour to procure the repose which his worn-out frame so much required. Mrs. Darling approving of the suggestion of her husband, promised that her two eldest sons should occupy the adjoining bed, and be ready to render any assistance he might require. William and Robert gladly retired, fatigued by their watch of the night, as well as by the exertions they had had during the morning, and in a short time they were in a deep and tranquil slumber. Not so with Logan ; he, for some time, tossed about upon his pillow in all the restlessness of suffering, but, at last, completely worn out, sunk into a disturbed slumber. William and Robert awoke with renovated frames and happy spirits. They observed that Logan was still slumbering, though evidently suffering acute pain. Robert whispered to William to rejoin the family, observing he would wait by Logan until he

awoke. Taking up a book, Robert sat down to read, but his attention was attracted from it by the restlessness of his still sleeping companion.

It was nearly dark when Logan awoke from his disturbed and restless repose. He did not appear to have derived the least benefit from his sleep; on the contrary, there was upon him every symptom of fever, and for many days afterwards he was in a state of wild delirium. Constant and undeviating were the attentions the poor shipwrecked sailor received from this excellent family. Mrs. Darling, assisted by Grace, nursed him with all the kindness of a mother; and when at last the violence of fever had abated, and he was restored to a state of convalescence, the young people vied with each other in administering to his comfort; and strove by each kind and friendly act to relieve the monotony of a sick room. Grateful, most grateful was the poor invalid for all their attentions, appearing at times completely oppressed by the feelings of his gratitude.

The manner and appearance of Logan were such as to excite interest as well as curiosity: he seemed so very far superior, in every respect, to the situation he had held as mate in a collier vessel. He would often gaze with a melancholy and admiring eye upon the group assembled in the sitting-room of his host. The sight of the young and happy faces around apparently reminded him of other and happier days. His kind host and family felt the

strongest partiality in his favour; by all he was regarded with a warm and lasting friendship. He had already passed the hey-day of his youth; and his dark and glossy hair was slightly mixed with grey. This did not appear so much the effect of time, as of thought and anxiety; and upon his broad and lofty brow there was many a furrowed wrinkle. The melancholy expression of his dark and brilliant eyes, revealed that he had drank deeply of the cup of sorrow.

In a short time Logan was enabled to wander along the beach, and seemed to find in each breeze wafted to him, renovated health and strength. Robert Darling was in general the companion of his rambles, and between him and Logan there was the strongest friendship cemented. At times the conversation of Logan was lively and animated, and he would, by the brilliancy and occasional originality of his remarks, amuse and interest his companion. Sometimes he would describe, in the most glowing language, scenes he had visited in other lands, and dilate on the gay and happy climes of the sunny south. At other times a change came o'er the spirit of his mood; he would remain for hours with folded arms and clouded brow, gazing upon the boundless ocean; while the remarks of Robert were either unheeded or replied to by the simplest monosyllables.

This singular demeanour of Logan did not fail to excite increased curiosity; but an innate delicacy prevented any questions being

asked respecting his previous history. At length Logan voluntarily recounted the particulars of his chequered and eventful life. He was listened to with eager attention, and awoke, in the minds of his hearers, during many parts of the following narrative, feelings of the strongest commiseration.

“ I am a native of Nithsdale, in Scotland, and am an only child. My father’s family were respectable landed proprietors in that county. He was one of a large family, all of whom were well educated, and placed in various professions. My father having made choice of the medical department, went out to the East Indies, as surgeon in the company’s service. There he remained for upwards of twenty years, during which time he amassed a large fortune, and then returned to Scotland, anxious to spend his latter days in his native place.

“ My father was full of high hopes, during his return, anticipating the joy a re-union with his family would occasion, dreaming little of the changes time had wrought during his absence. Many vicissitudes had occurred ; he had learnt, whilst in India, that his parents were no more ; but he was not prepared to find those who were his juniors in years, tenants of the same village cemetery. All had faded from earth, save his eldest brother, and he was then a ruined man, the inmate of a prison ! and the home of his childhood was advertised for public sale, in order to liquidate

the debts which a course of thoughtless extravagance had incurred. The first act of my father was to purchase the estate from the creditors, and advance money to relieve his brother from his difficulties.

“ You will readily believe that it was not without many contending emotions that the brothers met, after so long a separation. It was with sad and joyless feelings, that the wanderer accompanied his brother to the home of their childhood. They, who had given a joyful halo to it, were no more ! and the cheerful voices in those rooms that he used of old to hear, were now hushed for ever in the tomb ! The health of the elder brother had been for some time in a declining state, and the annoyance experienced by his pecuniary embarrassments, did not fail to increase his malady. He died a few weeks after his release from prison, having, with his dying breath, besought the kindness and protection of his brother towards his only child. This request my father obeyed with fidelity, receiving her into his house, and regarding her with all a parent’s love and watchful care. Emma continued to preside over the household of her uncle, until her marriage removed her to a home of her own. Upon this event, which deprived him of the society of his niece, he married a pretty, portionless girl, more than twenty years younger than himself. Notwithstanding the great disparity of years, this was, in every respect, a happy union. My mother was an amiable and gentle-tem-

pered creature, yielding in all things, and easily governed by those she loved. My father was fondly attached to her, indulging her in every whim, and gratifying all her wishes. I was their only child, and, as is frequently the case, extraordinary pains were taken to spoil me; and in consequence of the too great indulgence of my parents, I became a passionate and self-willed boy.

“When I had attained my eighth year, I found a companion in a little girl, the orphan child of my cousin Emma. The little Jessie was bequeathed to the guardianship of my father, and would have a handsome fortune at the age of maturity. Jessie Wilmot was a fair-haired girl, of an amiable and affectionate disposition, soon exercising over me the strongest influence; her reproving glance would calm my most violent bursts of passion, and her example induced me to attend to the lessons of my tutor, which had previously been sadly neglected.’ Thus happily passed our time, till I had entered my fourteenth year, when we were deprived of the protecting care of my excellent father.

“This melancholy event plunged us into the deepest sorrow. For many days my mother remained sunk into a state of the most inconsolable grief, incapable of thought or action.’ In this hour of distress, Jessie evinced a decision and energy of character superior to her years. She relieved my mother from the performance of every irksome duty; and, child as she was, my mother looked up to

her for advice and assistance. My father bequeathed the whole of his property unconditionally to my mother, leaving me totally depending upon her for my future prospects. The first year of my mother's widowhood was passed in seclusion, and it was with great difficulty she was prevailed upon to resume her intercourse with her former friends.

“Soon after this time, a stranger of the name of Harland became a resident in the village. • He was apparently a man of fortune, possessing a most insinuating and pleasing address, and from the moment in which he was introduced to my mother, she became the object of his exclusive attention. I knew not why it was, but of this fascinating Mr. Harland, I felt the most decided dislike and suspicion; and the kindness of his manner towards me, only tended to strengthen my antipathy.

“Not to dwell on this part of my history, suffice it to say, my mother was induced to marry this Mr. Harland. When made acquainted with this occurrence, I gave way to a paroxysm of the wildest passion, and it required all the soothing tenderness of Jessie to restore me to a state of tolerable composure. When I met Mr. Harland and my mother, I was received by Mr. H. with the most winning kindness; but there was a lurking expression in his eye, which told me too plainly I was a dependant upon his will. The correctness of this suspicion, I soon found to be too true. By Mr. Harland I was regarded

with dislike ; and such was the influence he exercised over the feeble mind of my mother, that in a short time her affections from me were completely alienated. This rendered my home so uncomfortable, that I determined to leave it, and rid my mother of one who was become to her an object of dislike. Having written a farewell to Jessie, it was with a sad and foreboding heart, that at an early hour in the morning, I left the house of my fathers ; and proceeding to the nearest sea-port, obtained a place in a vessel which sailed the following day for the Mediterranean.

“The first part of our voyage was performed with pleasure and safety ; but when we had got near the coast of Spain, our vessel was boarded by a party from a man-of-war, and the principal part of the sailors, myself amongst the number, were impressed on board of the *Invincible*.

“The excitement consequent to being in chase of an enemy, was such as accorded well with my inclinations ; and had it not been for the daily acts of tyranny I beheld exercised over the men, I should have been quite satisfied with my birth. We continued cruising for many months, during which we took several excellent prizes.

“As it was now drawing towards the conclusion of the war with France, we received orders to proceed to Portsmouth, calling at Madrid, in order to take some of the British troops to England. Having received the troops on board, and proceeding homeward,

an accident occurred, which nearly deprived me of my life. In the performance of some part of my duty, I fell overboard ; and had no further recollection of any thing, until I found myself lying on my cot. I then learned that I owed the preservation of my life to an officer, who was standing on the deck, and hearing the noise of my fall, in a moment plunged into the sea, and catching hold of me, bore me up until assistance arrived from a boat. • -

“ There were many enquiries made after me by my kind preserver ; and on the following day I was permitted by my captain, to accompany him into the cabin, there to thank the officer for my preservation.

“ When entering the state cabin, I found, seated by the officer, a beautiful Spanish lady, upon whom he was gazing with the fondest admiration. The lady bent her dark eyes upon me with a look of the gentlest pity, whilst her husband was addressing me. Afterwards she spoke to me in a manner, which stirred up emotions in my wayward and restless heart ; it was so long since I heard the voice of kindness ; that when it did meet my ear, it fell upon it with a strange and thrilling sound, and scarcely could I restrain my emotions when in their presence.

“ From that time, whenever the major and his lady met me in their walks upon the deck, they spoke to me with an air of the kindest interest. On our arrival at Portsmouth, the major and his lady left the vessel, and pro-

ceeded, I understood, to their residence in Bedfordshire; and since that time I have never heard of my brave preserver and his beauteous wife."

"Excuse my interrupting you," exclaimed Grace, at this part of Logan's narrative, a thought apparently striking her, "may I enquire the name of the officer to whom you are indebted for the preservation of your life?"

"Major Dudley," was the reply.

At the announcement of this name, a look of pleasure passed between Grace and her father; and the latter immediately observed, "I am glad, Mr. Logan, that we can inform you of something respecting Major Dudley. Come, Grace, tell Mr. Logan all you know of the family of your favourite, Miss Caroline."

Logan looked with an air of surprise towards Grace, who, with a heightened colour, recounted what has previously been communicated respecting the arrival of the Dudleys at the light-house, adding the events she had learned from Caroline respecting her parents. Logan listened with emotion, and when Grace had concluded, exclaimed, "So that noble lady is no more! My heart bleeds for poor Dudley. Could her virtues, and the love by which she was surrounded, not shield so good and beautiful a being from the dart of death!"

The remainder of the evening was spent in conversing of the Dudleys, and the singular coincidence which had brought Logan to the

island where they had so recently been ; and he promised on the following day to resume the relation of his adventures. .

CHAPTER VII.

“ When sorrows come, they come not single,
But in battalions.”

THE next morning the weather was gloomy and lowering, and the island was enveloped in a dense fog, which prevented the inmates of the light-house from stirring out. Logan was soon reminded by Grace of the promise he had given the previous evening ; and without further entreaty, complied with her wishes, by proceeding as follows :—

“ The Invincible remained for a few weeks at Spithead, to refit ; after which an order arrived for immediately setting sail. We proceeded to the South American coast, which at that time was the scene of many a deed of horror and bloodshed, perpetrated by the Buccaneers. Having arrived in the Pacific, an unsuccessful chase was continued for several weeks, the pirate vessel eluding pursuit in a manner which excited surprise and repeated

disappointments. At last we hove in sight of the vessel, which was soon recognised as the Bold Buccaneer.

“ All was now excitement and preparation on board the Invincible, each man looking anxiously forward to the engagement. The deeds of cruelty which had been committed by these corsairs, caused a feeling of personal revenge to burn within every bosom. At last the vessels were sufficiently near, and we immediately poured in a heavy broadside, which was as promptly returned. In half an hour scarcely any thing could be seen for the clouds of smoke which darkened the air ; but after having been fiercely repelled, in which many lives were lost on both sides, we then succeeded in boarding the pirate.

“ What a scene of carnage and bloodshed did the deck present ! Everywhere it was covered with the dying and the dead ; and there only remained three of the pirates who were not mortally wounded. These were brought on board the Invincible, and securely placed in irons ; and having consigned the bodies of the fallen to the deep, we set sail for England, and arrived at Portsmouth with our prize.

“ The peace of Europe having now been securely established, the Invincible was paid off, and I, with many others, received my discharge.

“ I now determined to visit Nithsdale.— During the six years I had been absent, I had heard no tidings respecting my mother and

cousin. I arrived at the village, but thought I would make some enquiry before proceeding to the house. Judge of my feelings, when the landlady informed me Mr. and Mrs. Harland had disposed of their estate and gone abroad. I then enquired for Miss Wilmot, and learned she had been married for two years, and was residing a few miles distant from the village. I motioned the good woman to leave the room, remaining for hours stupified with the intelligence I had received. This was the knell to all my hopes, and I cursed my impetuosity which hurried me from my home, and gave my enemy the power he wished for of working my ruin. I immediately proceeded to the house of my cousin, determining, unseen, to behold her, and then leave the place for ever.

“Entering the shrubbery which surrounded the house, from which I could behold whatever was passing in the drawing-room, I saw Jessie looking as lovely and happy as ever, and was listening to the conversation which a gentleman, whom I judged to be her husband, was addressing to her; while looks of love and mutual affection were exchanged between them. Had I seen any traces of sorrow on the countenance of my cousin, I think I should have ventured into her presence; but looking all serene and happy as she did, why, I thought, should I intrude my sorrows upon her?—and I tore myself away.

“The remembrance of Jessie Wilmot had been a solace to me in every danger; and

during the long hours of watch, her image had been my companion; but now I must forego all hopes, and remember her only as the wife of another.

“ For several weeks I remained unconscious of all my woes, and well would it have been for me had they and my life then terminated—but Heaven willed it otherwise. At last I recovered, and the expences attending my sickness left me but a few shillings. With this small sum I was enabled to arrive at the nearest sea-port, where I procured a vessel trading to North America, in which I made several voyages, without meeting with any thing worthy of notice.

“ I now became master of a vessel, which was trading in the Mediterranean. Lying in the Bay of Naples, I went on shore to transact some business for my owners. Proceeding from an inn, where I had had some refreshment, I met a woman in the dress of my country; and what was my emotion on recognizing Marian, my mother’s favourite maid! Recognition was mutual, an acclamation of surprise also escaped from her lips.

“ From Marian I learned that my poor mother was in Naples, dying in poverty and deserted by Harland. Marian conducted me to the place where my mother then was; and preparing her for the interview, I was again in the presence of my mother: She uttered a feeble scream as I rushed to her couch, and once more I felt my mother’s arms twine around my neck, and her thin and bloodless

lips passed to my forehead. Soon the feeble arms relaxed from their hold, and I found that she had fainted. Restoratives were administered, and my mother again awoke to consciousness. Bitterly did she reproach herself for her injustice towards me, again and again soliciting my pardon for all the injuries she had heaped upon my head. I assured her of my forgiveness, and of a return of my affection; then her heavy and sunken eyes emitted a ray of pleasure.

“What a change did every thing around present to the home in which I had before seen my mother. Then she was surrounded with every elegance and luxury of life; now, she lay sick and sorrowing on a miserable curtainless bed, and every thing in her room spoke of poverty and squalor. She who had been reared in every comfort, and whom the wind of heaven had never been suffered to visit her cheek too roughly, was now deserted, and dying in a foreign land, without one friend, save her faithful servant, to smooth her pillow or administer to her wants. Inwardly I execrated Harland as the cause of all this misery.

“Seeing my mother sunk into repose, I returned to my ship, first leaving my purse, and promising Marian to see them on the following day.

“Whilst the feeble spark of life continued to exist, every day I saw my mother, and procured her every comfort which her situation required; and when the wearied spirit

was at rest, my act it was to place her head in the tomb, where her ashes repose in the land of the stranger."

Here the voice of Logan faltered, and he paused, apparently overcome by the remembrance. Ere long he observed—"I fear I weary you, my kind friends; I can scarcely hope that affairs of so personal a nature can afford to you interest or gratification."

Logan was assured by all, they felt highly interested in his narrative, and was urged to proceed, if the recollection of past events was not too painful to his feelings to be dwelt on; while the soft humid eyes of Grace bespoke more eloquently than words, how deeply she sympathised in the emotions of Logan. With a look which evinced his thanks, Logan again proceeded.

"From Marian I learned all that had occurred from my leaving home, and many circumstances serving to palliate the apparent unkindness of my mother. On finding that I had deserted my home, my mother was thrown into a state of the utmost distress, and was only consoled by the promise of Mr. Harland, that every means should be employed to discover my retreat, and induce me to return.

"Soon afterwards Harland learned where I was, and induced my mother to believe that I obstinately refused to leave the sea. Money was pretended to have been remitted to place me in the birth of a midshipman, and about twelve months afterwards my mother was

told by Harland, that the vessel in which I sailed was wrecked, and that I, and all on board had perished.

“ From the regret and reproaches of her conscience, my mother was for some time extremely ill, and Jessie Wilmot had been her constant nurse and attendant. Jessie also drooped much on hearing of my death, but time at length removed her grief. Harland soon threw off the mask before Jessie, appearing in his natural depravity of character ; and the persecution she endured from him was such, as to render her residence with my mother completely wretched. .

“ Happily Jessie was soon released from this annoyance, by her marriage to a gentleman of family and fortune. Harland now easily persuaded my mother to reside abroad on the plea of her health ; and, unknown to her, the estate in Nithsdale was disposed of. On arriving at Paris, Harland entered upon a course of constant dissipation. From the gaming-house he was rarely absent ; and the fortune my father had amassed, was squandered amongst profligates and sharpers. My mother found herself neglected, now that Harland had obtained the object of his previous attentions, and she was left to indulge in solitude her mournful reflections.

“ Scenes of mutual recrimination would often ensue ; and in one of those quarrels, Harland revealed the falsehood of his statement respecting my death. In consequence

of a dishonourable transaction at the gaming-table, Harland and my mother left Paris, and proceeded to Naples. The only resource left to Harland, was his skill at play ; and a few weeks before I had discovered my mother, he had again involved himself in a quarrel with one of his gambling companions. He quitted Naples, leaving his victim unknown and penniless in a foreign land. What remained of my mother's jewels procured her support for some time ; and at the time I met Marian, that resource was exhausted.

“ The remembrance of the reconciliation with my mother before her death, afforded me solace and consolation in many an after scene. My alienation from her had occasioned unceasing regret. For a few days after we left Naples, the winds were favourable and the weather fine ; but owing to the carelessness of one of the men, the vessel got on fire, and all our efforts to quench the flames were ineffectual. With a feeling of shuddering horror the boat was quickly launched, and a few provisions were hastily thrown into it. Having seen all in the boat, reluctantly I quitted the burning barque. Swiftly plying the oars, we were soon from the dangerous contingency of the vessel, and then paused to gaze on the fearful conflagration. The flames were still spreading with unopposed fury—plank after plank was burnt, and the sky above was red with the burning glare. At last, with a hissing sound, the remnant sunk,

and not a vestige remained of our gallant vessel, in which, but a few hours before, we rode the sea in fearless security.

“ It was now drawing towards night, and a strong and heavy gale continued to blow, but somewhat subsided on the following morning. For three days and three nights we remained in our dangerous situation, but on the morning of the fourth, with a joy only felt by those in our wretched condition, land was descried. This we judged to be the African coast, and we determined, at whatever hazard, to attempt a landing. Pushing on the boat, we soon were in the midst of the breakers ; still we persevered in endeavouring to attain the shore ; but the rolling of the billows defied all our skill—in a moment the boat was swamped, and her feeble crew buried amidst the breaking waves. My fellow-voyagers all perished in their attempts to prolong a miserable existence ; and on recovering from the state of unconsciousness into which I had been thrown, I found that I alone was saved, though on a strange and desert shore.

“ With a spiritless and dejected heart for the fate of my companions, I crawled to a wretched looking hut, which I perceived at a distance. At this place I solicited food and assistance, and by the ferocious-looking fellow who admitted me, I was supplied with both, and permitted to repose my wearied frame.

“ By this man, who belonged to a party of Algerine pirates, I was sold as a slave to the

Dey of Algiers ; and with several fellow captives, was doomed to a wretched and laborious employment. Although I was alone in the world, without one friend or social tie to bind me to existence, yet I determined never to submit to a state of slavery, but to strive with might and mind, to escape from bondage. I formed several furtive plans, all of which were rendered abortive by the vigilance with which the slaves were guarded.

“ Heavily were the hours dragged on, but I determined to pursue my labour with assiduity, hoping by that means to induce my hard task-master to relax in the vigilance of his guard. I soon became a favourite with Achmet, the superintendant of the slaves, and was removed to the gardens of the Dey, where the employment of cultivating the flowers was so much more pleasing than my former hard and unceasing toil. The gardens where I laboured were of the most magnificent extent, and there was every variety of flower and shrub, of the most splendid and gorgeous description ; yet still my soul longed for freedom, and at times my heart sickened at the prospect of remaining in perpetual slavery.

“ When I had been nearly two years in bondage, a distinguished English traveller visited Algiers. He was presented to the Dey, and entertained at his court with a kindness but rarely practised amongst this barbarous people. At a banquet given by the Dey, the English traveller so won his esteem, that he proffered, to the utmost limit of his power,

to grant him whatever favour he might request. The only boon which this benevolent individual solicited, was the freedom of twelve Christian captives from their chains ; and thus at last I obtained my long-coveted liberty.— Never shall I forget the emotions which swelled my heart on being led with my fellow-captives into the presence of our generous liberator. He spoke in a voice of the kindest sympathy, presenting each of us with a sum of money to convey us to our homes. Home ! alas, how sadly did that hallowed word fall upon my ear ! All had friends to rejoice in their deliverance, and welcome their return ; but I was without friends or kindred, condemned to a life of wandering and woe. If successful, I had none to rejoice in my success ; if disappointed, none to sympathise in my disappointment.

“ Arrived in London, I was again in destitution, and glad of a place before the mast in a vessel proceeding to Sunderland. Before arriving at the port of our destination, we encountered a storm. Our vessel became a total wreck, and but for the vigilance of the keepers of the life-boat, we should all inevitably have perished : as it was, the whole of the crew in safety entered the Wear.

“ Soon after this, I procured the situation of mate in the Autumn, proceeding to Peterhead. My usual disastrous fate still pursued me : scarcely had we been a day at sea, ere a gale came on, and for hours we were buffeted about amid the storm. All the efforts of the

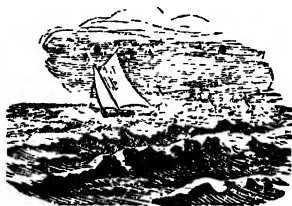
master to guide the vessel were ineffectual ; and at last she was dashed amongst the rocks. When the exertions to launch the boat were unsuccessful, with one wretched companion I clung to the mast for safety. In this perilous situation, we remained upwards of four hours. When the receding tide left the Naestone Rock uncovered, and as the mast was hanging over it, we exchanged our situation with one scarcely less wretched. Ere we had remained many minutes, a heavy sea engulfed this last remains of the wreck, upon which so lately our only hope of rescue depended. I then attempted to congratulate my companion on our timely exchange, and strove to inspire him with hopes, that our state would be discovered. The poor fellow shook his head despondingly, and in a faltering voice expressed his resignation, to the fate which he knew was hanging over him. He felt, he said, he was dying, and desired me, should I be rescued from the perils which surrounded me, to bear the tidings of his death to his parents, and assure them his last prayer was for their welfare, and that Heaven would console his sorrowing mother. I strove to administer consolation, but all was vain—and ere we had been two hours on the rock, the eyes of my companion were closed in death !

“ From this time I remained in hopeless despair. The wind still continued its fury, and each moment I was covered with the dashing spray. I watched the now advancing tide which would, I feared, soon overwhelm me.

With dismay I beheld the waves approach nearer and more near, till at last they washed the place on which I stood. What a revulsion in my feelings did the sight of your little boat not occasion! You, my kind friends, witnessed the frantic transport into which I was hurried, on beholding the prospect of a deliverance.

“ The subsequent events are already known to you, my brave deliverers. For your noble conduct ~~in~~ the hour of my danger, and your kind attentions afterwards, I can only give my heartfelt thanks, and solicit the Most High to crown your days with honour and peace !”

Here Logan concluded, and was thanked by his attentive listeners for his narrative; and in sympathy for his sufferings, that headstrong impetuosity which led him to desert his home, and was the cause of all his subsequent calamities, was forgotten.



CHAPTER VIII.

“ The sea was smooth, the weather clear,
When they approached nigher,
King Ida’s castle they well knew,
And the banks of Bambroughshire.”

The Laidley Worm.

THE health of Logan being now somewhat established, he expressed his intention of bidding his kind and benevolent benefactors farewell. In discussing with Mr. Darling his future plans and prospects, the latter offered to accompany him to Bambrough, where he would receive assistance from an admirable institution established there, with the particulars of which he was perhaps unacquainted. Logan acknowledged his ignorance, but seemed desirous of being informed of the nature of the establishment to which Mr. Darling alluded. Mr. Darling then proceeded in his explanation, of which the following is the substance.

About 120 years ago, Lord Crewe, to whom Bambrough Castle belonged, bequeathed an immense fortune, to be there applied to charitable purposes ; and never has a private donation been productive of so much good, as of this benevolent and enlightened nobleman. There are schools in the castle for educating an unlimited number of children ; a most extensive library, from which books are lent to

the inhabitants residing within thirty miles round. Provisions, at a cheap rate, are supplied to the industrious poor. There is also an infirmary, in which many thousands of sick and indigent persons have been relieved. But what Mr. Darling dwelt more particularly upon, was the humane care which is taken to remedy, as far as is possible, the danger to which vessels are exposed in this part of the coast. In the castle there are apartments fitted up for the accommodation of ship-wrecked sailors, who are supplied with clothing and money to assist them if in destitution. Premiums are always given to the first boat which puts off to a wreck, and storehouses are kept in readiness for the reception of shipwrecked goods. Thus this ancient fortress, once the scene of bloodshed and warfare, has now become as remarkable for deeds of humanity.

On the following morning Logan, gratefully declining the kindly-urged invitation to extend his stay, bade farewell to the happy and amiable people with whom the last few weeks had been passed. Much sorrow was felt by all, as Logan, in a voice partly suppressed with emotion, invoked from above a blessing upon this benevolent family, from whose protecting roof he was now departing. Mrs. Darling, in a voice of the kindest interest, besought him to let them often hear from him of his future fate ; and Grace, who stood with a tear in her soft and expressive eye, appeared the personification of meek and lovely pity. At last the parting was over, and

Mr. Darling and Logan were seen proceeding to the opposite shore. Observing Logan wrapped in melancholy abstraction, with the most benevolent intent Mr. Darling strove, by pointing out the peculiar features of the place they were approaching, to divert his mind from dwelling upon gloomy retrospections. The commanding appearance of the venerable fortress was of the most striking description, and might well seem to have defied the power of every assailant. The castle is of the Norman style of architecture, and stands upon the summit of a high rock, which is triangular in form, and projects into the sea. The friendly conversation of Mr. Darling partly dispelled the gloom of his companion; yet ever and anon his thoughts would recur to his present situation, and he would ponder with the most desponding feelings upon the future and the past, yet he strove to pluck from his heart the remains of pride which lingered there, and receive, in thankful humility, the boon of proffered charity. Truly he felt the spirit which would never bend, was now completely broken.

On reaching the shore, the boat was safely moored, and Mr. Darling and his companion proceeded to the portal. They immediately obtained an audience with the governor of the castle, and Mr. Darling explained to him the situation of Logan, slightly glancing over the services which he had rendered to the unfortunate sailor. The governor immediately admitted the usual privileges to Logan, who,

with all the eloquence of his nature, depicted the valour and humanity of his benevolent benefactor ; and portrayed the perils from which he had been rescued. The governor observed, had he been saved by any other individual, he might have felt surprised ; but he was so well acquainted with the previous exploits of Mr. Darling, he was prepared to hear of any achievement performed by him ; at the same time presenting to Mr. Darling the premium to which he was entitled for preserving the life of a fellow-creature. Mr. Darling, on receiving it, determined to press it upon the acceptance of the poor wanderer ; but with that innate delicacy which forms so amiable a trait of the character of Mr. Darling and his family, he felt somewhat puzzled how to offer it without wounding the feelings of poor Logan. On fastening up Logan's little bundle, unseen, Mr. Darling deposited the gift in a part of it, where afterwards it would easily be observed, and returning the packet to Logan, they departed together from the castle.

It was the purpose of Logan to proceed to Berwick, and there endeavour to procure a vessel. Mr. Darling accompanied him a few miles on his journey, and it was with deep emotion that they finally parted—Mr. Darling to return to the bosom of his family, where he would be welcomed home with kind smiles and affectionate endearments, whilst the poor wanderer went on his solitary way, alone to pursue his weary pilgrimage on earth !

Grace Darling was, a short time afterwards, left with her parents alone at the light-house. Robert left a few days after the departure of Logan. The usual routine of the employments and amusements of Grace were resumed, and in peace and cheerful serenity her time was passed. The letters of Caroline Dudley, and of the members of the family who were absent, occasionally affording a new source of thought and interest. Those of the former depicted in the most animated colours, the circle in which she was moving in the metropolis. The gay and brilliant life which Caroline described herself as enjoying, would oftentimes excite amazement in the mind of the simple child of nature. The memory of Caroline Dudley would always return to Grace when wandering along the beach, or seated within the tower of the light-house; every sentiment which was uttered by Caroline often recurring to her memory, and fancy would picture Caroline in the splendid saloons which were described in her letters, as the brightest amid a myriad of bright and lovely planets; surrounded by a host of admiring friends, the loved of all hearts, and the joy of every eye. Suddenly, from this splendid vision, the mind of Grace would revert to the poor wanderer, Logan, an outcast and an alien upon earth, unloved and unknown, without one spot of earth to call his home!

CHAPTER IX.

“ I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray ;
And, that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.”

DEEP and overpowering were the emotions of Sebastian, Marquis of Santalina, when the children of his idolized sister were clasped to his bosom. The marquis gazed upon Caroline with feelings too deep for words ; scarcely could he persuade himself it was not Isora who stood before him. The form, the face, every expression of the countenance and tone of the voice were alike—and awoke recollections of former scenes within his heart. The marquis and Major Dudley had met a short time previously, and in their interview all the fortitude which Dudley had acquired was subdued ; and the cold demeanour and stately dignity of the Castilian nobleman were forgotten.

Charles Dudley was received by the marquis with the utmost kindness, but it was Caroline alone whose appearance had the power to unman him. When recovered from his emotion, the marquis led the two Dudleys to the boudoir of the marchioness, in order to introduce them to her. The mar-

chioness, who was a lovely, gentle-looking woman, was reclining upon an ottoman. In the most kind and winning manner, she saluted Caroline, and extending her hand to Charles, in a soft and melodious voice expressed her pleasure at seeing them. The remainder of the day was spent at the mansion of the marquis, and Caroline, who was introduced into the nursery, quite won the hearts of her little cousins, a lovely boy and girl, of the respective ages of three and five.

On this day, as the marquis was totally disengaged from all political business, they were entirely a family party. Soon after dinner, the lady of the house and Caroline withdrew, leaving the senior gentlemen to their uninterrupted conversation. Charles also took leave, having an engagement for the evening with a party of his fellow-collegians, who were then in town. Caroline being soon left alone whilst the marchioness paid a visit to the nursery, observed a harp in the adjoining room, and beguiled the absence of her hostess by its rich and pleasing tones. Amongst the music on the stand, were several Spanish ballads new to Caroline, and being passionately fond of music, had nearly mastered one of those pieces when the marchioness returned. The remainder of the evening, until joined by the gentlemen, was spent in desultory chat. Caroline found the marchioness extremely amiable, yet not possessing much intelligence, and felt somewhat weary of the

long *tete-a-tete*. When the marquis and Dudley joined them at coffee, they each appeared to have recovered their usual serenity, and were in excellent spirits.

Caroline felt considerably interested by the conversation of the marquis, who expressed his sentiments with great elegance and fluency. The marchioness took her guitar, and accompanying it with her sweet voice, sang a moorish ballad with much characteristic taste. Soon afterwards Mr. Dudley's carriage being announced, he and Caroline parted with their relatives, with mutual promises of often meeting.

Mr. Dudley had engaged a house in Portman Square, as it was his intention to pass the winter in town. During the morning he had met with Lady Mary Dudley, the widow of a cousin. He had not seen her for some years, and she expressed great pleasure on meeting with him. When made acquainted that Charles and Caroline were in town, she desired they would visit her the following morning at her residence, in York Terrace. On calling, Mr. Dudley and Caroline were received with great cordiality. Lady Mary was a tall, noble-looking woman, still possessing the remains of great beauty. She was dressed in an elegant morning dishabille, and looked much younger than Caroline had expected, from the major's description, to have found her.

In the course of a few days, Lady Mary returned the visit of the Dudleys. She was

in excellent spirits, having obtained for Caroline an invitation to a ball, to be given the ensuing week by the Duchess of B——. This had been a somewhat arduous achievement, the cards having been issued the previous month ; however, Lady Mary had exerted all her diplomatic talent, and having been successful, her spirits were elated in proportion to the difficulties she had surmounted.

On the departure of Lady Mary, Caroline retired to dress ; after which she accompanied her father and Charles to the residence of the Marquis of Santalina, where they were engaged to join a party at dinner. At the desire of the marchioness, the Dudleys were early at Portland Place, and she introduced Caroline to her friends as they arrived. Here they met with several foreigners of distinction, as well as a number of English nobility. Caroline enjoyed an agreeable conversation with the Ladies Emma and Louisa Lunley, until dinner was announced. At dinner she was seated next to Lady Emma, and the Austrian ambassador on her left. Lady Louisa was nearly opposite, and addressed her lively nothings to a distinguished-looking foreigner, who apparently listened with great attention to her volatile ladyship. Several times ere they left the table, Caroline detected the eyes of Lady Louisa's cavalier directed towards herself, but on being observed, they were immediately withdrawn.

On the ladies retiring to the drawing-room, Caroline and Lady Emma were enjoying an

interesting conversation, when they were joined by Lady Louisa, who immediately began rallying Caroline upon the admiring looks with which her friend, the count, had been regarding her. Caroline, in reply, disclaimed all intention of encroaching upon her ladyship's privileges. The giddy Louisa, with an air of assumed gravity, shook her head, and appealing to her sister, asked if she had not also observed the glances the count directed towards Caroline. Is not it too bad, continued her ladyship; here have I, for the last six weeks, been laying close siege to the heart of this grave-looking count, and now, Miss Dudley, you have entered the field against me, and all my previous efforts are destroyed by a single glance from your bright eyes. At this moment little Ferdinand and Isabella were brought into the room, which Lady Louisa observing, she flew towards them, and was soon seated upon the floor, with her long sunny hair floating upon her neck, entering into the sports of the children with as much pleasure as in her childhood.

Having apologised for her sister's giddiness, Lady Emma besought Miss Dudley to resume the account of her interesting northern tour. Previous to the interruption of Lady Louisa, Caroline had been describing to Lady Emma, the residence of her family at Tynemouth, a pleasant bathing-place, on the Northumbrian coast; and she proceeded to portray their boating excursion, with its nearly fatal termination. Caroline spoke with animation on their

fortunate rescue, dwelling with grateful feelings upon the intrepidity of their brave preservers, Mr. Darling and his son, and the hospitality with which they were entertained whilst at the light-house. Emma felt more and more interested in Miss Dudley's adventure, as she proceeded in her description of the patriarchal-looking old man, Mr. Darling, whose appearance excited as much of reverence as esteem, whilst the smiles of the happy, good-humoured looking Mrs. Darling, would serve as an antidote to every feeling of ennui. It was in her portrait of Grace, the amiable and noble-minded daughter, that Caroline lingered with animated pleasure, and described to Lady Emma, the visit to the tower of the light-house, and the rambles along the beach.

Here Lady Emma expressed her surprise, that a girl possessing so many noble attributes should have been found on such a desert island. I cannot, resumed the enthusiastic Caroline, convey to you a just portrait of this admirable girl. Had you seen, my dear Emma, the devotion with which she attends to every wish of her father; and the winning playfulness with which she seeks to amuse him—such filial affection would, I am assured excite your admiration, Lady Emma, as much as it did mine. In speaking to me of her family, continued Caroline, Mrs. Darling dwelt, with peculiar satisfaction, upon the affection for each other existing amongst them; whilst Grace, she said, was the favourite of them all;

and proud may I be, exclaimed the good old lady, for few have had a better behaved family than mine. I assure you, Lady Emma, it was with extreme regret that I parted from the amiable Grace and her worthy parents; yet I hope, before long, to revisit the Darlings, and that my approach to the Fern Islands, she added smilingly, will be made in a more safe and comfortable manner.

Many thanks, dear Miss Dudley, for your amusing little adventure. You really appear to have met with more interesting personages in your island-family, than we ever did in our continental tour.

Have you visited the continent recently, enquired Caroline. O, yes, rejoined Emma, and we were residing in Berlin during the whole of last winter; and it was there where we met with that interesting-looking count, who was seated by my sister at dinner. He is nephew to one of the Prussian nobles, at whose mansion we first met Count Werner. Poor Julian! he still appears to feel his melancholy fate acutely.

Has he been connected with any remarkable event? enquired Caroline. He appears to excite much of your sympathy, and seems young to have known much of sorrow.

It may not be singular, rejoined Emma, in the annals of expatriated Poland, where there have been many harrowing scenes enacted; I know not if any have been attended with greater injustice than those of Count Werner; and from a young Prussian lady, one of his

relations, I learned particulars which excited my deepest commiseration, for, in addition to the ills of his country, Werner has suffered much from disappointed affection.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the gentlemen, and the person of whom they had last been speaking, advancing towards Lady Emma, was by her introduced to Miss Dudley. Caroline felt strangely interested by Count Werner; his voice was rich and finely modulated, and, in contradiction to his looks, his conversation was lively and interesting. Lady Emma and he were visibly old friends, and they addressed each other with cordial frankness. Lady Emma observing her sister laughing and talking with her usual wild spirits to Charles Dudley, left the side of Caroline for a moment to speak to her.

I perceive, said Werner, that you, Miss Dudley, admire the mild, retiring character of Lady Emma Lumley, more than the brilliant vivacity of her sister. Yet how few are there who possess the power of discriminating between the glittering and substantial; that, Miss Dudley, is a lesson only acquired in the school of experience.

Lady Emma returned to her seat, by the side of Caroline, and whilst the count engaged the attentions of Lady Emma, Caroline surveyed the various groupes who were assembled in the room. In one part, seated on a couch, was the marchioness, the lady of the Austrian envoy, and Lady Lumley. The

marchioness evinced, as usual, an appearance of listless happiness, which was strongly contrasted by the vivacity of the other two ladies. In another part of the room Caroline observed her father with a party of gentlemen, of the *corps diplomatique*, of whom the marquis was the centre, in earnest discussion of subjects which probably had but little similitude to a drawing-room.

In a recess was Lady Louisa, and other young ladies, surrounded by several gentlemen, amongst whom was Charles Dudley, and Lady Louisa was, as usual, lavish in dispensing her smiles. Shortly afterwards the attention of Caroline was attracted by the tones of the harp, and her admiration was excited by the wildly musical voice of Lady Louisa, as she warbled one of Moore's early melodies; and before resigning the instrument, she sung several other popular pieces. Charles listened with wrapt attention, and it was evident to Caroline he was completely fascinated by the lively Louisa.

Caroline returned home, much pleased with Lady Emma Lumley, and highly interested by the conversation and appearance of Count Werner. The other part of the company had not been such as to make any impression upon her mind. On the following day Charles returned to Oxford. Caroline felt much regret at losing his society; the spirits of Charles were usually high, and his vivacity always amused, forming a pleasing relief to the habitual gravity of Major Dudley.

CHAPTER X.

“The wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears :—
And ev'n tho' to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.”

AT last the evening for the ball of the Duchess of B—— arrived, and with a heart fluttering with the anticipation of pleasure, Caroline descended to the drawing-room, to await the arrival of Lady Mary. Major Dudley raised his eyes from the book he was reading, and gazed upon his lovely girl with melancholy pleasure. Never had Caroline looked more beautiful than she did on this evening, attired in her elegant ball-room costume. Her dark and glossy hair was braided with pearls of the most costly description; and her neck and arms encircled with ornaments of the same delicate hue. In her brilliant eyes were blended the usual expression of dignity and softness, and the expectation of pleasure had given a glow to her usually pale complexion. Fondly kissing her forehead, Major Dudley led Caroline down, and placed her in the carriage by the side of Lady Mary, waiving their adieus to Major Dudley, the carriage drove on, and they were soon in the midst of the throng which surrounded the mansion of the duchess. Passing amidst a numberless array of liveried lacquies, Caro-

line and Lady Mary entered the magnificent ball-room, the latter leading Caroline forward, presented her to the duchess. Having seated themselves, they were then at liberty to observe the arrival of the various fashionables, who were expected this evening to grace the saloon; and soon Caroline was gratified by witnessing the entrance of many a votary of pleasure.

In a short time the rooms became excessively crowded, and seldom, even in Almack's, that resort of wealth and fashion, had a gayer or more numerous party been assembled. Caroline gazed around in delighted admiration. On each side of her was a host of fair and lovely women, vieing with each other as much in beauty as in elegance of costume.

What a field for reflection to a thinking mind, does a ball-room not present! Every heart appears eagerly bent in the pursuit of pleasure, and every countenance decked in smiles and sunshine. Alas! how often are those smiles hollow and deceptive! and how frequently is an air of happiness assumed to conceal an aching heart. To Caroline, at this moment, no reflections but of a pleasing nature presented themselves; and she moved amidst the mazes of the dance with mingled gaiety and elegance. At a short distance from her she observed the Ladies Lumley; Lady Emma danced with that air of retiring timidity she at all times wore; and was contrasted with the wild animated gracefulness of her sister's movements.

Caroline was engaged for the first sets to Lord Delmore, a young nobleman, whom she had previously met at Lady Mary Dudley's. She was much amused by his lively conversation, and quizzical, yet good-natured remarks; and was smiling at his observations upon the affected juvenile vivacity, with which a lady of a certain age, dressed in the first style of fashion, was attempting to trip upon the "light fantastic toe," when she beheld approaching towards them Count Werner. With a slightly heightened colour, Caroline replied to the compliments of the count; who, after exchanging civilities with Lord Delmore, passed on, and was lost amid the crowd.

Recovering from her momentary embarrassment, Caroline resumed the conversation, by enquiring of his lordship the name of a beautiful girl waltzing near them. What! Miss Dudley, exclaimed his lordship, have you been so many days in town, and not before seen this Northern Star? The last two seasons she was the queen of *ton*, and though her power is now somewhat on the wane, her beauty has not decreased, but the fickle crowd have begun to pay their homage to a newer idol.

Observe that lady so gorgeously attired, continued his lordship, looking towards a fair, noble-looking woman, wearing a profusion of diamonds—that is the Marchioness of L——, another northern beauty, and a patroness of Almack's. That gentleman who is now addressing the marchioness, is the author of

Pelham. Caroline turned with eagerness to gaze upon an author, whose productions she had so often perused with intense interest and lively pleasure ; she was surprised at beholding the slight boyish-looking figure before her ; but upon his countenance was the stamp of intellect ; and his dark vivacious eyes must have struck even the common-place observer, as being the index to a mind of no ordinary mould. Caroline listened attentively to several anecdotes related by Lord Delmore of this popular author, who is, it appears, as much formed to enchant in the drawing-room as to instruct and amuse by the productions of his pen.

In the course of the evening Caroline was introduced to several of the literati, all of whom appeared to be enjoying the gay and crowded assembly, with a zest as great as though they had no higher end and object to attain beyond amusement of the passing hour. At the conclusion of the dance, Caroline was conducted to her seat by Lord Delmore, who continued by her side during the remainder of the evening ; and the attentions offered by his lordship gave the most lively pleasure to Lady Mary.

From his large fortune and high connexions, Lord Delmore had long been an object of attraction ; and many were the schemes of careful mothers and prudent chaperons, to secure the attentions of his lordship to their fair proteges ; but hitherto his lordship's heart had been impenetrable to all their ad-

vances, though backed out by the more dangerous artillery of bright eyes and tender glances; yet his insensitive lordship had ever seemed "deaf to the voice of the charmer, charmed she ever so sweetly." Lord Delmore was, however, attracted by the natural and unconcealed enthusiasm of Caroline Dudley's character; and that unconsciousness which she evinced of her surpassing loveliness, tended still further to rivet his admiration.

Lord Delmore had early perceived the heartless frivolity and trifling pursuits with which the minds of young women of rank are generally engrossed, and inwardly he vowed never to select a wife from the numberless array of young ladies who swell the list at Almack's or glitter at the Opera.

In fact, the education which the daughters of the aristocracy in general receive, is such as tends to destroy all natural warmth and generosity of feeling: the very first lessons which they are taught, are to conceal all their real sensations, and only to act and think as the conventional forms of society dictate.—Thus they become mere creatures of form and ceremony; and many a noble nature is worn and frittered away in scenes of heartless pleasure, which yielding only amusement for the moment, leave no pleasing retrospection for the mind.

Withdrawing her eyes from the admiring glances of Lord Delmore, Caroline looked around the room, when her attention was arrested by the sylph-like form of a fair and

lovely creature at a distance ; her dark brown tresses hung in a profusion of curls upon her forehead—her face was of the most pure classic style of beauty, and the thickly-shaded lashes gave an expression of softness to eyes, which, but for that, had been too bright and piercing. She was seated by a lady of matronly appearance, possessing great personal attractions, but the cold and placid expression of her countenance strongly contrasted the animated buoyancy of the younger lady. Observing the direction of Caroline's looks, Lord Delmore enquired if she were aware who the party was at whom she was so attentively gazing ? receiving a negative reply, his lordship continued—the young lady is the “ Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,” of the late distinguished and lamented poet : the senior lady is her mother, and the gentleman by whom they are attended, Lord K., to whom rumour says, the interesting Ada is shortly to be united. The young lady's manners and conversation are exceedingly fascinating, but I have not heard that she has evinced any of that poetic genius which placed her talented father so much above all his compeers.

From those remarks, the transition to the poems of this celebrated writer was easy and natural. Caroline expressed her admiration in the most energetic terms, and every sentiment which she uttered, seemed but an echo of the feelings of Lord Delmore.

Several times during the evening Caroline observed Count Werner. He apparently be-

longed to no party, and moved about amid the gay and fluttering crowd like a restless and perturbed spirit, and his clouded and pensive brow accorded ill with the gaiety of all around. Whenever he caught the eye of Caroline, he bowed and smiled, but the smile was evidently forced, and despite her wishes to the contrary, Caroline could not prevent her mind pondering on the probable cause of his pensive sadness.

Wearied and fatigued, at a late hour Caroline accompanied Lady Mary to an ante-room, to prepare for their departure; and Lord Delmore it was who placed her shawl around her, and assisted them into their carriage on its being announced.

From that evening Lord Delmore was constant and untiring in the attentions which he paid to Caroline. He met her in every resort of amusement which she frequented with Lady Mary, and he was her attendant at each party and route. In their drives in the Park, his horse was ever by the side of the carriage; and at the opera he invariably took his station behind her chair; yet all those attentions made little impression upon the heart of Caroline.

Lord Delmore possessed a fund of good sense, and all those sterling qualities which form a good and domestic character, with the elements of a noble and manly love in his composition; but so capricious is the heart of woman, Caroline fancied she could never feel for his lordship any sentiment approaching

to love. She knew and acknowledged all his good qualities, but he was very different from the hero whom she had pictured in her young imagination as the being to whom only she could devote every feeling of her heart. As a friend or a brother, Caroline respected and esteemed his lordship; and as such she valued his opinion, and took pleasure in his conversation. She was for some time unconscious that his lordship regarded her with any warmer sentiment, and the avowal of his feelings occasioned the most unqualified regret. She declined his addresses in the most decided and positive manner, expressing her sorrow in gentle and soothing terms, that her heart could make no suitable return. In vain Lord Delmore besought her to listen to his suit, and to allow the influence of time and a more perfect knowledge of him ere she so positively decided; but Caroline was inexorable.

On retiring from his lordship to the privacy of her apartment, Caroline gave free vent to her regret. It was the first time she was conscious of having occasioned sorrow to any one, and bitterly did she regret the hours she had passed in the society of his lordship, since they had inspired him with hopes which could never be realized. Coquetry, or a fondness for admiration, formed no part of her character; she could therefore receive no pleasure from gratified vanity.

When Caroline met her father in the dining-room, he remarked her unusual pensiveness, and enquired with affectionate solici-

tude into its cause. She returned an evasive reply, at the same time assuming an air of gaiety, and endeavouring by sportive remarks to dispel the uneasiness, which a cloud upon her countenance always occasioned to her father.

Caroline had that morning received a letter from Charles, written with his wonted vivacious spirits ; and in affectionate reminiscences on that dear brother, the occasion of her previous gravity was unremembered. She deeply sympathized in the anxiety her father expressed respecting the future prospects of Charles, who had already evinced traits of an impetuous disposition : he did, indeed, require a father's guidance to curb his love of adventure and fondness for enterprize, and to direct aright the energies of his nature. Charles had long disdained the needful restraint and monotony of a college life ; and though he was little more than a boy in age, he had all the feelings and ambition of maturer years. The fortune he would inherit was not sufficient to place him in affluence, and it was the earnest wish of the major, that he should devote his talents to the bar, for which the major imagined his genius was peculiarly adapted.

Unfortunately, however, Charles was as versatile as he was talented ; and although he had won several of the highest honours at college, yet he was deficient in that steady perseverance which could alone ensure success in a profession requiring so much patient

industry as the law. His intercourse with the grave and prudent Morrington had been of great service in checking his impetuosity, but he was now to be deprived of his friendly Mentor, as he had nearly completed his college studies. This circumstance Charles greatly regretted, and intimated a wish that he might be permitted to leave Oxford at the same time.

The conversation of the major was interrupted by the entrance of Lady Mary Dudley. Lady Mary had called for the purpose of Caroline accompanying her to the theatre, to witness the performance of a new drama, which was then exciting considerable interest. Caroline would gladly have excused herself, but she could not resist the importunity of Lady Mary. She withdrew to make the necessary alterations in her toilet, and on her return was surprised to find the major had agreed to be of their party; the persuasions of Lady Mary having overcome his repugnance to attend public resorts of amusement. Indeed, since their residence in town, the principal part of Major Dudley's time had been passed at Portland Place, each succeeding interview increasing his esteem for the Marquis of Santalina, and admiration for the beautiful marchioness, whom he usually beheld in her appropriate character of the fond and devoted mother, bestowing her smiles and caresses upon her lovely children.

It was late when Lady Mary and her party arrived at Drury-lane, and so crowded was

the house, it was not without considerable difficulty they succeeded in reaching her ladyship's box. The plot of the piece was founded on one of the many scenes of oppression lately enacted in Poland, and the purport of the writer was evidently to excite sympathy for the injuries of this brave and heroic people. Every sentiment of Caroline was absorbed by the impassioned Macready, as he deplored the miseries of a beloved and suffering country; and her bosom glowed with enthusiasm, as with the inspiration of hope he proceeded to predict the dawn of a happier morn, when regenerated Poland should arise out of her ashes, and resume her place among the nations of Europe.

During the interlude, several gentlemen, intimates of Lady Mary, who had observed her and her party during the evening, entered her box for the ostensible purpose of paying their respects to her ladyship. Lady Mary had smiles and lively repartees for all, but her eyes were vainly directed in the hope of observing the entrance of one who had of late been a constant attendant there. The usual order of remarks passed among the gentlemen, strictures upon the various flirtations which were passing in the adjoining boxes, and the occurrences of the day were freely discussed.

When other subjects were exhausted, the performance of the evening was brought upon the tapis, and, an unusual case, unqualified approbation was plentifully bestowed upon

the actors and the drama. There was but one dissenting voice to the general approbation, and this was an exquisite, who declared, as he passed his jewelled fingers through his elaborate mass of curls, "the piece was quite plebeian, and evidently written by one of the canaille; and such ideas of liberty, and that sort of thing, quite *ennuied* him."

"I assure you, Sir Charles," exclaimed another of the party, "you are mistaken; the author is a man of rank, and, in my opinion, his sentiments do equal honour to his head and heart." "Well, well, my good fellow," replied Sir Charles, with an air of affected nonchalance, "don't get into a passion about the matter; nothing is more *pleb* than getting into a passion."

Observing Caroline's bright smiles, who had been an amused listener to the discussion, Mr. Montague solicited her opinion of the piece. Caroline expressed the highest approbation, adding at the same time, how much, she thought, the brave Poles were entitled to admiration for the heroic attempt they had made to recover their freedom; and to sympathy, since these efforts had been unavailing.—"What," exclaimed Sir Charles, "do you, Miss Dudley, join in the sentiments of Montague—the women are really becoming quite democratic; we shall soon, I fear, have liberty and equality introduced at St. James's." Caroline laughed at this sally of Sir Charles, and, without reply, turned round to address her father. The major was attending with

an amused air to the lively trifling which was passing around, and replied with his usual kindness to the observations of Caroline.

Mr. Montague was now directing his conversation to Lady Mary, who, in addition to her other qualities, made considerable pretensions to literary knowledge, and knowing her ladyship's taste, enquired, "What is your opinion, Lady Mary, of this new drama? Don't you think the author, Count Werner, has evinced considerable talent?" Lady Mary uttered an exclamation of surprise at the name of Count Werner; which was echoed in the bosom of Caroline. Lady Mary, who prided herself upon her knowledge of whatever was passing among the literati, and that her conversaziones were attended by every writer of any pretensions, from the author of the heavy quarto down to the contributor to the lightest periodical, had been considerably annoyed that all her endeavours to discover the author of this so much admired drama had been ineffectual; delighted at this information of Mr. Montague, her previous chagrin at the non-appearance of Lord Delmore was soon forgotten, and she determined that Count Werner should be invited to her next conversazione.

Caroline was unusually silent during the remainder of the evening, and felt glad when Lady Mary proposed returning home. Soon afterwards Caroline retired to repose, and when left alone to commune with the heart, she thought over all the occurrences of the

day. Her mind was in a tumult of contending feelings ; pleasure was, however, the predominating one ; and the regret which she could not avoid experiencing, in despite of what had passed, at the absence of Lord Delmore from the theatre, was lost in wonder at the genius of one who had always occupied so much of her thoughts. She resigned herself unopposed to the sweet delusion, never dreaming that her sentiments were beyond admiration of the intellectual superiority of Werner, and pity for the ills which adverse fate had heaped upon him.

CHAPTER XI.

" Now life's chilly evening' dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night ;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright."

WINTER had fled, and spring, the season of hope and promise, arrived, and each tree and shrub was clad in the lovely mantle of green. Months flew by at Fern Islands, almost unheeded by the Darlings ; the performance of the duties of their humble station afforded sufficient employment, and no feelings of ennui were ever experienced in the lonely lighthouse. The same gay smile brightened the countenance of Grace as heretofore ; and her

cheerful voice, as of old, welcomed her father's return from his excursions round the islands. The merry hum of Mrs. Darling's wheel was still heard in the lofty sitting-room, and the same appearance of comfort reigned throughout their dwelling as has been before described.

Grace had received a valuable addition to her literary store in several volumes of poems, the presents of her brothers. They opened a new field to her enquiring mind, and her imagination revelled undisturbed in the rich mines of inspiration. Previously, her knowledge of poetry had been confined to the simple ballads connected with the neighbouring coast; but when the pages of Milton, and the more simple lines of Cowper and Goldsmith met her view, she was delighted and entranced. For hours she would sit in the tower of the light-house drinking in new draughts of delight; then she lived in an ideal existence, and in a world peopled with beings of her own creating. Happy dreams and imaginings of youth! who does not look back to them with regret, and sigh to think life knows no second spring!

The dreamy course of Grace Darling's tranquil life was somewhat varied by the marriage of her sister. This event was appointed to take place in the early part of May, and Mary Ann earnestly entreated that Grace would accompany her to the altar, and remain with her for a few days. This occasioned the first absence of Grace from her island home. Ne-

ver before had she slept one night from her parents' roof. Her feelings upon this first separation, were new and undefined, and with tears she returned her mother's parting kiss, and received her father's benediction.

It was a touching sight to behold the patriarchal-looking man, his grey locks thinned by many a winter's blast, bending over the young and blooming girl beside him. On the looks of one was the expression which may be supposed to have dwelt on the countenance of the father of Rebekah when he blest her in departing—on the other the look of regret, brightening into hope, of the good old Bethuel's daughter.

After the elapse of a week, Grace returned home; and her arrival was hailed with unalloyed delight by both her affectionate parents. Never before had the hours passed so slowly with Mr. and Mrs. Darling, as during this absence of Grace, as her cheerful conversation and affectionate attentions had now become necessary to their happiness. The maternal heart of Mrs. Darling also beat with anxiety to learn every particular respecting the welfare of her other daughter. She had thought deeply upon the momentous change which had taken place in Mary Ann's existence—a change which involved not only the entire felicity of her future life, but also that of another; and brought with it a train of new cares and duties to be fulfilled. It was therefore with emotions of thankfulness, Mrs. Darling heard of the comfort and apparent happiness

of Mary Ann ; of the private worth and good conduct of the object of her choice, they had previously received satisfactory assurance. All the feminine peculiarities of Mrs. Darling were gratified by the description afforded by Grace of the neat and comfortable appearance of her daughter's future home. For several days after the return of Grace, the weather was dull and hazy, which consequently confined her greatly to the house—she had therefore ample time to satisfy every interrogation of her mother.

It was a little past noon on the third day after Grace had arrived home, when a ship was descried at a short distance from the island. This was a noble and gallant-looking vessel, much larger and more beautiful in its dimensions than those which usually pass so near the Fern Islands. There is a narrow channel, or road, which passes between the islands, and this passage the vessel had taken for shelter from the still increasing gale. She now lay with an appearance of fearless security, her bright sails fluttering in the breeze, seeming to defy the empire of wind and wave.

Mr. Darling responded to the admiration of Grace, who was standing near and observing the stately vessel. The next moment he hastily exclaimed—"Good Heavens ! that valuable vessel is on the point of destruction !—in an hour there will not be water in the channel to float her, and she will be stranded on the rocks !" But little time sufficed to place Mr. Darling in his boat, and alongside of the im-

perilled ship. For a moment he lay upon his oars to admire the noble build and stately bearing of the vessel, now moving in proud security upon the surface of the heaving waves, but which might, ere many hours, be a lifeless wreck, a victim to the flinty rocks which then lay hidden, like a secret assassin, waiting a fitting time to strike the fatal blow.

The vessel was an East Indiaman, heavily laden, and her crew appeared to be reposing in happy unconsciousness of peril. Mr. Darling hailed one of the men; a rope was thrown out, to which he securely lashed his boat, and then sprung upon the deck: desiring to be conducted to their captain, he was directed to a gentleman at the further part of the vessel. For some time Mr. Darling was unnoticed, he had therefore ample time to scrutinize the exterior of this officer. He was a tall, gaunt-looking person, with a dark scowl upon his countenance, which appeared to be habitual, and he issued his orders to the men in a stern, imperious voice. At last, attracting the attention of the captain, Mr. Darling informed him, in a respectful manner, of the dangerous situation of the vessel, and the immediate necessity of altering her course into the open sea, or in a short time they would find it impracticable to do so. To Mr. Darling's astonishment, he was saluted in reply with a tirade of abuse, accompanied with a hint that if he did not leave the vessel immediately, little ceremony would be used in compelling him to do so. His account of the danger, the

captain asserted, was false, and fabricated for the purpose of obtaining a reward. This, and much more to the same purpose, was heaped upon Mr. Darling with a volubility which, for some time, left no opportunity for denial.

At last the captain's breath and vocabulary of abuse becoming exhausted, he paused, when Mr. Darling, with difficulty restraining his ire, prepared to reply. Fixing his honest and intrepid eye upon the unworthy officer, he assured him, in an indignant manner, he had greatly mistaken his object and character, and that it was not without considerable risk to himself he had ventured in his boat to warn them of their danger. Mr. Darling then referred him to the charts, where he would find they were in the immediate vicinity of the Oak Scars, a cluster of rocks which run along this passage; or if soundings were made, they would then discover the correctness of his statements. For some time this reasonable advice was disregarded, and it was not until several rocks, fearfully near, were discovered among the waves, that the latter suggestion was acted upon.

When the result of the sounding was reported, the captain could no longer remain unconvinced of their perilous situation. In the mean time Mr. Darling had remained on board with no very agreeable feelings. His first impulse, on the insulting conduct of the captain, was to leave the vessel; but after a moment's internal conflict, Christian philanthropy prevailed over the natural pride of his

character; he therefore determined longer to await, and, if possible, to preserve the vessel from her impending fate.

The alarm of the captain, on the conviction of their danger, was as great as had been his previous imperiousness. Quickly advancing to Mr. Darling, he addressed him in a voice strangely changed from his late tone, apologising for his previous expressions on the plea of the frequent impositions practised upon seamen. He entreated, since Mr. Darling was so well acquainted with the coast, he would become their pilot, hinting that his services would be amply remunerated—and then addressing the men, in a subdued voice, he commanded them to attend to the instructions of their experienced pilot. Mr. Darling cheerfully undertook the office, yet scarcely could he restrain a smile of contempt at the abject meanness of the so late blustering and haughty commander.

With skill and tact Mr. Darling guided the vessel through all the dangers of the passage, and in a short time they were again in the wide and open sea. Assured of their present security, the boldness of the captain returned, and again he paced the deck with haughty strides.

On Mr. Darling leaving the vessel, the captain tendered to him the munificent sum of half-a-crown—in truth, a noble reward for preserving from destruction a vessel and cargo of the probable value of one hundred thousand pounds, to say nothing of the pas-

sengers and crew, whose lives were also endangered.

Descending the side of the vessel, Mr. Darling was once more in his little boat. Having landed, he soon reached the light-house, leaning upon the arm of Grace, who had been awaiting his approach.

In the course of the evening, as was customary, Mr. Darling transcribed in his journal, each event which had occurred during the day, and in recording the name and destination of the vessel he had piloted, the ungrateful conduct of the captain was unnoticed.

In this journal is noted down, on each day, the state of the wind, tides, and atmosphere—the hour and minute in which the beacon is lighted, and, with equal exactness, the time of its being extinguished. It also contains a notice of whatever visitors arrive at the island, and of each vessel passing the coast. At stated intervals Mr. Darling transmits his journal to the Trinity-house, London, and with the members of this institution rest the appointment of lighthouse-keepers on Fern Islands.

What a subject for interesting reflection is contained in the journal of Mr. Darling! There is recorded the description of many a bark, on board of which were light hearts and aspiring spirits! How little did those on board then imagine, that upon this obscure island would be recorded the last trace of their existence! Who can guess the secrets of the ever-murmuring sea, or tell where lie buried they who set forward on their voyage with

such bright promises of a happy future ! How would the proudest heart have quailed, had it foreseen the horrors and miseries to be endured on that treacherous ocean, ere swallowed up within its billows !—or, who, in passing this obscure little island, did dream that it was the home of so noble, yet gentle, a being as Grace Darling—one to whom all the amiable characteristics of women belong, added to a fortitude and spirit of endurance more than masculine !. But so it is, and in ocean's cave is hidden many a brighter gem than ever glittered on the brow of Egypt's proud and lovely queen.

The journal of Mr. Darling was frequently referred to by Grace. She would often muse upon the contents of its pages ; and to which, before the conclusion of this narrative, frequent references will be made :



CHAPTER XII.

“ Oh, Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?”

JULIAN KOSCIUSKO WERNER, was the last representative of one of the most illustrious nobles of Poland. His ancestors had, from time immemorial, occupied a distinguished place in the annals of their country, and had evinced as much wisdom in the supreme council as valour in the field of combat. Count Werner, grandfather of Julian, fought by the side of the noble and patriotic Kosciusko, and was the companion of all his dangers; he also shared in his captivity, and both lingered for years in a dungeon at St. Petersburg. It was not until many years after Kosciusko had obtained his freedom, that Werner was liberated by the Emperor Paul, in one of his transient freaks of humanity. Upon an investigation of his affairs, Werner found that his estates were so completely impoverished by the fines and confiscations levied upon them during his imprisonment, that scarcely sufficient remained to procure for him a simple competence.

He proceeded to France, where his friend Kosciusko was residing in strict retirement. After a few years of exile from his beloved and suffering country, Count Werner was re-

leased by the hand of death, leaving one son, Augustus Werner, a youth of seventeen. This young man had been educated under the auspices of Kosciusko, and received his first military lessons from that brave and patriotic soldier. Augustus volunteered in the service of Napoleon, and fought with a valour which did credit to his master in the Italian campaigns of France. With other of his countrymen, Werner was supported in every privation, and in voluntary exile by the hope, that the armies of France would, at no distant day, assist in freeing Poland from the chains of her cruel oppressors. It need not be said, how delusive were those hopes. The promises of Napoleon, like the deceitful light from the ignis-fatuus, lured on, and at last faded from sight, leaving a deeper gloom behind.

Yet how devotedly through every change and vicissitude of fortune did the Poles adhere to the cause of Napoleon; even in unparalleled defeat, not one Pole deserted the standard of France—when all others fled, they alone remained true. This fidelity proceeded from the undying patriotism of that brave people. To Poland they still looked in every change of land; it was the Mecca of their hopes, and France still battled with the Russians, its merciless oppressors. At the battle of Leipsic, the battalion commanded by Augustus, displayed a valour almost invincible. When at last compelled to retreat, by the premature blowing up of the bridge, the young

Polish commander perished in the Elster, along with the brave Prince Joseph Poniatowski.

When the tidings of Werner's fate was communicated to his young and lovely wife, she was heart-stricken, and the following day her pure and gentle spirit rejoined that of her brave and unfortunate husband. She had sought the protection of Kosciusko for Julian, her only child ; and the patriot hero pledged himself to be a parent and protector to the hapless orphan.

The countess was the daughter of a Prussian noble, and had been alienated from her family since her marriage with the Polish exile. She desired her incensed parents might be informed of the death of those who had excited their displeasure, trusting that all resentment might be buried in the grave, and that her father would watch over the dawning fortunes of her child.

The tidings of the death of his once beloved, but long banished daughter, was a heavy blow to the Prussian noble. In the first ebullition of his anger at the marriage of his daughter, he had torn her from his breast ; her name was forbidden to be mentioned in his presence ; but when he learned the object of all this resentment was no more, nature asserted her right, and gladly would he have given all worldly treasures to have again beheld his child in blooming health, or to have exchanged words of kindness and reconciliation.

The marquis determined that the child of his daughter should occupy the place in his

heart and home, which should of right have been hers, and requested Kosciusko to resign his grandchild to his care. This, however, Kosciusko declined—and the reasons which he assigned were such as to satisfy the scrupulous marquis.

Julian remained with the patriot hero, who, with a parent's care, watched over his education, instilling into his youthful mind feelings of patriotism and devotion to Poland, which no subsequent events could ever erase. The devoted Kosciusko ever enjoined his pupil to be faithful to his country ; and, like Hannibal of old, wage eternal war against its oppressors, and never to sheathe his sword until Poland should regain her place among the free-born nations of the earth.

Julian had scarcely attained his fourteenth year when deprived of his protecting friend ; but his feelings far surpassed his age ; he had long and deeply pondered upon the destiny of his father-land, and those miseries and oppressions which had driven her nobles into exile and homeless penury.

The last years of Kosciusko's existence were passed at his residence in the vicinity of Paris. His health had long been in a declining state, his constitution having been considerably impaired by the wounds and hardships he had endured in fighting the battles of his beloved country ; but never did his patriotism and idolatry of freedom suffer the slightest diminution ; and though the frame was worn and fainting, the spirit to the last retained its

wanted fire. Even while sinking beneath debility and disease, he determined to undertake a pilgrimage to Switzerland, longing with an intensity not to be subdued, to breathe the pure and genial air of its free and rocky mountains. The wish of the dying patriot was partially gratified; he arrived at Soleure, a short distance from the birth-place of William Tell. From this spot Kosciusko was destined never to depart. His further progress was terminated by death, and happy was the hero to breathe his last in sight of the birth-place of the liberator of Switzerland. His earthly remains were removed to Cracow, the only part of Polish territory not dishonoured by a foreign master, and were attended to the tomb by thousands of his mourning countrymen. Thus terminated the earthly career of this great and illustrious individual—a hero, whose fame will occupy the brightest page in history; and the name of Kosciusko will long remain a watchword to every lover of freedom.

As there is much of romantic interest attached to the early history of this Polish chief, the following brief particulars may not be considered too digressive. Descended from a noble family, but of ruined fortune, Kosciusko was destined for the army. Honoured at an early age by the especial patronage of the Polish monarch, there was every prospect of his rising to distinction in the armies of his native land; but those bright prospects were for some time obscured by disappointment in

the affections. The object of his attachment belonged to a family of great dignity and wealth, and they disdained an alliance with one whom they regarded as a mere soldier of fortune ; he, however, prevailed upon the lady to fly with him to France ; but unfortunately they were pursued and overtaken. Kosciusko found himself under the painful alternative of either giving up the lady, or putting to death her father, by whom he was vigorously attacked. He nobly chose the former, and returning his sword to its scabbard, consented to resign the object of his fondest affection, rather than embroil his hands in her parent's blood. It was long ere the wounds of disappointed love were closed. Finding a residence in Poland so unpleasant to his feelings, he proceeded to America, and fought for many years under the banner of Washington. No sooner did the struggles in his native land require his aid, than he returned, and devoted himself to the service of his country.

The subsequent events of this hero's life are well known. How bravely, yet ineffectually, he led the armies of his people on to combat, need not here to be repeated. It was with many strange and contending emotions, that after the elapse of years he again met the object of his youthful love. During the time of their separation she had married, and was then a widow. Former feelings revived, and eventually he became the husband of the only being who had ever excited any sentiment of love in his stern and lofty nature.

Kosciusko continued to watch, with untiring zeal, the first faint streaks which should usher in the dawn of freedom ; and to mould aright the character of his pupil, was a source of constant interest. He would oft indulge the hope, that when he should be no more, his mantle should descend upon Werner, who might be to Poland all that he wished himself to have been.

After witnessing the interment of his venerated protector, Werner did indeed feel that he was alone in an unknown place. Under sad and depressing circumstances had been his first sojourning in his father-land. How long and ardently had he sighed to visit Poland, and when at last that treasured wish was gratified, how different were his emotions from those he had with so much enthusiasm anticipated.

Leaving Cracow, Werner proceeded to Warsaw, where he was received by his grandfather with much emotion, and who strove, by kind attentions, to divest him of his grief. The marquis had exerted himself successfully in recovering for Werner a portion of the family possessions ; and before leaving Warsaw, placed him in the military school at that place. Here Werner remained for many years, and amongst his fellow students, the representatives of the past heroes of Poland, he found minds congenial to his own. By those young men was kept burning the so long obscured torch of liberty. Werner early became a member of one of those secret societies which

spread so much alarm amongst the arbitrary governments of Europe ; and his was the directing hand which organized all their movements in Poland.

To an intrepid valour, Werner possessed a degree of prudence rarely found in youth ; and he determined to await, a fitting time for the accomplishment of their projects, well knowing the myriad host they would have to oppose, and that an unsuccessful attempt would only render more galling their fetters, and would gladly be seized upon as a pretext for further acts of oppression. He had visited the various courts of Europe, vainly striving to obtain a promise of assistance ; but at this period chivalry appeared to have deserted the nations of the earth—not one power was found ready to assist a suffering and aggrieved people to recover from their bondage. Werner was therefore compelled, reluctantly to await, but, like the slumbering lion, he was ever ready to spring upon his foe.

Several months preceding the death of the Emperor Alexander, were passed by Werner at Konningsburgh. His grandfather possessed a great degree of favour in the court of Prussia, and had long been a favoured minister with the king. Various situations of high emolument and rank were tendered to Werner, but with a noble consistency were declined. Ill would it have accorded with the pupil of Kosciusko, to have become an *attachee* to a government which had shared in the spoils, and assisted in rivetting the chains of his country.

In the autumn of that year, Werner accompanied his grandfather to Baden, and mingled freely in the society assembled at that place. Though the sacred cause to which he considered himself devoted, had given a premature cast of thoughtfulness to his countenance, yet was he formed to shine and delight among the young and gay ; and in his deportment to the fair sex, he evinced the high-bred gallantry of an ancient cavalier. His society was, therefore, much courted. On the last evening of their stay at Baden, Werner was returning to his hotel at a late hour, when his attention was arrested by a dense crowd, in front of a house, where the smoke and flames which were issuing plainly revealed that the destroying element was pursuing its work of destruction. Hurrying on, he was in the midst of the spectators of the awful scene, at the moment that the figure of a young lady was discovered at an upper window of the burning house. A thrill of horror ran through every bosom, but not one offered to attempt her rescue, so dangerous an undertaking did it appear, until Werner darted into the burning edifice. An intense interest was now felt by all, and when he reappeared, supporting in his arms the being he had saved, a shout of admiration rent the air. Bearing his charge to an adjoining house, he there resigned her to the females present, and departed.

The next morning the marquis and Werner took leave of Baden, and a few weeks afterwards the latter returned to Warsaw. There

he did not long remain inactive ; the spirit of resistance which had so long been slumbering, was at last awakened among all classes of the people. It was by a few young military students, that the standard of liberty was unfurled ; and by them was first revived the so-long silent cry of—Poland for ever ! With general acclamation, Werner was selected to be their leader ; and with his little band, attacked and completely routed the Russian forces that were then stationed at the barracks. The patriots were immediately joined by multitudes of the people, and the zeal and alacrity with which they came forward, proved how worthy they were of the efforts which had been made on their behalf.

Animated by his voice and example, Werner led his forces to attack the prison, where were immolated numberless victims to political offences. Amongst those who had been languishing amid all the privations and horrors of the dungeon, was the Count Lovinia, one of Poland's noblest sons ; and whose offence had been that of having proposed toasts in honour of those departed heroes who had adorned the history of his country. The prison was quickly forced, and the guards by whom they were defended were routed and dispersed. In one of the lowest dungeons of the place Count Lovinia was discovered, attended by his youthful daughter, who had voluntarily become the companion of his imprisonment, and alleviated by her affectionate solicitude, the miseries of his situation. With

delight this noble girl heard the exulting shouts which proclaimed the success of the patriots ; and when the door of the dungeon was thrown open, and her father was welcomed to liberty, she could only by her tears and affectionate endearments express her pleasure.

Leaving the dreary apartment which he had so long tenanted, the count went forth, supported on the arm of his rejoicing child. The entrance of Count Lovinia among the confederates, was hailed by shouts of delight from every voice, and the youthful girl who had so nobly shared in his captivity, was regarded with looks of admiration and respect. Werner advanced quickly to Lovinia, and congratulated him on his return to liberty and the pleasures of society, expressing with graceful gallantry, his admiration of his daughter's exemplary conduct. At the first sound of Werner's voice, the young lady eagerly looked upon him ; it was a voice which had before fallen upon her ear in an hour of distress, and ere he had concluded, the exclamations which she uttered, caused him attentively to regard her, and with equal surprise Werner recognised in Count Lovinia's daughter, the dark-eyed girl he had rescued at Baden.

CHAPTER XIII.

“What exile from himself can fleet
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon, Thought.”

A CHARACTER so enthusiastic and chivalrous as was Count Werner's, could not fail to feel interested by the singular coincidence which had a second time presented the daughter of Count Lovinia to his view; and this sentiment was succeeded by admiration of the heroic girl, who, reared amid every elegance and luxury, had voluntarily renounced them all to become the sharer of a parent's dungeon. On the part of Constance Lovinia was experienced some of the sweetest and most pleasing sentiments which can occupy a grateful heart; her preserver at Baden had excited her warmest gratitude; and the kindness and delicacy with which he had borne her through the smoking ruins, were ever present to her mind. When again she beheld that hero of her imagination, in the liberator of her father, and the deliverer, as she fondly hoped, of her country, she was completely overpowered by the intensity of her emotions, and each succeeding interview increased her admiration, until at last Werner became associated with her every feeling: nor can it be wondered, that between two hearts hitherto unoccu-

pied, a strong attachment should have been quickly awakened. Women are naturally attracted by great and noble actions, and any act of courage has their warmest admiration. Werner was brave, even beyond his compeers; and his countenance and conduct bore the impress of true nobility of soul. Constance Lovinia possessed a lovely and graceful person, as well as a noble mind; if the former excited admiration in Werner, he was still more gratified to find that she could sympathise in his patriotism, and feel equal ardour in the success of the cause in which he was engaged.

But how rapid is the progress of revolution, when a brave and ardent people are aroused to an assertion of their rights! Like the overflowing of the ocean, no barrier can interpose to check its progress. Though ardent and patriotic, Werner was fully awake to the danger and difficulties he would have to encounter; but supported by the purity of his motives, he shrunk not from the difficulties, nor dreaded the danger. His patriotism was of a pure and ennobling kind, unalloyed by any desire of personal aggrandisement; all he wished was the liberation of his country, and this object had been the dream of his boyhood, and the hope of his maturer years; even the image of Constance Lovinia could not for one moment occupy his mind to the exclusion of this feeling.

Success as unbounded as could have been anticipated, crowned the first efforts of the confederate patriots. They were speedily

joined by all the native troops, and in one brief but eventful night, a change as great as it was unlooked for had taken place in the aspect of Warsaw.

When morning dawned, instead of the Russian standard, the Polish flag proudly waved from the ramparts of the city; and ere the close of that day not a Russian soldier was left in the vicinity of Warsaw; all had followed the grand duke to Petersburg. Werner issued a proclamation, inviting each individual to arise and join the banners of their country. This call was promptly responded to, and multitudes flocked around his standard. Count Lovinia was a most efficient assistant to Werner, and his daughter Lady Constance had infused a portion of her own patriotic spirit into the bosom of her countrywomen. The females of Poland bravely co-operated with their fathers and brothers, numbers fighting in the ranks of the patriots.

After a brief interval, a tremendous host of Russian soldiers entered the Polish territory, and several engagements ensued. The Poles fought as those do who have every thing at stake, and for some time their heroic efforts were rewarded with success. Again and again their leader, Werner, cheered them on to combat, but at last he fell, severely wounded. He was conveyed to the house of Count Lovinia, and was attended until his recovery by Lady Constance. An attachment had previous to this subsisted between Werner and Constance, and they had exchanged vows of

mutual affection. As soon as convalescent, Werner again took the field, but during his absence the tide of affairs had changed, and in more than one engagement the patriots had been defeated. Werner and Count Lovinia then concentrated their forces within Warsaw ; but at last, after a vigorous defence, it was taken, and an indiscriminate massacre ensued.

By the ferocious soldiers of the Czar, thousands of defenceless women and children were put to the sword, amongst whom was Constance. Happily Werner was for some time unconscious of this, or any other of the sad events which were passing around him. After receiving several wounds, he had fallen, and owed his subsequent preservation to the affectionate care of a faithful servant, who had borne him from the scene of carnage to a place of concealment. Here he remained for some weeks, and as soon as partially recovered, was conveyed to his grandfather's castle in Prussia.

When Werner was made acquainted with the melancholy events which had occurred, and the fate of Constance Lovinia, he suffered a relapse of fever, and it was long ere his health was re-established. From that time he led a wandering life. The miseries of his country and his own private sorrow were such as would have borne down the bravest spirit. Count Lovinia was one of those who were doomed to Siberia, but did not live to reach this cold and inhospitable desert. Werner visited London, and vainly sought in change of scenes, and the gaiety of its society, an antidote to melancholy retrospec-

tion, but still he was pursued by recollections of the past, and futile were his attempts to find the Lethean spring. Yet the kindness with which he was every where received, and the sympathy excited whenever his aggrieved country was named, awoke hopes for the future too flattering to be easily dismissed. The first glance Werner obtained of Caroline Dudley at the Marquis of Santalina's, aroused a train of melancholy reflections. The dark waving ringlets, the classic style of head, and the noble expression of her countenance, were such as had pertained to Constance Lovinia; and memory made vividly present all the scenes in which she had borne a part. The voice of Caroline also fell upon his ear, like the sounds of remembered music, occasioning feelings, such as are excited by the mournful, yet wildly melodious tones of an *Æolian* harp—feelings in which pleasure and pain are too closely united ever to be separated.

It was long ere the overpowering feelings with which Werner had at first beheld Caroline Dudley subsided into tranquillity; and frequently after leaving the mansions of the affluent at which he had met her, he would wander for hours in the deserted thoroughfares of London, for only in solitude could he recover to composure: this he did not fail to find in the then deserted streets, for no where does a feeling of utter uninterrupted solitude press more upon the mind than during the hours of night in an affluent and usually crowded city—the universal stillness presenting a startling contrast to the noise and busy bustle which pervade

them during the day. The first impulse of Werner had been to fly the presence of Caroline, but involuntarily he was attracted towards the circle in which she moved; and ere long her kind sympathy of manner, and interesting style of conversation, healed the wounds which her appearance had previously opened afresh. A calm composure stole upon his mind, acting as a foretaste of the oblivion he had so often longed to find. The ardour of Werner's character remained unrepressed—his country was yet the mistress of his affections—the object of his idolatry; and to behold her free, or to fill a patriot's grave, was all he wished or desired upon earth.

The period for the Marquis of Santalina's sojourn in London was approaching to its limit, and without much difficulty he prevailed upon Major Dudley, with his son and daughter, to accompany him to Spain. Charles received his summons to London with the most delighted feelings: Caroline experienced a calmer, yet not less heart-felt pleasure at the prospect of visiting this land of enthusiasm and romance, and the country of her maternal ancestors. There were many of the attributes of the Spanish maiden in the character of Caroline Dudley, and her dark eyes and jetty locks rendered her a fitting theme for the lay of a troubadour.

Active preparations were commenced for their departure, and a series of farewell visits were exchanged with the circle to whom they had been most intimately known. The Ladies

Lumley had just returned from the country, where they had been residing for some weeks, and gladly resumed their former intercourse with Caroline. The gaiety of Lady Louisa had not suffered any diminution; indeed she appeared to create around her an atmosphere of perpetual smiles and sunshine—her spirits, like the butterfly, hovering from flower to flower. The last evening which the Dudleys spent in London, was passed at York Place, where Lady Mary Dudley had invited a select few to meet them. The amusements of the evening were varied by songs and music, but they had no effect in enlivening Caroline; and a feeling of unusual pensiveness stole upon her mind; for who has not experienced like emotions in parting from accustomed scenes!

The country which Caroline was about to visit was familiar to Lady Emma, and with great animation the latter described her journey through Navarre and the Basque provinces; portraying in lively colours an interesting rencounter with a guerilla chief. Caroline felt interested with the description, for in the northern provinces were situated the estates of her uncle, and she lent an attentive ear to the accounts given by Lady Emma.

They were thus conversing when joined by Count Werner, who with graceful gallantry paid his devoirs to the two lovely friends. He joined in the conversation, and with surprise heard the project of Caroline's intended tour. He informed them of his having been in Spain,

and also that he was in Portugal during one of its counter-revolutions, where his appearance having excited the jealousy of the people, he was consigned to a prison, and it was only after encountering many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes, he succeeded in regaining his liberty. Werner expressed his fears that Miss Dudley might not find a residence in Spain so agreeable as she anticipated, as it was not in a state of sufficient tranquillity to render it safe or pleasant for a lady tourist. Caroline made light of those fears, assured as she was of the efficiency of their protectors; she therefore dreaded no danger, and the fidelity of the vassals of her uncle was often dwelt upon with delight by the marchioness. These observations were corroborated by Werner, who remarked that the fidelity of those hardy mountaineers was such as to call forth unqualified admiration—all remaining faithful to the lord of their soil through every change of fortune.

Thus beguiling the time, the hour for departure arrived, and having exchanged affectionate adieus with her friends, Caroline descended to the carriage, escorted by Count Werner. The hand of Caroline was slightly tremulous, and apparently communicated a similar feeling to the arm on which it leant. Neither spoke until arriving at the door of the carriage, when Werner gently pressed her hand to his lips ere resigning it, and in a hurried voice bade her farewell, expressing his hopes and wishes for her future welfare. The slight emotion perceptible in the voice of Count Werner had commu-

nicated itself to Caroline, and she could only bow her adieu, not daring to trust her voice with a reply. On the following day the travellers departed for Dover, intending to proceed from thence to Paris, where the marquis purposed staying a short time before returning to his native land.

Previous to the commencement of their journey, Caroline had not neglected writing to her island-friend, Grace Darling. In her preceding letters, she had transcribed the events occurring around her, portraying in lively colours those with whom she had associated, and the various places of amusement she had attended. Lady Emma Lumley had been named in terms of the warmest friendship; and the sterling qualities and manly worth of Lord Delmore received the panegyric which they justly merited. Of all those who had interested Caroline, Count Werner was least noticed in her correspondence: his name was scarcely mentioned; and immediately after doing so, Caroline had glided into another subject. Not one with whom Caroline had met, occupied an equal portion of her thoughts as Count Werner; yet, not even to herself would she acknowledge how much he had become the object of her secret musings. How ignorant are we of the future! and little did Caroline know how closely would be connected the after-fate of Count Werner with the island-home of Grace Darling.

What a world of mystery is concealed within a woman's heart, when first awoke to love! With what shrinking delicacy does she guard

her secret ; and even to herself it is with burning blushes that she first admits the influence of this new and powerful feeling. From that time love becomes the principle of her existence ; and all her future is reflected from its colouring. If fortunate in her attachment, what a mine of inexhaustible happiness does it confer upon her ! A true woman shrinks from neither poverty nor privation, if endured for the object of her affection ; and the bliss of loving and being loved, is sufficient for her every wish. Henceforth the shafts of misfortune fall unheeded. Guarded by a fond and faithful bosom, what to her are the changes of time and circumstance ? But if unrequited in her affection, what a store of unhappiness is prepared for her endurance ! and only in solitude dare she indulge in her hopeless sorrow. With wakeful vigilance she must guard her secret from every eye, and wear a smiling brow above a breaking heart ! Men, if disappointed, have a thousand resources—the world, the paths of ambition or wealth, are open to their pursuit—but to women, all those solaces are denied. She has only uncomplaining silence ; for should her secret be suspected, it would render her an object of ridicule or humiliating pity.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea,
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight !”

LEAVING the abodes of wealth and splendour, the reader is now carried to the lonely-island light-house; and, to a reflecting mind, the scenes of nature, even in her wildest desolation, afford a pleasure superior to that felt by a contemplation of the most exquisite works of art. In each object, whether in the lowly valley or the flowery mead, the hand of a Creator is perceptible, and should awaken feelings of devout thankfulness to that all-ruling Power which guides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Mr. Darling was strongly biassed by feelings of a devout and religious character; and this characteristic was inherited by his daughter, who, in addition to a strong admiration of the beauties of creation, was ever ready to “look from nature up to nature’s God.”

Summer, the bright and smiling summer, had again returned, bestowing its animating effects upon each plain and valley; and nowhere was the influence of the revolving seasons more perceptible than at Fern Islands. If in the months of winter, it was cold, bleak, and stormy, the hollow roaring of the ocean rendering it at times terrific, but sublime—so, in the summer, it was lovely to the sight,

and the gentle murmuring of the ocean tranquillising to the feelings. The gay and sunny months were welcome from another cause to the inhabitants of the light-house ; they usually brought with them numerous migratory visitors to the island. The arrival of a boat was always a source of pleasure, affording, as those occasional visitors did, almost the only intercourse which the Darlings enjoyed with a world from which they were so much excluded.

The morning of the first of August dawned, and seldom did a brighter sun gild the expansive ocean. At an early hour Grace Darling had arisen, and, with a look of delight, contemplated the smiling aspect of the heavens. A close observer might have perceived there was an unusual degree of animation in her mild hazel eye ; and her whole appearance bespoke a degree of pleasurable excitement.

Having completed her household duties, she arranged her little toilet with more than ordinary attention, from time to time casting wishful glances from the casement, upon the blue and smiling ocean, which lay glittering beneath the early sun-beams. At last the object for which all her looks had been directed, was descried. The boat was quickly approaching the shore, and the waving handkerchiefs assured Grace of the presence of her expected visitors, Ellen and Mary Herbert. Grace hastily bounded down the path, and was at the beach in readiness to welcome her friends. Affectionate embraces were exchang-

ed between Grace and the two pretty, lively girls, who, unassisted, had sprung from the boat, and in frank and unstudied language gave way to the exuberance of their pleasure. The younger of two young gentlemen, who had also left the boat, with boyish gallantry seizing the hand of Grace, and snatching a kiss from her rosy lips, claimed his share in her welcome ; asserting, that as he had been still more anxious than were his sisters to visit her, he had therefore a right to participate in her kind reception. The blushing Grace, with laughing good humour, replied to the protestations of George Herbert, with whose lively manner she was too well acquainted to feel embarrassed or offended : she then extended her hand to meet the proffered one of Henry, his more grave and reserved brother. The party then ascended to the light-house, where a warm welcome awaited them. Neither Mr. Darling nor his worthy wife had undergone much change in their appearance since last they were described. Time had passed them by innocuously, and although they were in the winter of life, the step of each continued vigorous and alert, and they entered with spirit into the mirth of the youthful party.

The Herberts were the family of a farmer of considerable wealth, who resided near Bam-brough. The senior Mr. Herbert was an old friend of Mr. Darling's, and this intimacy had been continued by the juvenile members of their respective families. The young Her-

berts had frequently passed days together at the light-house ; Henry and George amusing themselves with their guns, whilst Grace and their sisters rambled about, or were passing from island to island in their boat. The present visit of the Herberts had been a long-expected one : they purposed remaining a few days the guests of Mr. Darling, and had arranged, accompanied by Grace, to make several excursions along the adjoining coast.

On the following morning, at an early hour, they departed on their first expedition, and Mr. Darling not being on that day engaged, agreed to become one of the party. After an agreeable sail, they arrived at Lindisfarne, and soon were wandering amid the beautiful ruins of its romantic priory. This celebrated edifice, rendered so interesting by its early history, has long fallen to decay ; and its venerable ruins wear a dark and melancholy aspect. Grace lingered behind with Henry Herbert, who possessed a taste for antiquarian pursuits, and was explaining to her several singularities which distinguished this edifice from others of a similar date. To Grace information was always welcome, and she was listening with untiring attention to the quiet tone with which Henry was explaining the peculiarities of the various styles of architecture, when the sound of advancing footsteps fell upon her ear. Henry paused ; and a moment after a shadow was seen upon the sombre wall, and turning to observe the intruder, they beheld a tall figure standing beneath the

ruined archway. For a moment all were silent—the next with a simultaneous movement, the stranger and Henry sprung forward, and “Herbert”—“St. Clair,” burst from their lips. “Good Heavens! is it possible—do I behold you here, St. Clair, whom I imagined at this moment wandering amid the ruins of Greece or Rome? When did you arrive in England, and what has befallen you since your departure from Durham? But first let me introduce to you my fair friend, Miss Darling.” Grace had remained during this colloquy in awkward silence, and now blushing returned the salutation of St. Clair.—Herbert pressed St. Clair to join their party, to which, after some hesitation, he agreed. They then strolled on to join Mr. Darling, who had proceeded to the inn, where they purposed dining. They met George Herbert, who had come in search of them, fearing, as he said, they had shared in the fate of some of the old abbots, of whom Henry had been telling them. Grace gaily assured him of their safety, and hurried on, leaving Henry and his companion to follow at leisure. Henry presented his friend to Mr. Darling and his sisters, and before they departed, the former with great kindness invited St. Clair to return with them to Fern Island. To this St. Clair consented, to the great delight of the young ladies, in whom his interesting looks had awakened a strong prepossession in his favour.

There assuredly was much in the appearance of this college friend of Henry Herbert

to please and interest. His countenance possessed that manly beauty which we love to contemplate ; his manner had a deferential softness, which, when addressing women, always wins its way into their favour, added to the additional charm, of having recently left that land of classic fame---immortal Greece. Whilst advancing to Fern Island, George Herbert, who had a rich melodious voice, joined his sisters in the " Boatie Row," keeping time to the measured dash of the oars ; after which Henry solicited St. Clair to sing one of his favourite melodies ; this St. Clair declined ; and upon being strongly urged by all, he, in a slightly agitated voice, declared that melody and he were parted, he thought, for ever ; and for the last two years he had neither sung nor touched an instrument. Grace was seated next to St. Clair, and was startled by the pensive cloud which, whilst speaking, rested upon his countenance ; her interest increased to a painful degree, as she observed an expression of sadness, almost approaching to anguish, when Henry Herbert cursarily alluded to some of the events of their college life. So gentle and sensitive is the heart of Grace Darling, that she could not behold unhappiness without participating in it ; and the sadness of St. Clair depressed her usually happy spirits.

Ellen and Mary Herbert shared the sleeping apartment of Grace, and by the three girls, upon their retiring, the appearance of St. Clair was fully discussed---Ellen declaring her intention of obtaining from her brother all he knew re-

specting his fellow collegian, with whom they all were equally interested.

On the following morning, the weather still continuing propitious, the party were at an early hour upon the "deep blue sea." Henry and George Herbert each took an oar, and awarded to St. Clair the office of attending upon their fair companions: this he gladly promised to do, and his lively sallies and eloquent descriptions of the foreign scenes he had recently visited kept up a perpetual flow of spirits. It was the intention of the aquatic party to spend this day in wandering about Warkworth. Entering the Coquet, they ran their boat to the landing-place, and in a short time ascended the eminence upon which is situated the remains of the ancient castle of Warkworth. This celebrated fortress has survived the vicissitudes of revolving ages; and although in ruins, is a noble monument of ancient grandeur. It has not that gloomy appearance which usually belongs to edifices of a similar date, nor does it present to the imagination the idea of a fortress destined solely for war, but may be supposed rather to have witnessed many a splendid scene of feudal hospitable conviviality. This castle has long belonged to the ancient family of Percy, and the arms of this noble house may be seen in several parts of the building. The chapel, the dilapidated apartments of the tower, and the baronial hall, were in turn surveyed, and admiration was expressed by all of the commanding view obtained from thence of the mighty ocean. Two of the subterranean apart-

ments were also explored ; and with shuddering horror Grace and the Misses Herbert beheld the entrance to the donjon keep. This wretched prison has no means of admittance, but from a narrow aperture, and those doomed to this horrible dungeon were let down by cords. How many a noble spirit may have pined in this dreary abode ; and there, in cheerless and unbroken solitude, have “ meditated even to madness !”

What a harrowing portrait is offered in those ancient strongholds of the deeds of cruelty and oppression enacted in former ages ! then the strong held mastery over the weak, and none could sleep in security unless guarded by stone walls and a ready sword. Although the imaginative mind loves to look back to the days of chivalry, and finds inexpressible charms in the gay tournament ; and the belted knight, who was ever ready to wield his lance for his lady-love, or in defence of any other damsel who required his aid—yet how much more security, and it may be presumed of real happiness, is enjoyed by all classes of society, in the present plodding and unromantic age. Now the lowliest peasant may sleep in security, and no longer dream of having his rest disturbed by the clattering of hoofs and the warlike shouts of a border raid ; but, protected by guardian laws, a straw-thatched cottage is emphatically his castle.

Leaving the fortress, the party then crossed the Coquet, and next visited the “ little lonely hermitage,” rendered so celebrated by Dr.

Percy's beautiful ballad. A narrow foot-path by the brink of the river leads to its door, and lofty perpendicular rocks rise upon the other side of the walk. From the summit of the cliffs a grove of oaks is suspended, casting a solemn shade ; at their feet issues a spring of the purest water, which formerly supplied the recluse. The chapel, which is still almost entire, is hewn out of the rock, of a beautiful design, having all the decorations of a cathedral in miniature—

“ Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy water vase.”

The hermitage remains in precisely the same state as described at the time of the visit of Henry Percy and the fair Eleanor his bride. The altar is still entire, and also the monument of Isabel Widdrington :—

“ Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

“ A kneeling angel, fairly carv'd,
Lean'd hov'ring o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest.”

Hermit of Warkworth.

The rapid decay of interesting remains of antiquity is frequently a subject of regret to men of taste ; but fortunately Warkworth belongs to one capable of appreciating this celebrated fabric ; and his Grace the Duke of Northum-

berland affords to visitors every facility of minutely examining the ruins.

The next place of interest visited by Grace Darling and her friends, was the Castle of Dunstanbrough. The ruins of this strong and ancient edifice stand upon an eminence above the sea, a few miles distant from the picturesque little town of Alnwick. The precise date of this castle is unknown, no mention being made of it in history before the early part of the fourteenth century. It was the scene of much warfare and bloodshed during the war of the Rival Roses, and stood a vigorous siege from the forces of King Edward. Being finally taken, the fortress was dismantled, the fortifications destroyed, and since that period it has remained in ruins, nothing now being left save the outer walls, the ploughshare passing within its secret chambers.

From the sea, Dunstanbrough Castle presents a gloomy, though bold and warlike aspect. The rock upon which it is erected is black and frowning—the shore rugged and covered with broken cliffs, interwoven with sea-weed; and although grand in its dimensions, there is every thing in this desolate fortress to awaken a train of melancholy reflections. Beneath the tower is a passage about sixty yards in length, and forty feet in depth, where the sea makes a dreadful inlet, breaking into foam with a tremendous noise. The gulph viewed from above has a very grand and awful appearance. You look immediately down upon an abyss, where, as the tide rushes

in, the waters are lifted up, and appear as if they would surmount the tower and deluge the plain. The breaking of the waves into foam over the extreme points of the rocks, the heavy spray, the noise of the disturbed waters, and the foam which echo returns through the towers, are awful, though sublime!

There are many legends of a most interesting nature connected with the venerable ruins of Dunstanbrough; and the metrical tradition, entitled the "Wandering Knight of Dunstanbrough Castle," by J. Service, evinces a luxuriance of imagination corresponding well with those wild and romantic ruins. Fatigued with examining every tower and nook, the party gladly availed themselves of a seat beneath the frowning gateway. With tales and songs the time was wiled away, and Grace Darling being called upon to contribute her share to the general amusement, with great force and sweetness repeated the little poem of the "Wandering Knight," one of the most talented of all those appertaining to the desolated castle, among the ruins of which they then were seated. The legend upon which this poem is founded is truly interesting:—

"In ages gone by, a Red Cross Knight, returning from the Holy Land, sought shelter from the storm beneath the ruined archway of the castle—

A braver knight ne'er trode afar,
The hallowed fields of Salem's war.

Suddenly there fell upon his ear the tolling of a convent bell, and scarcely had the sound died away, ere a long,

loud shriek proceeded from the ponderous walls of the castle. The startled knight grasped his ready sword—the gates flew open, and a light appeared from a lamp held by a shadowy hand. A hollow voice addressed the awe-struck knight, conjuring him, if his heart was inaccessible to fear, and if unmoved he could look upon danger's wildest form, to follow! for within the desolated castle, a lovely maid was spell-bound, and his might be the power to break the enchantment which bound her there.

Lead on! the gallant knight replied.

“Preceded by the magic lamp, the knight passed through the silent court, the chapel, and last the vault, where lay reposed the ashes of the departed dead. They entered a magnificent hall, lighted with bright burning lamps, outvieing in number the stars of heaven. A hundred columns descended from the lofty roof, and to each of these was tied a bronze charger, mounted by a marble warrior, fully armed. In the centre of the apartment was a mystical altar, composed of emeralds, and inlaid with diamonds; and upon this stood a chrystal globe, encircled with a wreath of coral. Kneeling within this circle was a youthful maiden, surpassing in loveliness the brightest imagery of the eastern poets.

Long gazed the knight on this captive bright,

And thus at length began :—

O! lady, I'll dare for thee whate'er

May be done by mortal man!

“Not a word in reply proceeded from the beauteous lips of the lady. At length the hollow tone of the awe-inspiring guide broke upon the death-like stillness, revealing that the lady should not be freed from the spells which bound her, till some daring hand should unsheath the magic sword or blow the mystic horn, wore by a giant warrior who kept guard by the magic vase. If the Red Cross Knight would attempt the

deed, the choice of drawing the sword, or blasting the horn, was left to himself; but on whichever he decided, on no account must he cast it from him, or a dark and fearful doom would be his fate.

“After a momentary hesitation, the knight drew from its scabbard the ponderous sword, but scarcely had he done so ere the giant of marble upsprung, and blew a blast so loud and fearful as to awaken a thousand echoes. With a deafening noise each sable charger pawed the pavement, and the riders unsheathing their glittering brands, rushed on to attack the single warrior, who, with shuddering horror, beheld the magic sword had become a living serpent. Forgetful of his guide’s commands, he flung it from him, and drew forth his own well-tried blade. In a moment the lights faded into total darkness, and the haunted hall became silent as the grave. A groan of anguish first broke upon the stillness, and next a voice of anger in hollow murmurs spoke—

Devoted wretch! whose coward hand
Forsook the consecrated brand;
When one bold thrust, or fearless stroke,
At once the powerful spell had broke,
And silently dissolved in air,
The mock array of warriors there;
Now take thy doom, and rue the hour
Thou looked on Dunstanbrough’s tower!
Be thine the cancer of the soul,
That life yields nothing to controul!
Be thine the mildew of the heart,
That death alone can bid depart!
And death—thine only refuge—be
From age to age forbidden thee!

“A blow from the giant hunter stretched the pale warrior senseless upon the marble floor. In that deep trance he remained till the dawn of morning; and when he awoke, all the pageantry of yesternight was gone, and he lay beneath the ruined portal. He found himself arrayed in wretched weeds, and his gallant

courser, which had borne him unharmed amid the din of battle, was gone. Centuries have passed by, yet still the wandering knight lingers amid the desolated towers of Dunstanbrough, vainly seeking to find an entrance to the enchanted hall."

Grace was warmly thanked by her attentive auditors; and St. Clair, passionately fond of metrical romance, expressed his admiration in language so animated, as to call forth the eloquent blood of the fair cheek of Grace. He enquired if she had read Sir Guy the Seeker, a poem by Lewis, upon a similar subject; and if not, recommended it to her perusal, describing it as one of those tales of wonder which cannot fail to please by its wild and striking imagery.

On their way down to the landing-place where the boat was moored, St. Clair walked by the side of Grace, and was much pleased by the originality of her remarks in reply to his descriptions of the distant lands, from which he had recently returned. They were joined by Henry Herbert, who observed, How lovely and tranquil are all around; but when a few months ago I beheld Dunstanbrough from the sea, it presented a very different aspect. I was then returning from the north, in a vessel belonging a friend of my father. The weather had been agreeable, until a few hours of the time when we expected to attain our destined port. A storm arose, and after tossing about for hours, the vessel struck upon one of those large rocks you now behold projecting above the waves, and soon became a

total wreck ; while I, with two others, were all that were saved from the whole ship's company. You, St. Clair, who only behold this coast during a calm and smiling sky, cannot form the slightest idea of the awful grandeur it presents during a tempest ; but believe me, Herbert added with a smile, I do not wish you to participate so much in its awful sublimity as I then did, for at that period all sentiments of admiration were lost in solicitude for the preservation of my life.

It was late ere the party left Dunstanbrough, and long before regaining the island, the moon had arisen, and was tranquilly looking down upon the heaving waters, which reflected back her image. There was a degree of pensiveness in place of the previous hilarity : all at last sunk into silence ; even the merry laugh of Ellen and Mary Herbert was involuntarily hushed, and the stillness was only broken by the gentle movement of the oars. Wrapped in his cloak, and lost in thought, St. Clair was seated by the prow of the boat, apart from the others, regarding with a melancholy aspect the fair and lovely queen of night. Grace had also her secret musings. Caroline Dudley, the favourite of nature and of fortune ; and Logan, the poor friendless wanderer, passed in review before her mind ; and all the occurrences of her brief and unchequered life were vividly made present. How is it that the moon and the restless sea exercise so much influence in tranquillising or depressing the feelings of the human bosom, and this power neither time

nor custom can destroy? Grace gazed from one of the party to the other; but the pale and unearthly hue of St. Clair's countenance arrested her eye—there was an expression of utter prostration of spirit in his look. Good Heaven! reflected Grace, is it then the fate of all on earth to have their cause of sorrow; but deep indeed must be the source producing so much wretchedness, as seems the lot of this young man, blessed, as he apparently is, with every earthly good.

In silence the party reached the rocky shore, but soon the happy, good-humoured faces of Mr. and Mrs. Darling dispelled every sombre feeling, and in a short time merry voices were heard, mingling in lively conversation. This evening was the last for the sojourn of the Herberts at the island. They remained in the sitting-room till a late hour, willing to protract to the utmost the time of separation. Previous to retiring to rest, Henry and St. Clair ascended to the turret of the light-house, from thence to view the lovely midnight scene. The moon was still moving in unclouded glory, amid myriads of shining planets, and the soft and gentle dashing of the waves alone broke upon the solemn stillness. The scattered islands and Bambrough castle were visible in dim shadowy distance, while several vessels appeared like specks upon the bounding horizon. Long and intently they gazed from the faint and indistinct objects seen beneath, to the vast and beautiful expanse above. Towards the east there was a star brighter

and larger than those around, and this was regarded by St. Clair with a pious and melancholy look. What a volume of interest do those heavenly hosts afford to the reflecting mind! They remain unchanged and unchanging from the beginning, and shall unfadingly endure to the end! The same planetary bodies that gave birth to all the mystic creeds of the Chaldeans, and their vain assertions of the influence exercised by those cold and immoveable orbs, in controlling the destiny of man, still appear the same, and look down with equal interest upon our little island.

The voice of Herbert first dispelled the silence, observing—So you are determined upon leaving us to-morrow, St. Clair? but ere you go, much I wish to learn all that has occurred to you since leaving Durham. You must remember, St. Clair, the last evening spent by us there; and little did I then dream that never again should I behold poor Fitzroy! Well I recollect his animated vivacity on that night, and how his fanciful gaiety made the old walls of the castle re-echo with unwonted mirth. Since that time, until about six months ago, I have been totally ignorant of your movements, and then by mere chance I learned you were travelling upon the continent. Judge then of my surprise at our singular and unexpected meeting among the old ruins at Lindisfarne. Had holy St. Cuthbert made his appearance, I could not have been more startled. Yours, St. Clair, must have been an agreeable tour; yet how much you have al-

tered ; and that animation is gone which secured for you the favour which your handsome person first won from the loveliest belles of Durham ; and anxious were they all to dance at the Regatta Ball with the successful student, who had carried off all the honours of the day. But come, St. Clair, a truce to melancholy, and describe to me the Italian beauties and the black-eyed donnas of Spain you have sonnettised during your travels. You have, really, St. Clair, become so grave, that I fear you are thinking of assuming the character of Benedict ; if so, tell me who is to be your Beatrice.

The raillery of Herbert brought a smile to the countenance of St. Clair. A moment after it faded, and in a grave voice he replied—There are some sorrows, Herbert, which time can mitigate, but never wholly obliterate from the heart ; and such have been my feelings for the loss of Fitzroy, the truest and kindest friend that man was ever blest with. To me he was a Mentor as much as a companion ; with what watchful care did he strive to correct my boyish follies, and to make me love and adhere to the cause of virtue ? Truly is it said—“ Those whom the gods love die young ; ” and brief indeed was the career of Fitzroy upon earth. In the first bitterness of my grief, I felt as though every hope of happiness was annihilated for ever ; but now, so much does time console, I think of him with a gentle subdued sorrow, as one only gone a little while before me to his rest. But the hour waxeth late ; we must now cease our retrospections. In my journal I have transcribed all that

has occurred during the last two years ; and this, Herbert, I offer for your perusal ; there you may find a record of events, which the wealth of worlds would not tempt me a second time to endure.

CHAPTER XV.

“ It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o’er him,
That can tell how belov’d was the friend that’s fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.”

At a youthful age, Reginald St. Clair entered as a student in the newly-established university of Durham. His father was a country gentleman of considerable wealth, in the county of Lancashire. Reginald was his only son, and not intended for any particular profession. On arriving at Durham, St. Clair called upon Dr. T., an old friend of his father, to whom he had letters of introduction. He was ushered into the library, where he found a young gentleman also waiting. Between two young and open natures, the etiquette of society was unminded, and in a few minutes St. Clair and the unknown stranger were conversing in the most frank and friendly manner. The well-selected and classical books around furnished a ready subject for discussion, and other topics followed in rapid succession ; so that ere Dr. T. made his appearance, the first germs of an intimacy had taken

root between the young gentlemen. They were welcomed with the most cordial kindness by Dr. T.; the stranger was named to St. Clair as Shafto Fitzroy, and shortly afterwards arm in arm they left the Palace Green. From this first interview might be dated the commencement of a friendship destined to endure beyond the precincts of the tomb.

On the following day the preparatory examinations took place; the classes were formed, and St. Clair and Fitzroy entered upon their respective studies. They soon became remarked in the university for their strong predilection for each other's society. Their studies and amusements were invariably shared together, and they were generally designated as the Orestes and Pylades of the place. Each had a thirst for knowledge, and loved it for its own sake, yet in many respects their characters were dissimilar. St. Clair was distinguished by the gaiety of his spirits, and the wild exuberance of his imagination, which formed him to delight those with whom he conversed. Fitzroy, on the contrary, was of a pensive, melancholy temperament; yet was there something so extremely amiable and gentlemanly in his manner, that he was, if possible, a more general favourite than his animated and amusing friend. There were moments with Fitzroy when all reserve was cast aside, and at those times his conversation was most fascinating, and in the presence of ladies appeared to borrow from their smiles an indescribable charm—like the rays of a

fountain, every atom sparkled ; but soon he would resume his former seriousness, and become as grave as he had previously been brilliant.

Month after month of their residence at Durham passed in rapid succession, until the first vacation arrived. St. Clair returned home to the mansion of his father, a fine old hall, situated in a richly wooded part of the county. Fitzroy arrived at his more humble abode, where his presence imparted a heart-felt pleasure to his widowed mother and fondly attached sister. Mrs. Fitzroy had the appearance of one who had drank deeply of the cup of sorrow, but the expression of her countenance bespoke resignation to her afflictions, and that her spirit rebelled not against the chastening hand which had been heavily laid upon her. At one time she had been surrounded by six blooming children, and was the happy wife of the humble but respected pastor of a small village in Northumberland. One by one of their children had been visited by disease ; she had watched by the bed of sickness with the agonizing intenseness of a mother's feelings, until the sufferings of four of those dear ones were terminated in death. Time, her husband's affectionate and pious consolations, and the endearments of her surviving children, taught the bereaved mother to forget her sorrow. Again a look of happiness beamed from the placid countenance of Mrs. Fitzroy, and with a feeling of calm re-

signation she could survey the four little grassy hillocks which marked the resting-places of those dear cherubs whom she had nestled in her bosom.

Shafto and Emily, the youngest and only survivors of Mr. Fitzroy's family, had scarcely passed the first years of youth, when deprived of the kind protection of this best of parents. A brief but painful illness terminated the existence of Mr. Fitzroy, after a long life spent in usefulness to all around, and in a manner calculated to adorn his sacred calling. Deep and overpowering as was the grief of Mrs. Fitzroy upon this event, yet she was supported in her affliction by the consoling power of religion---that same source which had cheered the death-bed of her departed husband.

The income which was derived by Mr. Fitzroy from the church had been extremely limited, and of personal fortune he possessed but little; yet, ever mindful of the dear claimants on his care, out of this little he had annually paid a sum in an office of insurance, so that his wife and children, when bereft of their protecting friend, did not find themselves exposed to the bitter biting blasts of poverty.

A few weeks after their melancholy deprivation, Mrs. Fitzroy removed from the vicarage to a secluded little cottage adjoining the village. Unbounded were the kind attentions she received from every inhabitant of the place, by whom her own mild virtues were truly appreciated, as well as the zeal, fidelity, and kind-

ness with which Mr. Fitzroy had for nearly a term of thirty years discharged his duties as their pastor—

“ Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place.”

Shafto having evinced a predilection for the clerical profession, by the recommendation of Dr. T., his name was enrolled first on the list of students admitted to the college then establishing at Durham. Sad and desponding were the first hours past by Mrs. Fitzroy and Emily after the departure of Shafto. It had been his endeavour, by kind and affectionate attentions, to wile away their sorrows, and to chase the look of sadness, almost become habitual, upon his mother's brow. With an aching heart, and tear-bedewed eye, did Mrs. Fitzroy watch the last glimpse of the conveyance which bore her son away; and, after an endeavour to console the grieving Emily, she retired to her lonely apartment to muse and weep in secret.

After passing through a picturesque and richly cultivated country, Fitzroy arrived at Durham, and calling upon Dr. T., he there met with St. Clair, as has before been stated. Time passes on halcyon wings with the young and happy. The period arrived for the final departure of Shafto Fitzroy from the university. During his absence from home, a frequent intercourse had been maintained by letter with his mother and sister, and from the latter he learned all of interest occurring in his native village. In Fitzroy's communications, it may readily be supposed that the name of his cho-

sen friend was not unfrequently mentioned, and a visit to the cottage by the latter, tended to secure him that place in the esteem of Mrs. Fitzroy and Emily, which Shafto ardently desired his friend should enjoy.

The three years which had passed over, saw Shafto Fitzroy possessed of that scholastic fame so often vainly sighed for; this was purchased at the expence of many an hour of close and intense study; the healthful bloom of his cheek faded, and the lustre of his eye became dim by nightly vigils over his books at hours when his solitary taper was the only one unextinguished. His friendship for St. Clair continued unabated, though a softer passion for a time obtained a mastery over his heart.

At an entertainment given by Dean —, Fitzroy first beheld his beautiful and high-born niece, and was introduced to her by his host with every mark of kindness and respect. From the moment Fitzroy beheld the beautiful Isabella, he gazed with feelings of the most vivid admiration; never before had he seen a being who had equalled the visions pictured in his imagination of female loveliness. Her conversation also possessed a rare charm of intellect, with an equal degree of sensibility and vivacity, and those combined with her beauty, completed the entrancement of Fitzroy. He retired to his rooms in a new state of delirious existence, and the image of Isabella became the constant companion of his secret musings. His visits to the residence of

her uncle, where he was received by Miss W—— with a smile of welcome, were long and frequent. Fitzroy would often read to her, and at other times accompany her finished performance upon the piano with the rich tones of his flute. Hope found a ready entrance to the bosom of Fitzroy; he perceived that his presence gave pleasure to his fair enslaver, but ere long he was awoke from the delirium in which he was indulging. He heard from an undoubted source the startling intelligence, that Miss W—— was shortly to become the bride of a young nobleman, to whom she had been long engaged. This, the death-knell to his fond imaginings, fell for a time with a blighting power upon the feelings of Fitzroy, and from that hour he avoided the presence of the fatal beauty. To none did he breathe the tale of his unrequited love, not even to St. Clair, to whom his every other thought was revealed. It might be that the fitful changes which at times came over the spirit of Fitzroy were noted by St. Clair, but he possessed too much real delicacy to hazard a remark or enquiry upon the cause.

The evening preceding the university recess was, as usual, commemorated by the students with a Regetta. This fete was hailed with delight by the inhabitants of Durham, so rarely did any event occur to vary the monotonous and dreamy existence passed by the citizens of this aristocratic city. The beautiful and thickly-shaded banks, which skirt the gently-flowing Wear, were lined with gay

and well-dressed spectators, who watched with eager interest the slender boats rapidly impelled by their handsome and gracefully-attired rowers. The fete passed over as most things of the kind do ; many were delighted, and doubtless not a few disappointed. Medals were awarded to the swiftest boatmen in the race, after which various groups remained about the walks, or might be seen loitering upon the Prebend's Bridge, awaiting the commencement of the exhibition of fire-works, which were to close the amusements of the evening.

Day had faded into the sombre gloom of twilight, when two youths, arm in arm, were winding their way through one of the least frequented, but most romantic walks on Elvet Banks. They had been engaged in conversation, but gradually sank into silence, and on attaining the summit of the walk, threw themselves down beneath the shade of a lofty oak. All was stillness around ; no sound broke upon the ear, save the mellow tones of distant music, which accorded well with the romance of the surrounding scene. After a brief elapse, the younger resumed the conversation, observing—And so, Fitzroy, this is to be our last ramble together amidst these favourite haunts for many months, nay, perhaps for ever ? I know not why, but I feel as reluctant to part from you as though assured we should never meet again. Nay, nay, St. Clair, replied Fitzroy, pressing the arm affectionately which lingered on his own, give not

thus way to gloomy imaginings ; we shall yet, I trust, pass many an hour together ; you must become my visitor at the snug little parsonage in store for me when ordained. St. Clair smiled, though with an air of sadness, and shook his head ; his friend observing which, resumed,—Let us now leave this secluded spot, the silence and solemnity only appear to awaken visions of coming evil.

They then retraced their previous walk, and soon every other feeling was lost in admiration of the surrounding scene. The moon was wading her way in silent dignity through her course in the heavens ; the gently winding river, with beautiful foliage on either side, and the magnificent cathedral in all the pride of architectural grandeur, formed a picturesque and varied landscape. The sentiments of calm enjoyment experienced by Fitzroy and St. Clair, were quickly lost when again amid the crowd of impatient gazers. The fireworks were exhibited with great eclat, although the effect was somewhat impaired by the beams of the silvery moon shining so brightly above. Before the hour of midnight the spectators had returned to their various dwellings, and silence and solitude once more resumed their reign.

This night an unusual degree of mirth pervaded the apartments of the castle ; parties of young students were assembled, laughing and conversing together, apparently enjoying with great zest the cessation from the close and intense study in which many had been en-

gaged, preparatory to the examination. None on this occasion evinced more brilliancy of wit than did Shafto Fitzroy; indeed, he appeared to have exchanged characters with his usually gay and volatile friend, who remained silent and abstracted, a melancholy smile occasionally flitting over his noble countenance.

On the following morning the young gentlemen departed from the seat of learning. Fitzroy and St. Clair parted with mutual emotion at the Waterloo Inn, the one proceeding north and the other south. After Fitzroy had been a few weeks at home, a letter was received by Mrs. Fitzroy from a college friend of her late husband, expressive of the kindest regard for the welfare of herself and children, and tendering to her son the curacy of a neighbouring village. This proposal was gladly accepted by Fitzroy, who lost no time in acquainting St. Clair of his intended departure, requesting him at the same time to pass a few weeks previously with him at the cottage. The invitation was immediately accepted; but there might be another motive, added to his friendship for Fitzroy, which influenced St. Clair's prompt acceptance of the invitation. On a previous visit the impression made upon his heart by the beauty and intelligence of Emily, had been of no slight or transient nature. She had been often a theme of conversation in their evening rambles, the most favourite of which was to the picturesque and romantic Butterby, a spot converted into

classic ground by the well-known legend of St. Cuthbert.

The severe course of study pursued by Fitzroy whilst at college had impaired a constitution naturally delicate; a langour stole over him after the slightest exertion, and an occasional hectic burnt upon his cheek, giving to his dark blue eye an almost supernatural brightness. These symptoms of the "worm in the bud" gave the most serious uneasiness to Mrs. Fitzroy, but after having been a few weeks at home, Shafto recovered his former looks and strength.

At the distance of a few miles from the village are the ruins of a magnificent castle, which formerly belonged to a powerful baronial family, now become extinct. To visit this place had long been a project of Emily and a party of her youthful friends; and one lovely morning in July, escorted by Shafto and two young gentlemen of the village, they departed on this expedition. Their conveyance was a farmer's cart, and, after an agreeable ride, they attained the entrance to the castle. Crossing the grass-grown court-yard, the party entered the ruined portal, and stood within the roofless hall. Silence and desolation reigned throughout the apartments, which had formerly echoed to the merry laugh and jocund song, and the floor on which belted knight and lady fair had mingled in the festive dance, was now overgrown with the hemlock, the deadly night-shade, and other rank weeds. No sound broke upon the stillness, save the

cawing of the rooks and the hooting of the owls, which had made their habitation in the ivy-mantled towers.

Silently, and with saddened spirits, the youthful party wandered amid the chambers of the deserted castle. Notwithstanding the gaiety and thoughtlessness incidental to youth, it was with awe they gazed upon this memento of the fleeting and transient nature of all earthly things; the once proud and powerful owners of this place had vanished from life's scene—none of the name remained, and scarcely a vestige to tell that they once had been, save those grey and dismantled towers, and the nearly effaced tablet in the old church walls, where is recorded their name and date.

Having left the ruins, the party wandered round the park until fatigued; they then partook of refreshment beneath the shade of one of the monarchs of the wood. The song and the laugh went round, and the sombre feelings engendered beneath the grey walls of the castle were cast aside. Ere long a dance was formed, and Fitzroy, who had brought his flute, became the minstrel of the hour. The conveyance which had brought the party in the morning had returned, as it was their intention to walk to the village; and in proceeding thither the lively sallies of Fitzroy kept up the tone of conversation, all appearing to borrow an animation from his gaiety of spirits, for never before had he displayed so much brilliancy of imagination. Scarcely had they proceeded half a mile, when the before-

bright atmosphere became clouded, and peals of distant thunder were heard. It now became the part of Fitzroy to assure his companion, a young and timid girl, who leant in trembling fear upon his arm, of the absence of all danger. In a short time heavy drops of rain began to fall; not a place of shelter was near, and long before attaining the village, their garments were saturated with rain. On the following morning, Fitzroy was the only one of the party who experienced any injury from the exposure of the preceding day. He appeared to labour under the effects of a severe cold, and, in the evening, whilst conversing with Mrs. Fitzroy and Emily, he sunk upon the couch in a state of insensibility. Their medical friend, Dr. Harcourt, was immediately summoned, and remained at the cottage a great part of the night, the precarious state of his patient prohibiting his departure.

For the following fortnight, Fitzroy continued in a state of constant delirium; his mother and sister never left his sick-room, and the grief and excitement into which they were plunged, alone prevented them sinking beneath fatigue. During his alienation of mind, the idea of St. Clair appeared to be ever present to Fitzroy, and his name was repeated in terms of the highest friendship. Mrs. Fitzroy requested Dr. H. to acquaint St. Clair with the illness and dangerous situation of his friend. A consultation of physicians took place, and it was their opinion that but slight hopes remained of the ultimate recovery of Fitzroy.

The rigorous study he had pursued when at Durham had greatly tended to injure his constitution, and occasioned a predisposition to the fever with which he was attacked. At the earnest request of her mother, Emily had left the sick-room to procure the rest required by her exhausted frame. Overpowered by distressing emotions, she retired to the sitting-room, and had almost wept herself to sleep. A gentle tap at the door was unnoticed by her, and it was not until some one entered the room that she looked round. What were her feelings when she beheld St. Clare standing before her ! blooming in health, and his countenance radiant with happiness. The surprise was too great for her weakened spirits, and had not St. Clair sprung forward and caught her in his arms, she had sunk upon the floor. In mute alarm he supported the fainting girl to the couch, and fondly bent over her, uncertain how to act. The eyes of Emily were closed, no trace of colour was upon her cheek, yet even then the soft and gentle beauty of her face remained. St. Clair addressed her by all those tender names which love's vocabulary supplies, and at last she returned to consciousness. Burning blushes dyed her face, when she found her head supported by St. Clair, and his arm encircling her waist ; but soon all those maidenly feelings were forgotten in her remembrance of the painful events, of which St. Clair was yet in ignorance. He had left home before the arrival of Dr. H.'s letter ; and previous to reaching the cottage,

dismissed the chaise, wishing to surprize his friends. Finding the door open, he entered unobserved; and expecting that the family would be, as usual, assembled in the sitting-room, he there discovered Emily. What a revulsion in the feelings of St. Clair did the melancholy tidings occasion, and for a time he yielded to all the violence of grief. Emily left him alone to the indulgence of his sorrow, whilst she acquainted her mother of his arrival. Slowly and cautiously Fitzroy was informed that St. Clair was in the house, and a gleam of satisfaction rested on his pallid brow, at the certainty of again in life beholding that friend, who had been to him as Jonathan unto David—his love had far surpassed the love of women. St. Clair was then admitted into the chamber, and clasped within his own the hand of his dying friend, feelings of agony too great for utterance swelling within his bosom. With anxious care Fitzroy strove to console and reconcile his mother, Emily, and St. Clair to his approaching fate, holding out to them the hope of meeting beyond the grave—in that land where there is neither sorrow nor suffering. He solicited St. Clair to comfort and support his mother, when he should be no more, to be to her a son and to Emily a brother.

On the second evening after the arrival of St. Clair, the spirit of Fitzroy deserted its earthly tenement; but so gently was the hand of Azrael laid upon him, that it was some time

ere the friends who watched over him were aware, that the vital spark had fled.

“ And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer’s heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these and these alone,
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant’s power,
So fair—so calm—so softly sealed
The first—last look—by death revealed!”

Emily was borne from the room in a state of insensibility; so great was the shock to her enfeebled frame, that for many weeks she remained in a state so dangerous, that much it was feared Mrs. Fitzroy was fated to become a childless mother. At last, after a severe struggle, her youth and constitution triumphed, though it was many, many weeks ere she was sufficiently recovered to leave her apartment. As to the afflicted Mrs. Fitzroy, she was completely heart-stricken; yet, for the sake of Emily, she strove to surmount the blow. The grief of St. Clair was of the most withering nature, for long it appeared to him as if every charm of life had fled for ever; even the alarming situation of Emily had not power to arouse him from the stupor into which he was sunk.

After the elapse of a few weeks, St. Clair departed from the cottage; his interview with Emily was productive of but little solace to either; and his parting from her mother re-

newed afresh all the bitterness of her anguish. St. Clair proceeded to the continent, his friends fondly hoping that the excitement attendant upon travelling in a foreign land, his affliction might be subdued. The scenes which once would have yielded so much pleasure now lost their charm ; and St. Clair gazed with a joyless eye upon the monuments of Venetian and Florentine grandeur. Even Rome the magnificent was coldly viewed. As the eastern sage hath wisely said, there is but one mitigator of affliction, and St. Clair might also have erected an altar to Time, the only Consoler.

With moderated feelings, St. Clair departed from Rome ; proceeding from thence to Switzerland, he pursued his wanderings amid the Alps. His mind was elevated and refined by the grand and noble works of creation by which he was surrounded ; the hospitable and independent character of the people also elicited a share in his admiration. He resumed his taste for aquatic excursions, and many a day of calm enjoyment were passed by him upon the beautiful lakes of the picturesque land in which he was sojourning. Attended by a guide, he had embarked upon Lake Lemán ; the weather was serene and smiling—all nature appearing to rejoice in the promise of an early harvest. A beautiful little chapel upon the banks of the lake, attracted the observation of St. Clair, and his guide informed him, with an air of proud exultation, this was the chapel dedicated to his country's noblest hero—William Tell. St. Clair was immediately inspired with an earnest wish

to examine the celebrated little edifice, and disembarking, he soon found himself within the sacred place. It was in a simple, yet elegant style of architecture, similar in construction to other places of devotion he had seen in Switzerland, and the view from thence of the noble lake was splendid and imposing. St. Clair discovered he was not the only visitor whom curiosity, or a better feeling, had attracted to the spot. The stranger was of gentlemanly appearance, and was contemplating the place with an air of melancholy interest. A conversation soon ensued between the two travellers, productive of mutual pleasure; and, after an adieu more cordial than is usually exchanged between acquaintance of the passing hour, they parted.

St. Clair returned to the auberge where he had been staying for the last week, after passing a day of tranquil enjoyment. His character had undergone a mighty change since he had left Durham two years ago. All that buoyancy of heart and fervency of spirit had deserted him, and his manner was in general calm, cold, and collected. So true it is, that one deep overpowering affliction ever afterwards incapacitates the heart for the enjoyment of extreme felicity. The whirlwind of grief which had convulsed the soul of St. Clair upon the death of Fitzroy, had produced a premature blight upon the feelings of his nature, for a time locking up his heart from every pleasurable emotion. Happily this state of cheerless existence did not long continue;

repose stole upon his mind, and again St. Clair felt this world was not the weary waste he had so often, in his hours of mourning, pictured it to be, but that there yet remained dear and tender ties which bound him to life. As gold is refined from its earthly dross by the heat of the furnace through which it passes, so was the proud and aspiring spirit of St. Clair corrected by the ordeal under which he had passed. In this renovated state of feeling he addressed Emily Fitzroy, in an epistle breathing all the fond and endearing hopes which had revived within his bosom. The reply of Emily was such as must have satisfied the most ardent lover: the feminine delicacy which guarded every sentence could not conceal how much she participated in his sentiments, and again visions of a happy future floated before the mind of St. Clair.

On the evening, as has before been stated, St. Clair returned to the auberge, where his smiling hostess greeted him with her usual expressions of welcome; and the fish caught in his excursion on Lake Lemán was soon placed before him. The secluded little auberge was situated by the side of the lake, and the time of St. Clair was passed either in rambling about the mountains, with no companion save his faithful dog, or upon the waters of the lake. The kind and winning manner which still attended him, had effectually won the affections of the little olive branches who encircled the table of his host; and this rendered access easy to the good-will of Claudine

their mother : all was therefore done to render the stay of St. Clair agreeable, and to induce him to prolong his residence.

St. Clair was interrupted in his repast by the entrance of Claudine, who begged leave to introduce a stranger to share his sitting apartment, assuring Monsieur that the traveller who had arrived was a noble, and that she knew right well by his princely air, although he had come on foot and unattended. St. Clair signified his acquiescence in the proposed arrangement, and forthwith the traveller was ushered in. He was, indeed, as Claudine had asserted, of a handsome and dignified appearance, and returned the courtesies of St. Clair with the air of one used to command ; but how great was the surprise and pleasure of the latter in recognising the stranger he had met with at the chapel of William Tell. The pleasure appeared to be felt in an equal degree by each, and from the traveller who had recently left the native land of St. Clair, he learned many an event of a public nature which had occurred during his absence. The heart of St. Clair had begun to yearn towards the shores of England, and any thing affecting her history was therefore listened to with interest. Hour after hour was beguiled in pleasing interchange of sentiment, and it was not until the morning dawned that each retired to their respective pillows. St. Clair's was a brief repose ; the home of his sires was before him ; the abode of bliss, such as it had appeared when returning from his school vacations, and before courting the oblivion of sleep, he deter-

mined to be no longer a wanderer, but to return to the ark of his rest.

In conversing next morning with his fellow-lodger, St. Clair expressed his intention of soon returning to England, describing the home and the circle to which he belonged. His description was listened to with melancholy interest, and the reply was—How happy a home is that which you describe ; I almost envy the feelings you must experience upon returning to it. No where, and I have been a sojourner in many lands, is so great a degree of domestic enjoyment found as in England. Your females in general appear formed by nature and habit to shed a happy halo, and give a bright and lasting attraction to the home of their affections. St. Clair felt unconsciously pleased in the compliment paid by this noble foreigner to his countrywomen, and expressed a hope that his companion might find the happiness he had pictured realised in himself. No, sir, was the reply, that can never be my case. I am the last of my family, and all the tender sympathies of home and kindred are denied me ; my country alone has claims upon my heart, and of her I may exclaim, in the language of Erin's admired melodist—

“ Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?”

St. Clair was penetrated by the feeling manner in which those beautiful lines were repeated : while the slightly foreign accent which hung

upon the stranger's language, was scarcely perceptible.

With regret St. Clair saw his companion of the last few hours depart; and ere another month had passed, he himself arrived in sight of his father's hall. Fond welcomes and affectionate embraces greeted him; but with an emotion of pleasure, bordering upon pain, he recognised one unlooked-for face amongst his smiling sisters. This was Emily Fitzroy, lovely as before; but, though pale and thin, she looked her welcome through fast-falling tears. The return of St. Clair was unexpected by the family at the hall, and Mrs. Fitzroy and Emily had been for some weeks cherished visitors there. The first interview of St. Clair with Mrs. Fitzroy was most painful to each; but at last it was over, and in a few days they were able to meet without experiencing distressing emotions.

St. Clair found Emily the affectionate and confiding being he had hoped. His vows were listened to, and his love reciprocated. As no impediments were offered on either side to prevent their union, an early day was appointed to witness the completion of their felicity; and years of happiness appeared in store for the impatient bridegroom. At last the wished-for morn arrived, and seldom was a fairer bride, than the gentle, yet slightly agitated Emily Fitzroy. She was arrayed in simple white; all the taste of the Misses St. Clair were exerted to arrange her dress in the most becoming style of elegance; and her

fair and delicate beauty was pleasingly contrasted by their rich and glowing complexions. To the enamoured eyes of St. Clair, she appeared lovelier than the first of womankind; and with the fondest rapture he pressed the hand so soon to be all his own. The bridal party entered the rustic church, where the venerable pastor was waiting to bless the union. The ceremony commenced, and with powerful emotions St. Clair listened to the deep and solemn tones of their reverend friend. Suddenly the hand he clasped within his own became cold and motionless; a heavy sigh startled every ear, and a moment after the pale and rigid form of the bride sank into the arms of the horror-stricken bridegroom. Emily was supported into the vestry; vainly each remedy was applied by the Æsculapians of the village; but too soon it was found that the spark of life was fled for ever! She died a victim to the intensity of her feelings.

Over the harrowing emotions of the bereaved bridegroom, from whose lips the cup of happiness was thus suddenly dashed, a veil must be drawn, for the power of language is inadequate to describe his anguish. His former bereavement appeared trifling when compared to this. He clasped the motionless form to his bosom, calling upon his bride—his Emily, to awake, and with frightful violence refused to be separated from his lifeless bride! until at last exhausted, he became for a time insensible to the heavy blow which had fallen upon him. In this condition he was removed

to the carriage, and the afflicted party departed from the sacred edifice.

With what different feelings did the bridal party return to the house which they had left but a short hour before. Then, although all were agitated, it was the agitation of hope and blissful anticipation; but now, the young and lovely bride, who had been the centre of each wish, was claimed by a stern and inexorable bridegroom, and her hand was clasped by the icy fingers of death. How was the tidings to be communicated to the bereaved mother, was asked by each heart: who should reveal to her that she was become totally childless, and that the lovely affectionate girl, who that morning knelt at her feet to claim the readily accorded blessing, was cold and immoveable—a lifeless piece of clay!

For many weeks St. Clair remained unconscious of all that had occurred. When reviving recollection visited him, he was in his own apartment, and his younger sister was seated by his side. With pleasure she recognized the first ray of intelligence which dwelt upon his countenance for the last two months. She affectionately besought him to be silent, and administering a composing draught, the yet bewildered patient sank into repose. It was many more days ere a perfect remembrance of the past revisited his mind; and so great was his anguish, that his sympathizing friends almost wished for a return of the oblivion which had before deadened his heart.

At last St. Clair ventured to enquire for the much-afflicted and heavily-tried Mrs. Fitzroy. Mournful silence was at first the only answer, but at length it was revealed to him that the mother and daughter occupied one sepulchre in the church-yard of their native village.

Many more weeks elapsed before St. Clair was able to look upon the face of nature. When last he had viewed the lovely scene, which surrounded the mansion of his father, the yellow corn was ready for the sickle, and the rich and tempting fruits of the earth were awaiting to be plucked ; but now, it was a cold and wintry prospect ; yet the outward change was nothing to those which his hopes and prospects had undergone ; and the bleak, cheerless aspect of all around was more welcome than if it had been a bright and smiling summer sun.

During the following summer, St. Clair was inspired with an unconquerable wish to visit the church-yard where slept his Emily, Fitzroy, and their mother. His desire increased with each succeeding day, until at length it became the only object of his existence. Alone and unattended, he departed on his pilgrimage, and arrived at the cottage where some of the happiest and almost the bitterest hours of his life had been spent. How altered was the appearance of all ! The wild and neglected condition of the garden, and the closed windows of the cottage plainly revealed, that the eye which had formerly directed their arrangements was now gone. There was

one little rose-tree which Emily had planted when he was by her side; this also drooped, and St. Clair fondly fancied was sorrowing for the loss of its mistress. He tore himself away from the deserted cottage, and entered the church-yard, the resting-place of many a lowly peasant. He found the grave of his Emily; it was by the side of that where rested the earthly part of Shafto Fitzroy, beneath the shade of a melancholy cypress. Some pious hand had planted flowers around; the drooping lily and the sweetly-scented violet were not more pure and lovely than she who slept beneath. In mute agony St. Clair knelt upon the consecrated ground, and tears, wrung from the inmost recesses of his heart, trickled down his pallid cheek; in that brief hour was encompassed an eternity of suffering! To women tears are a relief, and lighten the oppressed heart from its heaviest burden; the most trivial cause calls them forth—they are lightly shed and as quickly forgotten; but with man the case is different—it is only the extremity of anguish which can force them to flow, and, like molten lead, they scorch wherever they fall.

The heart-felt prayer inwardly breathed by St. Clair, was wafted to the throne above. He felt a softened composure stealing upon his senses, and assured that from her mansion of bliss, his beatified Emily was regarding his sufferings with a look of pity. Somewhat tranquillised, he withdrew, but for many days after he wandered about the hallowed spot,

like a restless and perturbed spirit. Each place, which in former happy hours had been endeared by the presence of Emily, were revisited by St. Clair with feelings of devotion, similar to those of the Catholic to the shrine of his patron saint. Lindisfarne was amongst the number of places consecrated in his memory, and each event which had occurred when there with Emily and Shafto Fitzroy, were written indelibly upon his heart. Well he remembered plucking a chaplet of ivy from the ruined archway, and wreathing it round the brow of Emily; and how proud and happy he felt in discovering, after many circling months their course had run, that his emblematic gift was treasured with a miser's care. Lost in those retrospections, he was unconscious that other footsteps were falling amid the ruins, until he presented himself so unexpectedly before the startled Henry Herbert and Grace Darling.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ — A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied ”

IN reviewing the characters which move around in the theatre of life, how little is revealed of the events which vary the current of an apparently unchequered existence. The hopes which have exalted, and the fears that

have depressed are alike unknown ; many pass from the cradle to the grave without exciting either interest or regard ; but were the history of those humble individuals revealed, there would be found something at least to instruct, if not to awaken interest, for there are none but who have experienced some of the vicissitudes of life. In the various characters brought before the reader, it is hoped that more than mere amusement of the passing hour may be gleaned. From the secluded and excellent family of the Darlings, the humblest individual may learn they are not created in vain ; however isolated their situation, it may yet be in their power to benefit their fellow-creatures ; even in this life true virtue meets with its reward. From the miseries endured by the headstrong and wayward Logan, the impetuous are warned to curb the impulses of a too-haughty, unbridled spirit, and not to yield to the first impulses of passion, which, in his case, was the forerunner of every evil. The Dudleys, Werner, Fitzroy, and St. Clair also shew, that no state in life is sufficiently lofty to be above the reach of calamity. Yet there is this hope before us, that how much soever in this life we may be afflicted, an existence spent in love to our fellow-beings, will not fail to be rewarded in a future state.

The morning succeeding the excursion of the Herberts and Grace Darling to Dunstanbrough, was appointed by the former for their return to Bambrough. With some difficulty

Ellen and Mary prevailed upon Mr. and Mrs. Darling to allow Grace to accompany them home, there to pass a few days. The absence of Grace from the island was an event of no slight importance : devoted as she was to her parents, each day she entwined herself more closely round the fibres of her father's heart, and became necessary to his peace and comfort. Good-byes were exchanged by the Herberts with Mrs. Darling. St. Clair, in warm and grateful language expressed his adieus. The ever-smiling Ellen and Mary took their places in the boat ; but Grace lingered by her father's side, unwilling to leave, although anticipating pleasure from her visit. At last the old man gently lifted her in his arms, and seated her by the side of Mary Herbert.— Soon the quickly-moving boat was borne across the waters, and the party landed at a little sandy beach, a short distance from the residence of Mr. Herbert.

The house of Mr. Herbert was a substantial, comfortable-looking mansion. The white-washed walls and projecting roof belonged to another century. The first visit of George was to the kennels, and he dragged the amused Grace along with him, insisting upon her caressing his four-footed favourites, which were of every variety and size, from the mongrel cur to the fleeting greyhound. The party entered the house, and were kindly welcomed by Mrs. Herbert, a portly good-looking dame, who had nearly attained her tenth lustrum. Upon her favourite Grace, whom she had not

seen for four years, she bestowed a more affectionate embrace. Mr. Herbert returned from the fields, where he had been superintending the labours of his reapers, and heartily expressed his pleasure at seeing them.

Mr. Herbert was an excellent portrait of the English country squire of the last age, before French refinement and foreign vices were introduced into the heart of our country. All his qualities were truly English, and his virtues the produce of a rich but uncultivated soil. He regarded with heart-felt contempt, all those refinements and polished graces which modern improvements had introduced, following in the same tract as was pursued by his fathers for ages before. The manner in which his family were educated, was different from those of a similar rank; his daughters were not sent to a boarding-school, to half-learn a number of fashionable and useless accomplishments; but were educated under their parents' superintendence, and thoroughly instructed in all useful knowledge.

In the evening St. Clair departed from Mr. Herbert's, intending to proceed to the Highlands of Scotland; with the restlessness attending upon the bereaved state of his affections, he was vainly seeking to find, in a variety of scenes, an antidote to the grief which was wearing out his life in the spring of his existence. His absence occasioned a chasm not easily to be filled up, and he was one of those persons who lingered long in the memory of Grace Darling.

The week spent by Grace at the house of Mr. Herbert, was a time of unusual bustle. It was in the midst of the corn harvest, and the fields presented an animated appearance. Numbers of rustic girls and active young men were employed in reaping the rich and fruitful produce of the season. At length the labour of the reapers was drawing to a close ; the corn was prepared for the granaries, and the conclusion of the toil of the industrious peasants was celebrated by the usual Harvest Home. Grace was surprised at the preparations this event occasioned throughout the household ; Mrs. Herbert, her daughters, and the domestics all being equally busy. Grace having offered her services, she was supplied with various coloured ribbands to adorn the flag about to be erected in the field ; and from time to time the shouts of the exhilarated peasants were heard even within the house. The colour was soon floating amidst the corn in the field, and Grace accompanied Ellen Herbert to join the reapers, Mr. Herbert and George being already there. The day was intensely hot, and many of the poor girls appeared almost fainting beneath the influence of the parching sun. None, however, wearied in their exertions, all being equally anxious to cut the last handful of corn, a certain prognostic to the fortunate fair one of speedily entering upon the nuptial state.

At last the final sheaf was set up in the field ; and, preceded by the waving flag, they began their procession to the house. Soon

the tables, groaning beneath the good things with which they were supplied, were closely surrounded by the happy rustics. When the business of the tea-table was concluded, all adjourned to the granary, where arrangements had been made for the dance. The two minstrels of the neighbourhood were in readiness, and immediately struck up a lively reel. A couple were in a moment on the floor, footing it with great spirit and agility. Dance succeeded dance, and in that hour of enjoyment, all the evils which press upon the peasantry were forgotten, for on them the primeval curse has heavily fallen. Mrs. Herbert, followed by her daughters and their friend, entered the room; George, with great gallantry, was conducting to her seat a pretty rosy-cheeked girl, with whom he had been dancing, but was in a moment by the side of Grace, and engaged her to be his partner whilst she remained. Two young rustics then came forward, and Ellen and Mary were led to join Grace and George. The dancing then recommenced with its former spirit, and for some time the young ladies remained amongst the honest peasants. The respect paid to their feelings, and the interest taken to promote their amusement, rendered each heart happy and forgetful of its labours of the coming morrow.

Were the wealthy but mindful of the feelings of those who move in an inferior situation, by the application of a little judicious kindness, how much they might lighten the cares, and brighten an existence passed in close and un-

ceasing toil: the poor always feel gratified by each token of interest in their welfare, manifested by their superiors; and the love and respect of those who labour, that we may enjoy the fruits of the earth, are surely worth purchasing at the expence of a little attention. The pleasure of beholding happy faces around, and a consciousness of having contributed towards that happiness, will sufficiently repay a benevolent mind for the sacrifice of even a few personal indulgences.

The attentions paid by George Herbert to Grace had been hitherto of a general kind, and she regarded him in the light of a brother; but on this occasion they were of a more impassionate nature. He lingered by her side, repeatedly pressing her hand with a fervour which caused the eloquent blood to rise to her cheek, and with innate sensitiveness she shrunk from his admiring glances: the heart of Grace was an unwritten tablet, unoccupied by any love save that felt for her kindred.

The festivities of the rustic party continued to a late hour, when they separated, each returning to his home—a straw-thatched cottage. The remainder of the time Grace passed at the house of Mr. Herbert was undistinguished by any event. The attentions of George continued, but with the most delicate sense of propriety, for Grace so far discouraged him, as to prevent him making any declaration of his attachment, and thus saved him from the mortification of a refusal.

The morning arrived when Grace was to

return to the island. With pleasure she beheld the approach of her father's boat which was to bear her away ; for gaily and agreeably as had passed her time, yet, with a feeling almost infantine, she wished again to be upon the island, which was the ark where rested all her hopes and wishes. Grace was at the beach to welcome her father, and, with the fondest emotion she was folded to his bosom. Enquiries were made with a rapidity which prevented reply, for her beloved mother and her favourites on the island, for they were many and various. Leaning fondly upon the arm of Grace, Mr. Darling proceeded to the house of Mr. Herbert, where a warm and boisterous welcome awaited him, though chidings from Ellen and Mary for coming so early to deprive them of Grace.

During the day Mr. Darling remained the guest of Mr. Herbert, accompanying the good-humoured farmer through his fields and stack-yards. George was busy preparing his fowling-piece, for the morrow was the twelfth of August ; he claimed a share of Mr. Darling's time, and was gratified by the admiration bestowed upon his two beautiful spaniels, that bounded and fawned about him, evincing as eloquently as the power of words could have done, their attachment to the master, who with no sparing hand bestowed his caresses upon them. With a gaiety even unusual to George, he described the pleasure he anticipated in pursuing his favourite amusement, and the free, unfettered hours he would en-

joy on the moors, his gun on his shoulder and his dogs at his feet. Grace was surprised, and it may be a little mortified, to perceive that the prospect of her departure should have so little power to curb the gay spirits of George, yet she inwardly rejoiced, that no feeling of attachment filled her bosom for one who was so light and trivial. In thus judging, Grace did poor George great injustice, and a more close observer might have seen that his spirits were forced and his gaiety assumed. In fact, George did feel, and that most acutely; but when he discovered his attachment was not reciprocated, he determined, with a decision which belonged to his character, to subdue feelings which would only be productive of pain; and probably sentiments of pride had their influence in concealing from Grace how much he was affected by her indifference.

George, however, was a poor dissembler; his hand trembled, and his voice faltered, as he uttered the hurried—God bless you—in parting; and his emotion imparted the most poignant regret to Grace. Ellen and Mary fondly embraced her, and for long after the boat had left the shore, Grace observed the two girls with Henry, watching their progress across the waves. Immediately on exchanging his adieu, George had disappeared, and vainly Grace looked around, endeavouring to descry him; he was, however, inaccessible to sight, and with a deep sigh she withdrew her gaze from the object she had left. She directed her attention now to the home they were ap-

proaching, and with a fond partiality the thought crossed her mind it was the loveliest spot on earth ; and small though it was, it bounded all their wishes. Assuredly that bright little island, which lay like a gem in the midst of the ocean, was an object calculated to awaken admiration in a less partial and enthusiastic mind than that of Grace Darling. The waves were flowing with a soft and tranquil motion, gently laving the pebbly shore. Sea-birds were skimming the waves, their graceful plumage gilded by the setting sun, and ever and anon darting beneath the waters. The sky was serene and beautiful, tinged with a rich and glorious hue of a summer's evening ; and the orb of light was retiring to rest, casting a bright and splendid halo around him.

The feelings of Grace became so animated, that with difficulty she could maintain her seat ; even the rapid movement of the boat could not keep pace with her wishes.' Before arriving at the light-house, an incident occurred which diverted her mind from her train of thought. Passing near to one of the uninhabited islands, more in the vicinity of Bambrough than the Longstone, the attention of Grace was directed to a white object on the sands, and she anxiously besought her father to land and discover what it was. Ever willing to oblige his child in all her wishes, Mr. Darling complied, and returned to the boat with a packet of paper, and by its saturated appearance, it had evidently, by the waves, been cast upon the desolate spot.

With eager interest Grace received the prize, and surveyed it with a glance of excited curiosity. It was a closely written packet, apparently in a delicate female hand, but from its wet condition, unfit for present perusal; it was carefully deposited upon the seat by Grace, until they should arrive at the light-house.

When at the shore and landed, with light steps she bounded up the rugged path-way, and was soon within the well-loved walls of her home; never before had she thought it looked so bright and cheerful: so true it is, there is a charm and an enjoyment about home, however humble it may be, never experienced elsewhere; and, after a temporary absence, it is returned to with feelings which render it dearer than ever—

“ There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy’s visits, when most brief.
 Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
 O do not widely roam;
 But seek that hidden treasure
 At home—dear home.”

The first half-hour after the return of Grace was engrossed by Mrs. Darling, and the other et ceteras attending upon her arrival. She then unfolded the packet, and carefully spread each sheet before the glowing embers. Her imagination meanwhile was ruminating upon the probable fate of the being to whom those pages had belonged. Was the heart which had indited, now still and cold, and the hand which formed those letters motionless! had she added

one more to the victims of ocean's rage, or does she yet move a denizen upon the earth, dispensing happiness by her smiles? were questions vainly asked by Grace.

Whilst thus pondering, her father entered, but so occupied was Grace with her reflections, his entrance was unnoticed, and with interest Mr. Darling watched all the changes of thought which were passing through her mind; so open and undisguised was her nature, that each feeling of her heart was written upon her brow, and clearly revealed whatever was passing within.

The now dry and legible manuscript was placed before her sight, but with the most intense disappointment, she found that it was written in an unknown language. How great was the mortification of Grace upon this discovery, and she continued vainly gazing on the fair and beautiful characters, whose meaning was hidden so completely from her knowledge. Mr. Darling sympathised in her disappointed feelings, and placed the packet carefully aside, purposing to send them to Henry Herbert the first opportunity for interpretation.

That night, when Grace retired to her little apartment, all the events of the last few weeks passed in review before her mind. Caroline Dudley, from whom she had not heard for a period of twelve months, was vividly remembered, and long after Grace had reclined upon her pillow, she continued musing upon the probable destiny of Caroline. At last sleep

pressed upon her eyes, but it did not bring with it an oblivion to thought. The same train of imagination, which occupied her waking hours, continued in her dreams. In imagination she was again seated in the tower of the light-house with Caroline by her side, whose rich and melodious voice sounded sweetly in her ear, as she described the land of the cypress and myrtle, from which she had returned. A gallant bark, its gay sails fluttering in the breeze, was approaching the island—sounds of the most exquisite melody were wafted from its side, and a number of fair and youthful forms moved upon the deck. Suddenly the air became darkened—a fierce storm arose—and, after a moment's struggle, the lightly-sailing bark was swallowed by the waves, when again the sea became calm and resplendent. Anon her vision changed, yet still she lingered by the side of Caroline; together they were proceeding across a crimson-stained field of battle, where thousands of the dying and the dead lay clustered around. One tall warrior was speeding towards them, armed as were the knights of old, and his visor closed. This was Charles Dudley, and Caroline and Grace hurried on to meet him. They addressed him—his voice, in reply, sounded hollow and murmuring, imparting to Grace a thrilling feeling, and caused the blood to flow coldly through her veins. A moment after, Charles unclosed his visor; his countenance wore the hue of death, and upon his brow was a long, deep gash, besmeared with blood!

With a wild shriek, Grace awoke, and was relieved to find she was in her own little room, through the casement of which was streaming the first grey dawn of morn. In vain, for some time, she essayed to court the approach of sleep; at last she sunk into repose, as calm and tranquil as that of a tired child, wearied with play beneath a noon-day's sun.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light !”

THE reader's attention is now directed to a period of twelve months previous to the time in which the last chapter was concluded, and to scenes presenting a dissimilar aspect to those of Fern Islands and their vicinity.

Amid the Pyrenean mountains, there is a pass through a narrow defile, which the most ordinary-minded traveller must survey with admiration. The high and noble mountains reared their proud summits on each side, and the interspersed foliage presented that variegated appearance usually assumed in autumn. Along this defile a solitary horseman was proceeding at a leisure pace, and frequently suffered the reins to fall upon the neck of his charger, as if in forgetfulness of his situation. He was noble and commanding in appearance, and beneath a

Spanish cap thick clustering locks of the raven's hue were seen, and the mustachoes which adorned his lip were of the same dark shade. His countenance was expressive of melancholy, and revealed that the summers which had passed over his brow had not failed to bring the care and anxieties which are so oft the lot of man.

This traveller was the same individual met by Reginald St. Clair at the chapel of William Tell. Since then three months had elapsed, and were spent in traversing the German and French dominions. Inspired with one object, his journeyings yet appeared far removed from their ultimate end. Uninterrupted and in silence, the traveller proceeded on his path;—warned by appearances which betokened that day would shortly close, he spurred on his courser, anxious to arrive at the hostelry before the close of the brief twilight of the southern clime. His ruminations were disturbed by the report of fire-arms and the clashing of swords, and, looking before him, he perceived a carriage drawn up by the side of the path. A number of liveried attendants were defending it from the attack of a party whom he recognized by their green costume as mountain robbers. In a moment he was in the midst of the combatants. First discharging his pistol, he then drew his sword, dealing his blows with so much quickness and effect, as to stretch two of the banditti upon the sod. Thus encouraged, the attendants returned the assault with renewed spirit, and their assailants at last fled, leaving them masters of the field.

The cavalier was then told, in reply to his enquiries, there were two ladies, owners of the carriage, and to them he advanced to offer further assistance. The ladies had continued in the carriage during the conflict, and on finding their assailants were gone, they descended to render succour to such as were wounded. Fortunately, however, none were severely injured, and the slight wounds were hastily bound up with the handkerchiefs and scarfs of the ladies. With grateful courtesy the owner of the carriage, a lady in the autumn of life, thanked him for his timely assistance. Observing a crimson stain upon his arm, she anxiously expressed her hopes that he was not dangerously wounded, and desired her companion to bind it with a handkerchief.

The young lady, who had been unobserved, was apparently overpowered by the sight of blood, and fainted in the arms of her startled friend. An attendant hurried to a spring to procure water, and the cavalier offered to relieve the elderly lady of her burden ; scarcely had he gazed for one moment upon the pale and lovely countenance of the insensible fair one, ere he was reduced to a state of almost similar weakness. His eyes wildly glared around, and he exclaimed—Good God ! do I dream—do my senses deceive me ?—or has the grave given up her dead ? Art thou, Constance, come to chide my tardy spirit, for daring to live on in despite of thy loss, and all the evils of my adverse fate ? These and other expressions were uttered in a hurried

incoherent manner, and his looks bespoke the wildness of insanity. At last the lady opened her eyes, and gazed around with a bewildered air, until arrested by the glances of the cavalier. "Julian!" in a low tone, proceeded from her lips; for one moment he paused to assure himself of her identity—the next she was clasped within his arms, and her bosom pressed to his, and in that moment an eternity of suffering was repaid. Again and again she was encircled within his arms, and her lips and forehead covered with fervid kisses as he besought her to speak, and to assure him that she did indeed live, that his senses were not mocking him with a picture of happiness too exquisite for realization. Constance Lovinia, for it was indeed Constance, thus miraculously restored to Werner, after he had mourned her as dead through years of silent anguish. She strove to calm and moderate his emotion, promising to explain to him those events which appeared so startling, and introduced her friend and protector, the Countess Wilner.

The countess, with a benevolent smile, expressed her pleasure at the fortunate and unexpected meeting of the two long-separated friends, and invited Werner to occupy a seat in the carriage. The yet bewildered Werner gladly assented, retaining the hand of Constance within his own, with a tenacity, as if fearing, should he resign it, she would again vanish from his sight, and be lost to him for ever. Constance had apparently no intention of flying from him, but with a fond, confiding

feeling, she leaned upon his breast, resigning herself to the full enjoyment of her present happiness.

The carriage halted at the entrance of a castle of immense magnitude. Supporting the still agitated Constance, and preceded by the countess, Werner entered a saloon. A lady advanced to receive the party, and with great kindness, mingled with a degree of national hauteur, welcomed their arrival.

New surprise awaited Werner, and he gazed again to assure himself he was not mistaken—it was, indeed, the Marchioness of Santalina. The marchioness was almost as much surprised; and, as she extended her hand, observed, in her wonted gentle voice—You will also, Count Werner, meet another old friend, who will, I am assured, have equal pleasure to mine in seeing you—I allude to Caroline Dudley, who is at present in an adjoining saloon. At this moment Caroline entered, and hearing her name, advanced towards the party. With an agitation which defied concealment, Caroline recognised and returned the embarrassed salutation of Werner; she gazed with a look of amazement upon the pale and lovely Constance, who, suffering from her previous agitation, and unable to support herself, was leaning upon his arm.

Observing the exhausted condition of Constance, the marchioness summoned attendants to conduct her unexpected visitors to their respective apartments. The marchioness and

Countess Wilner were dear and old friends, and though the arrival of the latter was unexpected to the former, it was not the less welcome on that account.

The following morning, Werner obtained from Constance an explanation of those events which appeared to him so strange; and while his heart was overpowered with feelings of thankfulness for her restoration, commiseration for the sorrows she had known mingled with his emotions. After that dreadful siege which levelled with the dust the hopes of the struggling Poles, Constance, with several other females, sought refuge in the cathedral. Her father and lover were at too great a distance to afford her protection, and she wept to think they at that moment might be mingled with the fallen. The sacred character of the sanctuary yielded little protection from an enemy so barbarous and implacable. Soon a horde of Cossacks forced an entrance to the place, and many a fair and youthful bosom was pierced by their relentless weapons. Constance would have shared the fate of her companions had not a Russian officer entered, and struck aside the sword which was stretched forth to slay her. This benevolent individual, unlike too many of his countrymen, was exerting every energy to preserve from death the young and hapless beings who were perishing in such numbers in that indiscriminate massacre.—Constance was borne to the seat of Count Wilner, for such was the name of her preserver; by his lady she was attended with a

mother's care, until recovered from the injury she had received during the siege. Too soon Constance learned the fate of her father ; and Werner, it was believed, had fallen beneath the successful swords of the Russians. Thus Constance was left alone in the world with no friend save Count Wilner and his amiable wife. Under their protection she had remained upwards of two years ; and the kind and delicate attentions she had received, rendered less poignant her recollection of the past, and regrets for the fate of the friends she had lost.

About this period, intelligence of a strange and unexpected nature reached her, reviving within her bosom the long crushed buds of hope. An Englishman, who had accompanied Lord Durham on his mission to Russia, dined at the table of Count Wilner ; all his discourse was respecting a noble Pole, who was sojourning in England, and by the exertion of his pen and eloquence, was reviving the dormant feelings of interest on behalf of Poland. Count Werner was mentioned as the name of that patriotic individual. How did that name thrill to the heart of Constance, awakening sensations of a most overpowering nature. When restored to composure, her enquiries elicited that it was indeed the beloved and so long mourned Julian Werner of whom he spoke. This discovery was communicated to the countess ; and, as she had before sympathised in the sorrow of Constance, she now rejoiced with her on the happy intelligence she had

received. Enquiries were immediately set on foot by the count's agent at London respecting Werner, during which time Constance remained in a state of almost intolerable suspense. At last an answer was returned, that Werner had departed from England, but whither he had gone they were unable to learn. This was a sad affliction to poor Constance, and renewed afresh all her sorrows, which before appeared partially forgotten.

Count Wilner soon afterwards proceeded to Madrid, upon business of importance, leaving the countess and Constance at Paris to await his return. After a few weeks' absence, a courier arrived to announce that he was severely indisposed. The countess determined immediately to join her husband, accompanied by Constance; and, guarded by a band of faithful followers, she departed on her mission of love. She had previously spent some weeks at the castle of the Marquis of Santalina, and determined again to trespass upon his hospitality in preference to staying at an inn, as all those upon the road were of the most wretched description. Their deliverance from the robbers in the pass, and fortunate meeting with the gallant Werner are already known:

After remaining but one night, the countess and Constance bid adieu to the marchioness and Caroline; and Werner, unwilling to be parted from Constance, requested and obtained permission to accompany them to Madrid. Caroline Dudley and Werner had met in the morning with the calm composure of friends;

and the former had obtained the confidence of the sweet and noble-minded Constance, and received a brief history of those events which parted her from Werner. The girlish and romantic admiration formerly felt by Caroline for Werner, had been superseded by a strong and lasting affection for one every way calculated to make her happy. The events which had occurred to her since she parted from Werner in London, had stripped her mind of much romance and enthusiasm, and given her a knowledge of a few of the stern realities of life. The marquis, Mr. Dudley, and Charles were all in turn enquired for by Werner, but the painful emotion visible on the countenance of the marchioness and Caroline, prevented the enquiries being urged.

The Countess of Wilner arrived at Madrid, and found her consort considerably recovered. In a short time the vows of Werner and Constance were pledged before the altar; and years of happiness, such as once had been un hoped for by either, were fondly anticipated. They remained near to the Countess of Wilner, who loved Constance with an affection almost maternal. An unlooked for event, however, summoned them to Scotland shortly after. This was the death of the paternal grandfather of Constance, who was a native of that country. A large fortune was bequeathed to his grandchild, and it was necessary that she, with her husband, should proceed thither to take possession. With overpowering emotion, the countess parted from the

child of her adoption—and the feelings of Constance were almost as poignant. Indeed, both appeared to feel a presentiment, that it would prove a final farewell. The fond, affectionate attentions of her adoring husband, restored her to composure; and as she clung to his arm, she felt, that by his side, no evil could befall her—and that, in his affection, all her happiness was fully centred.

Werner and Constance arrived, after a rapid and pleasant voyage, to the sea-port of Kingston-upon-Hull, intending to proceed from thence to Scotland. As Constance was too delicate to bear the fatigue of travelling by land, they purposed proceeding to Scotland by the first vessel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paus’d, with glance
Turn’d upward to that wild expanse;—
And all was boding, drear, and dark!”

SHORTLY after returning from Mr. Herbert’s, with a feeling of regret Grace witnessed the premature departure of the season of sunshine. She now looked forward to many months of undisturbed seclusion, unvaried by the presence of any strangers at the household board. However agreeable a visit to Fern Islands may be during the summer, yet, in winter, the

danger of the passage is sufficient to deter the tourist, how much soever he may admire the wild and terrific aspect of nature. Until Christmas should arrive, and bring with it its usual visitors, there appeared but little probability of the solitude of the islanders suffering any interruption. With an unrepining spirit, Grace resigned herself to her quiet state of existence; and a contemplation of the serene happiness reflected upon the countenance of her parents, was sufficient to satisfy every desire of her heart. Grace Darling was now a woman in every thought and feeling, yet from the retired situation in which her life had been passed, she retained all the unsophisticated feelings and guileless simplicity of early years. Of late she had thought much and deeply on that world from which she was so much secluded, but no regret that she was excluded from its pleasures ever mingled with her feelings. Her knowledge of mankind having been confined, with a few exceptions, and those of a nobler sort, to her own family, and what she had learned from books, it may readily be supposed her ideas were somewhat chimerical and romantic. Vice and folly found no part in her portraits of the characters of her fellow-beings,

On the morning of the 5th of September, a fisher's boat arrived from North Sunderland, bringing with it some packets for the family at the light-house. A letter was addressed to Grace, and she hastily broke the seal, her quick eye immediately recognising the writing

of Caroline Dudley. In eager agitation she perused its contents; the intelligence was of a strange and startling nature; many an acclamation of surprise proceeded from her lips, and she placed her letter into the hands of her father. The remainder of the day, Grace was absent and thoughtful, her mind being too much occupied in pondering upon Caroline, to bestow her usual attention towards the objects around her. As evening approached, the weather became tempestuous; the heavy masses of clouds which, during the day, had hung upon the atmosphere, poured forth a deluge of rain, and the cold wind sounded hoarsely through every cleft of the rocks. Storms were of too frequent occurrence to excite much alarm to the inhabitants of the light-house, yet as night closed in, the tempest became so violent as to startle Mr. Darling, and many a word of sympathy and commiseration were expressed for those exposed to its fury. Indeed, as the night advanced, it appeared as if the spirit of storms was abroad, waging war with the ocean. Unwillingly, at a late hour, Grace retired to her apartment, but it was long ere sleep visited her eye-lids, for she lay, in breathless attention, listening to the contention of the elements; her slumbers were troubled and disturbed, and, ere day-light dawned, she was awoke by shrieks so wild and piercing, as even to be heard above the gale. For a moment Grace paused, uncertain if it was not the delusion of a dream; but again the agonising sounds were repeated, ap-

parently called forth by the extremity of suffering in distress. Soon Grace was by her father's side, repeating to him what she had heard, and, with trembling agitation, imploring him to attempt the rescue of the shipwrecked sufferers, who, she was assured, were at a short distance from the island. Mr. Darling shook his head, declaring to his excited daughter his efforts to render assistance would be entirely ineffectual—it was totally impossible that, alone and unassisted he could attain the wreck. O, father! exclaimed Grace, can we suffer our fellow-creatures to perish without an effort for their rescue—I can assist you in rowing the boat, and, protected by providence, doubt not we shall succeed. Won by the entreaties of Grace, even against his better judgment, Mr. Darling prepared to launch his boat, giving a few plain directions to Grace, so as to make up by skill what was wanting in strength. A new obstacle arose to their mission of mercy in the almost frantic fears of Mrs. Darling, who, clinging to her husband, besought them to give up so hazardous an attempt, which would only add their own lives to the number of those doomed to perish. The reasoning of Grace and the soothing of Mr. Darling, calmed her emotion, yet, with streaming eyes and a fainting heart, Mrs. Darling beheld the fragile boat, which contained her husband and daughter, embark upon the foaming waves. The heroic courage and contempt of danger braved by this simple island maiden and her aged father, have won the applause and admiration of every bosom suscepti-

ble of noble and generous actions. The name of Grace Darling has since become familiar as a household word. The pen of the poet, the pallet of the painter, and the chisel of the sculptor has in turn been exerted to render homage to her noble and heroic actions. The periodicals of the day were occupied with a record of her fame. A better and more accurate account of the melancholy wreck cannot be given than the following, from the Newcastle Chronicle of September 15; 1838 :—

“ It is this week our painful duty to report as melancholy a shipwreck as any we remember on this coast. Intimation of the sad event reached this town on Saturday, and the public interest and anxiety have been most intensely excited the whole of the week, by the various contradictory reports which have been in circulation. That we might be enabled, therefore, to obtain as correct an account as possible, we deemed it best to send a special reporter to the spot, and the following is the distressing narrative, which he has collected from the survivors at Bambrough and North Sunderland, as well as from persons residing there.

“ On Wednesday, the 5th instant, about six o'clock, p. m., the Forfarshire steam-packet, about 300 tons burthen, (John Humble, master), left Hull on her voyage to Dundee. Before the vessel left the Humber, the starboard boiler, as described by Daniel Donovan, one of the firemen, was in so bad a state that it was drowning out the fires, and two of them were under the necessity of being extinguished before the vessel had proceeded far to sea. Mrs. Dawson, a steerage passenger, states, that she was alarmed by the unusual bustle upon deck before the vessel left Hull, that she thought all was not right, and she was so alarmed, that she intended to leave the vessel, if her husband, who is em-

ployed in glass-works at Hull, had come to her in time. She states, that the vessel was so tardy in her progress, that three steam vessels passed them when they were out at sea. The Forfarshire proceeded northward, and was observed from North Sunderland passing through the Fairway between the land and the Fern Islands about 6 p. m. on Thursday the 6th. When the vessel reached Berwick Bay, about 9 p. m., the sea was running so high that they were forced to put back. It was attempted to raise the steam, but the vessel was making so much water, that the fires could not be kept up. James Keeley and John Gullehar, two of the passengers, were requested by the captain and mate to pump water into the boiler, but, in consequence of the defective state of the boiler, the water ran out as fast as they pumped it in. The vessel was then left to the mercy of the storm. The weather was thick, and they got close upon the Fern Islands, before the light was seen. On Friday morning, about three o'clock, the vessel struck with its broadside against the north-west side of the Harker's rock, about half a mile from the Longstone, or furthestmost Fern Island light-house. A projecting part of the rock appears to have grazed the sternmost part of the vessel, and cut her in two direct through the paddle wheels, and the aft part of the vessel was carried away through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut, which is dangerous even in temperate weather, running between the islands at the rapidity of six miles an hour, and in tempestuous weather becomes terrific.

“ When the vessel struck on the Friday morning, the chief mate and seven others of the crew took to the long-boat. The steward called hastily to the cabin for Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Ruthven-hill, Perth, and he rushed from the cabin with his trousers in his hand, and seeing immediate danger by the bustle of the crew at the stern, said to some companions following— ‘ Farewell, it is all over,’—ran and flung his trowsers

into the boat which he saw launched, and jumped in afterwards. He is the only one of the cabin passengers that has been saved, all the others in the cabins, both fore and aft, probably perished in a moment, unconscious of their awful fate. The boat's crew escaped through the mighty current uninjured, and they were picked up at sea by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields.

“A number of the deck passengers and some of the crew were left with the wreck of the fore part of the vessel upon the Harkar's Rock. Their cries of distress reached the tower of the farthest Fern light-house, and Miss Grace Horsley Darling awakened her father, Mr. W. Darling, the keeper of the light-house. At day-break he discovered the wreck, but he could not proceed at first, as he had not a sufficient force of hands on the island, by any possibility to come back. At length he desisted, from some movements, that there were living beings on the wreck, when this humane and truly heroic man, and equally heroic daughter, immediately periled their lives in a small open coble, in a tempestuous sea, to save the lives of their fellow-creatures.—They succeeded in saving from destruction five of the crew and four of the deck passengers, all that were left alive upon this part of the wreck. They were carried to the Longstone light-house, and for three days and three nights did this meritorious young woman, who had been the saviour of their lives, watch over and administer to the wants of the sufferers, some of whom were severely injured.

“The names of the persons saved by these meritorious persons, are—John Kidd, fireman, of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal-trimmer, Dundee; John Tulloch, carpenter, Dundee; John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee, of the crew. D. Donovan, fireman, and free passenger, of Dundee; James Keely, weaver, Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; Mrs. Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers.

“ On the Friday morning, the wreck was observed from North Sunderland. Men could not be found to man a large boat, but seven men, whose names deserve honourable mention, for their courage and perseverance, set out in a four-oared coble. These were William Robson, James Robson, Michael Robson, Wm. Swan, Brooks Darling, (brother to Miss Darling), Thomas Cuthbertson, and Robert Knox, of North Sunderland. The sea was running high, and the boat shipped several seas in its perilous passage. On their way to the wreck they spoke the Liverpool, steam vessel, of London, going north, requesting the captain to proceed to the wreck. The boat's crew could have piloted the Liverpool within ten yards of the lee of the rock in seven fathoms' water, but the captain declined. The boat reached the wreck, and saved a quantity of copper, and some mattresses and light articles, which would have been soon washed away. The North Sunderland boat's crew found among the wreck the body of the Rev. John Robb, of Dunkeld, apparently about forty years of age, with a rope lashed round his waist, lying jammed among the timbers. Also the bodies of James Dawson, a boy seven years of age, and Matilda Dawson, his sister, about five years of age, the children of Mrs. Dawson, whose life was 'saved by the exertions of Mr. Darling and his daughter. The storm continued, and the North Sunderland boat's crew with great difficulty reached the Longstone light-house, and they were obliged to remain two days and two nights in a temporary building, where the waves occasionally burst in and obliged them to seek shelter in the tower, Mr. Darling's house being filled with the persons they had saved from the wreck. The boat's crew made an effort to return to North Sunderland on Sunday last, but were obliged, from the high sea, to run in at Beadnel. On their return to the wreck on Monday, they found, buried among the ruins, the body of John Gullehar, an Irishman, lately residing at Dundee. He appears to

be about thirty-six years of age, and had in his pocket two sovereigns and a pawnbroker's duplicate for a pledged watch. A trunk, belonging to the Rev. John Robb, was also found.

“ The four dead bodies were brought to Bambrough-castle on Monday, and an inquest was held on Tuesday, before Stephen Reed, Esq., coroner, (in the absence of T. A. Russell, Esq.)—The principal witness examined was Daniel Donovan, (whose name has, from his provincial pronounciation, been mistaken for Delavel). Donovan had a free passage for his services as fireman, and this was his first connection with the Forfarshire. He deposed, as stated above, to the insufficient state of the starboard boiler, and that the fires had to be extinguished before leaving the Humber. He considered the vessel to be in so dangerous a state from this cause, that he would have given all he possessed to have been put on shore when the vessel got to sea, and would have swimmied ashore if he had been able. James Keely and Thomas Buchannan corroborated the evidence of Donovan, and to their being engaged by the master and mate to pump water into the boiler, but their labours were ineffectual, as the water rushed out of the boiler as fast as they pumped it in. After a patient investigation before a respectable jury, the coroner summed up, and the jury returned a verdict that the deceased lost their lives by the Forfarshire, a Dundee and Hull steam-packet, coming in contact with the rocks of one of the Fern Islands, commonly called the great Harkars, and that the vessel was unseaworthy when she left Hull. The value of the wreck left on the island was surveyed and estimated by Mr. Evans, the revenue officer of Bambrough, at £200, and the jury thought proper to lay a deodand of £100 upon the wreck.

“ About forty feet of the wreck is lying on the Harkars-rock in eight or ten fathoms water, from the paddle-wheels forward—right through the main hatch-

way. The engine, which is of 180 horse power, and reported to have been of the best construction, is lying greatly damaged. The boilers are shivered to fragments, and a quantity of new boiler-plate was also found amongst the wreck. The anchors, and some of the stores, were safely brought to North Sunderland. Some fishermen have brought intelligence to Bambrough, that the other parts of the wreck have been thrown ashore at Amble, Hauxley, &c., and Mr. Evans, whose exertions have been unremitting, has proceeded along the shore to have it placed in security. A part of the wreck is also lying sunk a little to the south of the Harkars-rock, but a rope has been attached to it with the expectation of being able to raise it for the satisfaction of those whose friends are supposed to have perished in it.

“The most unceasing exertions have been used by Mr. Smeddle, the Governor; Mr. Hamilton, and the other agents at Bambrough-castle, in their efforts to rescue and relieve the shipwrecked. On the first discovery of distress, the flag of distress was hoisted at Bambrough-castle, the alarm-gun was fired along the shore, to apprise the fishermen of the calamity. The life-boat could not be launched, or could not possibly near the rocks to render any effective assistance to the sufferers, but every thing was done that human ingenuity or enterprize could suggest.

“This was Donovan’s first trip, his leg has been greatly maimed, and he states that he lay for three hours holding by a spike-nail, and that the vessel was a total wreck in less than a quarter of an hour after she struck. Several others suffered severely from the cold and the heavy seas, having all their clothes torn in pieces. They were despairing of deliverance, and looking about to provide for their security during the following night. But the most agonizing spectacle was that of Mrs. Dawson, with her two children, a boy and a girl, five and seven years of age, firmly grasped in

each hand: there she held them in the agonies of despair long after the buffetings of the waves, which drove them to and fro, had deprived them of existence. She is severely injured, and remains at Bambrough, unable to proceed homewards. Mr. Smeddle, the governor of the castle, has liberally ministered to the wants of the destitute, and has shewn the most kind and hospitable attention to those who have come to Bambrough during the week, in quest of relatives and friends.

“ Those unacquainted with the tempestuous state of the Fern Islands during a storm, will be unable to appreciate the praiseworthy deed of daring performed by Mr. Darling and his daughter, Miss Grace Horsley Darling. By a dangerous and desperate effort, her father was landed on the rock, and the frail coble, to preserve it from being dashed to pieces, was rapidly rowed back among the awful abyss of waters, and kept afloat by the skilfulness and dexterity of this noble-minded young woman. They succeeded in saving the lives of the nine persons named above, and by the assistance of some of the crew, they were enabled to bring the coble and its burthen to the Longstone Island, otherwise return, and aid would have been impracticable from the state of the current. This perilous achievement stands unexampled in the feats of female fortitude. From her isolated abode, where there was no solicitation or prospect of reward to stimulate, impelled alone by the pure promptings of humanity, she made her way through desolation and impending destruction, appalling to the stoutest hearts, to save the lives of her fellow-beings. One of the old seamen was moved to tears when he saw a young female, of slender appearance, periling her life for their preservation. Mr. Darling has lived long upon the island. By his watchfulness and care, he has, in numberless instances prevented the destruction of life and property, and has himself saved many lives when precautionary measures were no longer available. The good deeds of Mr. Darling and his ex-

cellent daughter ought not to go unrewarded. A private subscription has been suggested to purchase them some honorary reward; but there are national associations for this purpose, and it is expected that some influential person will forward their claims upon the public institutions.

“ The *Forfarshire* was only about two years old, and reported by the carpenters as being sound when they left port. She is stated to have been a losing concern, though the proprietors refused a large offer above their purchase-money for her.

“ The crew consisted of Capt. John Humble, a native of Newcastle or Shields; also his wife, who were both drowned. There were on board ten scamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards. Of these twenty persons, thirteen have been saved, viz :—five from the wreck, and eight put out in the long-boat, and were carried to Shields. The cabin-books have not been found, and the number and names of the passengers cannot be exactly ascertained. One of the survivors states the number at forty-two, and another at forty-seven. As only five are known to be saved, the probable loss of life will be between thirty-seven and forty-two passengers, and the master and his wife, and seven of the crew, will make the total loss between forty-six and fifty-one persons. [This, we are sorry to say, makes the loss more than other accounts, which estimate the number lost from thirty-four to forty.]

“ The bodies of John Gullehar and James and Matilda Dawson, were interred at Bambrough, by order of the coroner, on Wednesday last. The body of the Rev. J. Robb, of Dunkeld, was left till the following day, when some of his friends arrived. Robb came from London to Hull by the *Water Witch*, and entered as a stecrage passenger in the *Forfarshire*. His body was greatly disfigured, having been crushed in one of the paddle-wheels.

“ Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Perth, the cabin passenger that was saved with the boat’s crew, returned to Bambergh on Tuesday last, to enquire into the fate of his fellow-passengers. He was called out of bed, and left the wreck in a state of nakedness on the morning of the disaster; but he fortunately had some sovereigns in the pockets of his trowsers which he brought out of the cabin, and which enabled him to purchase clothes on his arrival at Shields. In an extract of a letter from this gentleman, which appeared in the Scotsman, he states that just as the boat was leaving the wreck, his uncle and aunt, in endeavouring to leap on board, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight !”

“ Intelligence of this splendid vessel of from five to six hundred horse power, having been wrecked upon the Outer Fern, or Broadstone, on the morning of Friday last, arrived at Shields late on the night of the same day, brought by nine of her crew and one passenger, who had, when she first struck, taken to the small boat, and had been after picked up by a Montrose schooner, and brought into North Shields. The mate, one of the individuals thus saved, gave a clear and distinct account of the sad disaster, up to the moment he left the vessel, the last persons he recognised in the vessel were poor Humble, the captain, and his wife. The fate of the unhappy passengers remained unknown in Shields until Monday evening, when the melancholy intelligence arrived. The master-had, on the evening before his departure from Hull, a few Shields friends on board, and was, with great hilarity and pleasure, shewing them the splendid accommodation of the vessel he commanded. The seamen who have sailed along with Humble, all concur in stating, that he was always indefatigable in his attendance at his duty, and invariably avoided every possible risk. On night watches, instead of taking his turn to sleep,

it was his constant practice to remain on deck in case of danger.

“Parts of the wreck of the Forfarshire have been washed ashore near Hartley, and on other parts of the coast of Northumberland. On Monday morning the stern of the vessel, with the name, a hair-covered trunk, and a corded box, were seen from the deck of the London Merchant steam-vessel, floating off Seaham. The stern was also seen, near the same place, from the City of Edinburgh steamer, the day before.

“On Monday the brig Williams, Blyth, of Sunderland, from Hamburg, when about five miles from the land, off Hartlepool, fell in with a quantity of wreck, which is supposed to have belonged to the Forfarshire steamer. Among other materials was the poop of a vessel, together with a box about fifteen feet long, and two and a half feet square, containing a quantity of new machinery. The latter was taken on board, and has since been landed and deposited in one of the Custom-house stores, at Sunderland.”—*Correspondent.*

In frantic grief Mrs. Darling had watched the progress of the boat on its perilous mission; and as she witnessed the dangers to be braved, the assurance pressed her heart, that the misery was reserved to her of beholding her husband and child engulfed amid the angry waves. Could thoughts of self in that hour have obtruded upon her mind, her fears might have borrowed a darker hue from reflections upon the desolate condition which would prove her lot, if left alone and unaided upon this desolate island. Her feelings upon witnessing the safe arrival of the boat were of the most exquisite and overpowering nature; and the devout thanks of her grateful

heart were silently offered up to that Providence who had guided them unharmed amid the tempestuous waves.

The first burst of grateful emotions over, the active mind of Mrs. Darling was then directed to an amelioration of the sufferings of the poor shipwrecked beings, now assembled beneath her roof: for all had suffered, more or less, from the wretched situation in which, for many hours, they had been placed. For several days the light-house was converted into an hospital; and all the knowledge and kind assiduity of Mrs. Darling and Grace were unwearingly bestowed upon their hapless guests.

How much were the angel-like qualities of Grace Darling's mind developed in the tender care with which she soothed the agonised feelings of Mrs. Dawson. The bodily sufferings of Mrs. Dawson were aggravated a thousand fold by the mental torture she endured. Each moment her lovely boy and girl were present to the sight of the bereaved mother—again she felt the rush of the furious billow, which tore them from her grasp, and beheld their forms floating upon the mighty waves. With wild shrieks she would start from her restless pillow, vainly striving to detain the phantoms which mocked her aching eye-balls, with the semblance of the treasures which the remorseless ocean had robbed her of for ever!

So absorbingly were the attentions of Mrs. Darling and Grace occupied in attending to

the wants of those thrown upon their care, that a hurried welcome could only be accorded to Brooks Darling, upon his arrival at the island. He had come in the boat from North Sunderland, on the wreck being descried from thence ; and during the days which the boat's crew were detained at the island by the continuance of the storm, the rough and hardy young man became a gentle and attentive nurse to the poor suffering seamen lying at the light-house.

Sunday dawned, and the storm having somewhat abated of its violence, the North Sunderland party determined upon attempting a departure. 'Indeed, there was a necessity for their speedy return, in the fears which began to be entertained that the stores of the light-house should be exhausted ere an additional supply could be obtained. Although in general well provided with provisions, a precaution rendered imperative from the isolated situation of the light-house, and the frequent and long-continued gales, which for weeks preclude all intercourse with the neighbouring coast, yet on this occasion, an addition of sixteen to their board threatened soon to exhaust the before well-stored larder of Mrs. Darling.

While the hours of Grace Darling were thus passed in an unobtrusive attention to the dictates of humanity and meek-eyed pity, her fame had spread through every part of the kingdom, and the press was eagerly employed in lauding her heroic deeds. Before many weeks had elapsed, her name had become synonymous with every thing that is brave and noble in

woman, and a universal desire was felt to pour forth a lasting tribute in her praise: in the meanwhile, she was totally unconscious of the admiration and excitement which she, a simple child of nature, was occasioning in the gay and busy world. Poetic effusions, possessing equal force and sweetness, were introduced in every periodical of the day; and seldom has the fancy of the muse been more worthily employed, than when celebrating the worth of this noble island maiden. The following beautiful ballad, from the pen of P. M. Stewart, was sung in the presence of her Majesty Queen Victoria:—

The winds blew hard, the day look'd dark,
 The clouds shot lightnings forth;
 But still the bold and vent'rous bark,
 Sail'd from the black'ning north.
 To foam was dash'd each threat'ning wave,
 As o'er the vessel flew;
 The sea yawn'd like a hungry grave
 Around the gallant crew.

When night clos'd in the storms grew worse,
 The boldest heart did quail,
 The pious prayer—the wicked curse—
 Were mingled in the gale.
 On, on, they drove with fated force—
 They struck the deadly reef—
 They sank—and through the winds so hoarse
 Was heard the shriek of grief.

While many a manly spirit quench'd
 Its light beneath the wave,
 A few from death a moment wrench'd,
 Clung o'er an awful grave.

Their cries were heard—from lonely tow’r,
 Unseen amidst the gloom,
 A simple girl was sent with pow’r,
 To snatch them from the tomb.

She urg’d her aged sire to ply
 With her the frail boat’s oar ;
 A father’s love had mastery,
 He durst not leave the shore.
 Her pray’rs prevail’d—they forth were led
 By God’s own helping hand,
 And those who were accounted dead,
 Sang praises safe on land.

’Tis sad to think the ocean cave
 May hide a gem so pure—
 But joy to feel ’tis ours to save
 Such worth from fate obscure.
 Then let us sing “The boatie rows,”
 To tell of her fair fame,
 Who honour on her race bestows,
 GRACE DARLING is her name !
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 In safety through the deep—
 For GRACE on mercy’s mission goes,
 And angels watch shall keep.

Views of the wreck were painted by Carmichael, the highly talented and justly celebrated artist of Newcastle—an artist whose marine pieces have long been familiar to the eyes of every admirer of the fine arts. Nor has Dunbar, the admired sculptor, of the same place, remained inert : he also, with Carmichael, proceeded to the light-house, and busts of the celebrated father and daughter now adorn his studio. This admirable bust of Grace Darling occasioned the following ingenious acrostic from

the pen of Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, a gentleman whose hours are usually devoted to pursuits of a more grave and useful nature than the gentle art of poesy :—

“ Grim darkness veils the lurid sky,
Ruthless waves the sea o’erspread,
A frightful storm is drawing nigh,
Contending clouds impend o’erhead—
Eruptive blasts impress with dread !
Death rides upon the lofty wave !
A father and his daughter fair
Resolve to perish or to save
Lives verging to a watery grave ;
Incessant toil with lab’ring oar,
Nine mortals waft direct to shore—
Glad hearts to grateful friends restore.”

It would be irrelevant to the subject of this work to enumerate the names of all who have devoted their pen and pencil to do homage to Grace Darling. Many a sweet and gentle lay had their brief hour of fame, then were hurried down the stream of oblivion, and shared the common lot of terrestrial objects. A beautiful little poem, however, by Miss Montagu, which appeared in the Newcastle Chronicle, merits a more lasting existence ; and the praises of this fair and youthful poetess must have yielded to Grace, in her hour of fame, a pleasure more bright and unalloyed than the applause of the admiring multitude.

Sweet Spirit of the Merciful,
That smooth’d the watery way !
From the true throb of heart to heart
Thou wilt not turn away ;

Oh ! softly wilt thou lend thine ear,
 When, mid the tempest's war,
 The feeble voice of woman's praise
 Shall greet thee from afar.

I see thee in thy rock-built home
 Swept by the dashing seas,
 I hear thy voice as on *that night*
 It still'd the rushing breeze ;
 When stirr'd by heavenly visions,
 Thou didst burst the bonds of sleep,
 To take thy place in peril's path—
 The Angel of the Deep !

Oh ! where was then the tender form
 That quail'd to every blast ?—
 Like the bread-gift to the famished,
 “ Upon the waters cast !”
 True to thy woman's nature still,
 While scorning woman's fears—
 Oh, strongest in her gentleness,
 And mightiest in her tears !

Fair as thine own heroic deed
 Thou risest on my dream,
 A halo is around thee—
 'Tis the tempest's lightning gleam—
 Upborne by every billow,
 And o'erswept by every gale,
 One sound hath perv'd thy noble heart—
 The dying seaman's wail !

Thine eye unto the wreck is turn'd—
 Thy hand is on the oar—
 Where is that death-prolonging shriek ?—
 It thrills the seas no more !
 A human soul to life hath risen
 Where'er thy wing hath wav'd :
 The wail is hush'd—the storm is past—
 The perishing are sav'd !

Thou standest, like thy native home,
 A beacon lit on high,
 Thy name comes o'er the waters
 Like a nation's gathering cry ;
 And England's sons shall hail thee,
 Where'er that name shall thrill,
 A glory upon every wave—
 A light on every hill !

ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU.

CHAPTER XIX. .

“ And now lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near !
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death ;
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !”

LEAVING Grace Darling for the present in the enjoyment of her well-won fame, the reader is now carried by a retrospective view to Count Werner and Constance, who were left at the town of Kingston-upon-Hull.

The common-place bustle and plodding pursuits which appeared to actuate every denizen of this place, were of a nature very dissimilar to the high chivalric spirit of Werner. The flat and even surface of the country afforded but little to interest the eye, after surveying the stupendous magnificence of the Alpine and Pyrenean scenery. All without appeared cold, blank, and cheerless, but this only caused Werner and Constance to draw more closely towards each other. He felt, while gazing up-

on her warm bright eye beaming upon him with the fondest expression of devoted affection, that in her treasured love a never-failing spring of happiness was centred. The warm and glowing colouring of love gave a charm to the days passed by them in this place, and the bright and promising visions of a happy future caused the hours to fly on halcyon wings.

Another subject almost filled to the brim their cup of happiness ; this was the spirit of interest re-awakening for the country from which they were exiled, and hopes of regeneration and a happy era for Poland, mingled with the visions of Werner. The evils of their father-land was the bitter drop which had alloyed their bliss, and the public meetings which were now taking place in the country where they were sojourning, stirred up all the dormant expectations of Werner, and revived the hopes which before had been extinguished by repeated disappointment.—Well could Constance sympathise in all her husband's feelings ; and she participated in his impatience for a completion of the business which had occasioned their projected tour to the north, in order that he might again be at liberty to watch over the dawning of freedom's morn.

The ample addition afforded by the bequest of their departed relative to their before limited income, was another subject of rejoicing, as it would add to their power of being useful. Poverty had been one of the

lesser evils which pressed upon Werner and Constance, and often had the warm and generous heart of the latter been chilled by the knowledge, that a tear of pity was all she could give to the objects of distress which so often met her gaze. Now that evil was remedied, and with Werner she vowed to devote her wealth to the service of her country, and to an amelioration of the condition of her countrymen in exile.

All the natural animation and enthusiasm of character had returned to Constance, and a bright and heart-felt expression of happiness rested upon her countenance, while her fanciful and vivacious conversation would raise an expression of equal joy upon the brow of her husband. Perhaps at no period of life had those two fondly-devoted beings tasted of a purer and brighter felicity, than during the days passed by them at Hull. Thrown thus exclusively into each other's society, uninterrupted by any casual visitors, and blessed with mutual love, no evil could assail them. Little did either dream of the dark clouds impending over them! No writing appeared on the wall to warn them of their fate! The same malignant planet which had darkened the horoscope of Werner in the hour of his birth, continued to pursue him with unabated animosity. He engaged a state cabin in a steam-vessel proceeding to Scotland. Reader—that vessel was the ill-fated Forfarshire! Why did the guardian genius, which had hitherto guided Constance through every danger, de-

on her warm bright eye beaming upon him with the fondest expression of devoted affection, that in her treasured love a never-failing spring of happiness was centred. The warm and glowing colouring of love gave a charm to the days passed by them in this place, and the bright and promising visions of a happy future caused the hours to fly on halcyon wings.

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sert her charge in this hour when her care was most required! The arm which would voluntarily have shielded her fair and lovely form from every evil, and the heart which would gladly have poured forth its best blood in her cause, was soon to lose the power to save! Truly did they exemplify the expressive language of the poet:—

“ Our pleasures are born but to die ;
They are knit to our life but to sever :
Like stars shooting from the bright sky,
They seem brightest when parting for ever.”

The scenes of bustle and excitement presented on the pier while embarking in the steam-vessel, amused and interested Constance. As she clung in fond confiding security to the arm of Werner, she surveyed with a feeling of curiosity, the anxiety of those assembled around.

Of late years, Hull has arisen to importance by the natural and artificial advantages which it possesses as a sea-port. Its docks afford a safe and commodious harbour for laden vessels; and the broad and turbid waters of the Humber have brought a mine of wealth and commerce to the place. Steamers from every part of Europe now resort to its haven; and as it is increasing in wealth and importance, doubtless, in the progress of time, its inhabitants will improve in the arts and elegancies which adorn and embellish refined society. The diurnal arrival and departure of the various vessels awaken a chord of sympathy in every bosom, and on these occa-

sions the place appears to pour forth its inhabitants from every part of the town.

How little was foreboded of the doom of the vessel which left the shelter of its harbour on the 5th of September. The farewells and smiling wishes of success and happiness which were exchanged between parting friends were unclouded by any fears, while, in most instances, it was an eternal adieu! Numbers on board lingered on the threshold of eternity, and the bolt was ready to be sped, which would bring to them their doom. Constance had been too much accustomed to the vicissitudes of a wandering life to feel uncomfortable in any situation; she therefore surveyed with interest and curiosity the embarkation of their fellow-voyagers. They were of various grades of society, from the humble artisan who toiled for his daily bread, to the gentleman of cultivated taste and refined education. Soon all was in readiness, and the vessel began its progress down the Humber prior to embarking upon the German ocean. Was no bosom chilled by the coming events, as the last glimpse was obtained of the haven they had left—or did no heart sink beneath the anticipation of the dark fate hovering over them? Who can tell what, with its other secrets, are hidden within the caverns of the insatiable deep?

In tranquil serenity of mind and confiding security, Constance remained on deck by the side of Werner, until the closing shades of evening warned them to seek the shelter of

their cabin. Unwilling, Constance retired, and it was not until repeatedly urged to do so by Werner, who, with trembling solicitude, feared that her fragile health might be injured from the chill damp of the approaching night. Alas! in a few brief hours the form over which he watched with such affectionate care, would be exposed to all the fury of the pitiless waves; but happily no fears arose to alloy their enjoyment of the present happiness.

On the following morning, the weather was hazy and unpleasant, yet nothing occurred to give the slightest intimation of the impending fatal catastrophe. On a previous occasion Werner had sailed along the coast, and he pointed out to Constance the various features of the surrounding scenery. The bold and rugged outline of Scarbrough Head elicited her admiration; and further on, the noble and beautiful ruins of Tynemouth Priory claimed a share of her attention. As day advanced the fears of Werner became awakened, by observing the too certain signs of a heaving gale; and the slow progress made by the vessel from its defective machinery, left the worst to be anticipated, if exposed to the fury of the storm. Every preparation was made by Captain Humble for the tempest, and the grave manner in which he replied to the enquiries of Werner, carried conviction to the heart of the latter, that more was to be anticipated than a mere ordinary gale.

In a few hours the ocean presented a more fearful aspect than Constance had ever before

beheld, and the hoarse wind blew with a loud and threatening sound ; yet at this time Constance retained her serenity, and her bosom was undisturbed by any fears of danger.— With gentle kindness she strove to calm the agitation of the other female passengers, most of whom were reduced to a state of almost frantic alarm. Two lovely children, with their mother, were on board, and, during the morning, the playful gaiety of these little creatures, who appeared to feel perfectly at home, had attracted Constance towards them ; but now, when the storm had arisen, they clung to their mother's side, hiding their faces in the folds of her garment, as if fearful to gaze upon the contending elements.

As night drew on, the clouds gathered thick and dark—a funereal pall was thrown over the sky. On, on the vessel drove with heedless fury, and each moment the foaming waves dashed over the decks, bearing away all before them. Not a heart on board but quailed with fear, and O ! what a spectacle of horror and alarm was presented in that fated vessel. From the pale cheek and agonised look with which Werner regarded her, Constance learned the but too probable certainty of their impending doom ; yet even then she received a consolation from the certainty that in the hour of death they should not be parted. As she clung to his breast, the Christian resignation which beamed from her eye, re-assured his sinking spirit, and soothed his agonized feelings. Even in that hour the buoyant

heart of Constance arose superior to her fears, and she strove to inspire Werner with hopes that the danger was not so imminent, but that it might be braved. Still the vessel rolled on; unchecked it was left to its heedless career, and it drove before the wind like an untamed courser, each moment threatening to bury it beneath the mountainous waves. With one arm encircling Constance, and the other retaining its grasp of the rigging, Werner remained on deck, whispering words of fond endearment; and, true to her instinct, the gentlest tones of that much-loved voice penetrated the ear of Constance amid all the noise and contention of the storm. One moment a shock was felt throughout the vessel—the next the harrowing words—“She has struck!” carried despair to every heart—the vessel parted, and, clasped in each other’s arms with the tenacity of love, Werner and Constance were engulfed within the angry billows!

Thus unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, perished Julian Kosciusko Werner, and his noble wife, Constance Lovinia. Each were in the summer of life, and a few hours before this fated catastrophe, the future appeared opening upon their view full of fair promises and happy expectations. In their youthful years they had suffered under the chastenings of adversity, and few had endured so much from the persecutions of a malignant destiny. By a singular and unexpected vicissitude of fortune, they were united after years of separation, and wealth and honours as unbounded as their wishes were

offered to their possession; but even at the moment when the cup of felicity was raised to their lips, it was dashed from their hand, and they were snatched from life at a time when it was becoming most valuable.

The situation of those left upon the Harkar's Rock was scarcely more enviable than those who had perished. Mrs. Dawson, whose children had been torn from her grasp, could scarcely be prevented plunging amidst the waves.—How did the hearts of all overflow, when they beheld the little skiff approaching to their aid; and the feelings of alarm were overpowered by admiration and gratitude, when they beheld the aged man and the youthful girl, who had ventured, at the peril of their lives, across the foamy deep, to yield them succour, and save them from destruction.

GRACE DARLING.

Over the wave, the stormy wave,
Hasten, dear father, with me,
The crew to save from wat'ry grave,
Deep in the merciless sea.
Hear ye the shriek, the piercing shriek,
Hear ye the cry of despair?
With courage quick the wreck we'll seek,
Danger united we'll dare.

Out with the boat, the gallant boat,
Not a moment to be lost:
See! she's afloat, proudly afloat,
And high on the waves we're tost;

Mother, adieu, a short adieu,
Your prayers will rise to Heaven ;
Father, to *you*—your child and you,
Power to save is given.

I have no fear, no maiden fear,
My heart is firm to the deed,
I shed no tear, no coward tear,
I've strength in the time of need.
Heard ye the crash, the horrid crash,
Their mast o'er the side is gone ;
Yet on we dash, 'mid lightning's flash,
Safe, safe, through the pelting storm.

The wreck we near, the wreck we near,
Our bonny boat seems to fly—
List to the cheer, their welcome cheer,
They know that succour is nigh.
And on that night—that dreadful night,
The father and daughter brave,
With strengthen'd might they both unite,
And many dear lives they save.

Hail to the maid, the fearless maid,
The maid of matchless worth,
She'll e'er abide the cherish'd pride
Of the land that gave her birth.
They send her gold, her name high uphold,
Honour and praise to impart,
But, with true regard, the *lov'd reward*,
Is the joy of her own brave heart.

JOHN MARTIN.



CHAPTER XX.

BUT thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall ;
For Heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.”

IN the course of a few days, the invalids of the light-house were restored to a state of convalescence, and relieved Mrs. Darling and Grace from their fatiguing attentions. One feeling of gratitude actuated every heart, and each felt that they could willingly devote that life which had been preserved to the service of their amiable benefactress. With deep emotion they parted from the worthy family, and took their places in the boat which was to convey them to the coast, from whence they were to proceed to their various places of residence.

Although all felt grateful for their own deliverance, yet the fate of their fellow-voyagers who had perished, cast an air of sadness upon the spirits of all. Mrs. Dawson felt most acutely her melancholy loss, and the emotions she evinced in bidding Grace adieu, brought tears to the eyes of the sensitive girl.

Once more the Darlings were left to the solitude of the light-house, and to an undisturbed fulfilment of their own quiet duties. Not long, however, did this solitude remain uninterrupted. On the following morning a boat arrived at the island, and several succes-

sive days witnessed the appearance of additional visitors. The perils of the passage in so inauspicious a season, were encountered by numbers in their anxiety to behold one, of whom the Spectator has the following pleasing remarks :—

“ It is not often that heroines of real life possess the adventitious attractions of a pretty name or a charming person ; but Grace Darling has both. She would unquestionably have been loved and admired as heartily had she been Dorothy Dobbs, with a wide mouth, snub nose, and a squint ; but it is pleasant to find coupled with a fine and generous nature a lovely face and a name at once euphonious and cherishable. Grace Darling !—poet or novelist need not desire one better fitted to bestow on a paragon of womanhood ; we would fain see it embalmed in a sonnet by Wordsworth, or a lyric by Campbell ; but it will ‘ live in her land’s language,’ if not immortalized in verse.”

Letter followed letter in quick succession, and the compliments and testimonials of admiration offered to Grace were of the most flattering nature ; yet, amid all this ingress of compliment and attention, Grace maintained her quiet simplicity of character ; and to her parents she expressed her surprise that the mere performance of the dictates of humanity should awaken so great a sensation in the world. To all visitors who came she was courteous and kind, and cheerfully afforded every information respecting the wreck, and other events which have given celebrity to the island. Likenesses of the family were obtained by Mr. Parker, the well-known artist

of Newcastle; and the other professional gentlemen who visited the light-house, departed gratified with their reception, and pleased with the amiable family who had exercised towards them, with oriental kindness, the duties of hospitality.

Mr. Dunbar, who has already been noticed as having visited the light-house, favoured the *Sunderland Herald* of Nov. 23, after his return, with the following elegant and graphic description of the family :—

“ Grace Darling, the heroine of the day, was born on the 24th of November, 1816; consequently, she will be twenty-two on Saturday, the 24th inst. She is rather short in stature, being only 5 feet 2½ inches in height, but well proportioned. Her features are admirably adapted for the skill of the painter, and equally so for the chisel of the sculptor. She is modest and remarkably pleasant in her manners, and perfectly free from the shy, awkward gait of country girls in general. And you will be surprised when I inform you, that there is excellent accommodation to be met with at the Longstone light-house, although it stands alone, upon a barren rock, 5 miles from the main land. The tower is very ingeniously constructed, and contains a well-furnished sitting-room, in which is a capital collection of popular works; and three or four comfortable bed-rooms. These, with an abundance of good, wholesome, homely fare, together with the very cheerful services of Grace and her parents, render a visit to the Fern Islands a treat of no ordinary description. Grace was taught to read and write by her father, along with seven of her brothers and sisters; and their school-room was the lanthorn of the light-house. William Darling, the father of Grace, is only in the fifty-fourth year of his age, though he looks much older. His face

reminds me of the late Thomas Stothard, R. A. the painter of the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*, and his person, of the venerable Earl Grey. He reads much, and is most passionately fond of natural history. Mrs. Darling is a hale, comely old lady, bordering on three score, and may be found engaged three parts of the day, at least, at her spinning-wheel. It is true she assisted to make ready the boat at day-break, on the morning of the melancholy wreck of the Forfarshire, but her heart failed her when her husband and child pushed off; and, as the wave receded from the rock on which she stood trembling, with tears she exclaimed—‘Oh, Gracie, if your father is lost, I’ll blame a’ you for this morning’s work.’ And who would blame the mother under such circumstances, especially when the fact is known, that she was *left alone* upon the island to witness their struggles as they crossed the pass between the Longstone Rocks and those on which the surviving sufferers of the ill-fated Forfarshire were anxiously looking out for help? The particulars of this noble deed have already been published, but I happen to have a newspaper account of another heroic action by the same family, which took place in the month of December, 1834, and was thus noticed in the Berwick Advertiser:—

‘On Saturday night, the 27th ult. about eleven o’clock, the sloop Autumn, of Peterhead, coal-laden, run upon the Naestone Rock, outside the Fern Islands, and immediately sunk—the master, in endeavouring to get the boat launched, unfortunately went down with the sloop! the other two men (being the whole of the crew) clung to the mast and topmast, and as the tide receded, descended upon the ship’s deck, and finally, about four o’clock in the morning, the rock appeared, which they got upon, and remained there until about eight o’clock, when they were discovered by the light-keeper, Darling, who most providentially having his three sons at that time spending their Christmas, got out their boat, and got alongside the rock about nine

o'clock, (half an hour before it was covered by the returning tide). and with great exertion succeeded in getting a rope thrown to one of the men, who having lashed himself, was dragged through the sea to the boat; the other poor fellow having previously died upon the fatal rock, and was left there. With very great exertion Darling and his sons gained the light-house, having broke two of their oars while attempting to approach the rock, and thus crippled they got a small sail set, but the wind being against them, they had much difficulty in regaining their island. Very great praise is due to Darling and his sons for their great exertions—having run considerable risk in approaching the rock with a heavy sea. A signal-gun upon each island where the light-houses are, would be of very great use in cases of accidents of this sort,, when assistance could be immediately had from North Sunderland, Bambro', or Holy Island—for had it not been for the circumstance of Darling's sons being there, this poor fellow must have inevitably perished.'"

The unfortunate being rescued on this occasion, was James Logan, whose history has already been related to the reader.

An ardent desire had already begun to manifest itself in the minds of the public (who rarely allow great and meritorious actions to go unrewarded) of offering a more lasting and substantial tribute of regard to Grace Darling, than the mere breath of fame; subscriptions, with that object, were immediately commenced throughout the kingdom. A lively interest was taken in those subscriptions by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.—The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, voted the

silver medal of the institution to Mr. Darling and his daughter, and also subscribed the sum of ten pounds in aid of the Darling Fund. The directors of the Glasgow Humane Society sent to Grace their honorary silver medal to mark the high sense entertained by them of her meritorious conduct : it bears the following inscription :—

“ Presented by the Directors of the Glasgow Humane Society to Miss GRACE HORSLEY DARLING, in admiration of her dauntless and heroic conduct in saving (along with her father) the lives of nine persons from the wreck of the Forfarshire Steamer, 7th September, 1838.”

Numerous ladies visited the light-house, soliciting and obtaining a lock of her hair ; and so numerous were the petitions for a similar favour, that at last Grace was compelled to refuse from sheer necessity, her desire of obliging having, in a short time, completely robbed her of that beautiful ornament of her sex.

Subsequent to this, a younger brother of Grace Darling arrived in the Thames. He had been for some time at sea, and was unconscious, on landing, of those events which had so justly given a celebrity to his family. No sooner did it become known to those around him, that he was brother to the heroic maiden, than he was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm, all appearing anxious of being acquainted with one of the family of Darling. So much did he share in the honours awarded

to his sister, that demands were made by various young damsels for the possession of the smallest piece of his hair, which they assured him should be treasured with unfailing care. A request so flattering could not be refused by this affectionate brother, at a moment when his heart was alive to every joyful emotion, by the regard and admiration expressed for his sister. Before he departed from the place, his head was also shorn of its redundant locks. The solicitude evinced for this favourite relic, was noticed in the Monthly Chronicle in the following lively and interesting article:—

“ Grace Darling’s name is now as well known throughout the island as Queen Anne’s; and to tell people of the decease of the one is about as necessary as to warn them of the living glory of the other.— Grace is the admired of all admirers, and far is it from us to wish her grace diminished in men’s eyes, or herself less a darling than she is at present. But the enthusiasm of gratitude and idolatry is becoming somewhat alarming. We know not how the persons who, principally by her intrepidity, were saved from the wreck of the Forfarshire, may feel towards their “good angel in the hour of fate,” but every body else seems to think of her as one to whom they owe the life of some being related to themselves by blood, and inestimably prized by affection. The universal feeling in this case shows us how truly

‘ One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.’

“ All feel individually grateful to Grace Darling; and not a stranger that talks of her but knows her intimately. But as we have said, the expression of this feeling of love and reverence is assuming an awkward character. It has taken, it appears, the shape or shapes, of

infinite demands upon her generosity in a minor way—of countless and incalculable requests addressed to her by admirers of heroism who never stirred out of their arm-chairs but to accommodate themselves, and trumpeters of intrepidity who would have fainted at the bare idea of getting wet-footed, that she will be so exceedingly self-devoted and munificent as to clip from her noble head a curl—just one—as a token by which her name and nature may be identified and treasured up; just one ringlet—one a-piece, for upwards of ten thousand applicants scattered over various parts of the kingdom, but all linked together by a common sentiment. The last report is (we quote the newspapers), that Grace is nearly bald; that lock after lock has gone, each finding its way into ring, brooch, or locket, until

‘The Darling of life’s crew’

discovers, like Cæsar, that a laurel crown may be worn for use as well as ornament—may hide as well as adorn. Really, a lock at a time is an extravagance—a hair should suffice; for if ever it could be said that

‘Beauty draws us by a single hair,’

it may be said of the moral beauty of Grace Darling.

“It is impossible to guard ourselves against the tendencies to an enthusiastic devotion for the living Life-preserver, because the very name is a provocative. Were two such words ever before combined to form a name?—the one expressing the natural quality of the bearer of it; and the other defining what her deeds have made her in the regard of others.”



CHAPTER XXI.

I feel not now as then I felt—
The sunshine of my heart is o'er—
The spirit now is chang'd, which dwell
Within me in the days of yore."

It is now time to return to the Dudleys, who were left at the conclusion of the thirteenth chapter, upon the point of accompanying the Marquis of Santalina to Spain. Other interesting particulars respecting Grace Darling must therefore be deferred for the present.—The important position occupied by Caroline Dudley in this narrative, as well as in the esteem of Grace, render it imperative to give an account of the varied and striking incidents which have chequered the last three years of her existence.

After a speedy and an agreeable voyage, the party of the marquis landed upon the Spanish shore; a few hours afterwards they arrived at the castle of the marquis, situated in the precincts of Madrid. A variety of contending feelings swelled within the bosom of Caroline, as she traversed the halls of her maternal ancestors. Her heart lingered with painful emotion upon the memory of that sainted parent, whose resting-place was so far distant from the land which gave her birth. As these reflections occupied the mind of Caroline, she raised her dark eyes to the countenance of her father, upon whose arm she leaned: she was startled and grieved by the expression of silent

suffering written thereupon. The pallid brow and compressed lips of the major revealed more plainly than the power of language could have done, the tide of painful retrospections which were crowding upon his memory. The melodious voice of the marchioness, as she affectionately welcomed Caroline and Charles within the mansion of their ancestors, aroused all from the painful train of thought to which they were yielding; and with pleasure they observed the graceful urbanity of their host and hostess as they returned the salutations of their numerous domestics.

In Spain the respect and devotion manifested by the lower orders of the people to their superiors in rank, is untinged by any servile feelings; whilst the nobles are in the habit of treating their dependants with a courtesy and regard but rarely practised in other countries.

The Marquis of Santaliria had returned to Madrid at a most important period. His country was on the eve of experiencing all the horrors and devastations of a civil war. The important position of the marquis, and his well-known diplomatic talents, rendered his support an object to be desired by the contending powers: but he determined to remain neutral, indulging in a vain expectation that tranquillity might be restored, and an effusion of blood be spared to his country.

With all the ardour of his character, Charles Dudley was immediately engaged in canvassing the merits of the rival claimants to the

throne. His feelings, and the principles in which he had been educated, inclined him to take part with Don Carlos, the hereditary monarch. The country of his maternal ancestors had become associated with the earliest affections of Charles Dudley, from the first lessons instilled into his youthful mind. During the brief period of her wedded life, the Lady Isora had experienced a happiness of the most pure and unalloyed nature; and her attachment to the country of her husband, had been strong and ardent; yet the home of her early years retained its claim upon her affections, and she loved to picture to her children all the beauties of its warm and sunny clime. Thus the imagination of Charles and Caroline became early associated with the heroic deeds which had once shed so bright a halo upon the annals of Spain.

The marquis soon found he could remain no longer neutral in the political struggles: in the meanwhile the gaieties of the city were suspended, and the court of Isabella, the youthful queen, presented a gloomy and lowering atmosphere.

After remaining a few weeks in Madrid, the Marquis and his party departed; from thence proceeding to his castle in the province of Biscay. The carriages of the marquis were guarded by a numerous retinue, a precaution rendered necessary by the turbulent state of the country. Having proceeded some distance on their journey, they entered upon plains of the most unbounded extent. Indeed,

no language can do justice to the beauty of the scenery; its magnificence far surpassed all that Caroline had heard or could have imagined; and each moment her admiration was expressed in language so animated, as to call forth smiles from the marquis and her father. The cork trees which profusely grow in this part of the country, were of the most extensive and fantastic form. The plain was purple with wild flowers; the coronella was growing luxuriantly around, and shedding its yellow blossom upon the path, which gave the heath the appearance of a continued carpet of gold. Here nature reigns undisturbed, and for two days no human habitation met their view.

Entering upon a mountainous defile, a few hours brought them to the castle of Santalina. This ancient edifice is of a gloomy and stupendous style of architecture; and as Caroline passed through its sombre ante-chambers, scenes were recalled to her mind which she had perused in some of the wild Castilian romances. The furniture and attendants were in keeping with the place, possessing the same antique appearance.

The devotion with which the marquis and his lady were received, and the fond looks bestowed upon their children, Ferdinand and Isabella, rivetted the attention of Caroline. One aged domestic, his thin locks of a silvery grey, advancing towards Caroline, for one moment regarded her with a look of melancholy interest. This was the major-domo of

the household. He had been a favourite attendant of the late marquis, and his wife nursed the Lady Isora. Caroline was well acquainted with these circumstances, and often had she heard her mother dilate upon the virtues and fidelity of Pedro and Jenette. Caroline smiled sweetly upon the old man, kindly extending her hand towards him. Pedro respectfully pressed it to his lips, imploring the blessing of Santa Mariæ upon her youthful head, for her 'sainted mother's sake.

The mention of that beloved name brought tears to the eyes of Caroline, and she did not dare to glance at her father, whose sensitive feelings were painfully affected by any allusion to the past. Indeed, of all the party assembled that night, the marchioness was the only one who appeared to enjoy her usual serene temperament. The marquis was grave and taciturn; the intelligence communicated by his steward respecting the 'disturbed state of the provinces, rendered him unusually thoughtful. Major Dudley was pensive, and Caroline could easily imagine the reflections which were occupying his mind. Charles was also silent, but his countenance wore an expression of intelligence, high-daring, and resolution. After a somewhat unsocial meal, good-nights were exchanged, and the party separated.

The suite of apartments appropriated to the use of Caroline, had formerly belonged to the Lady Isora, and remained in the same state as when she had occupied them; there were

all the elegancies which bestow a charm upon a lady's boudoir. The harp yet stood in its accustomed place; the library of choice authors was as Isora had last arranged it; for with a fanciful superstition the late marquiss had given orders, that nothing which belonged to his daughter should be disturbed. The furniture of the apartments was of an antique and gorgeous style—cabinets and toilet tables inlaid with mother of pearl, of the most chaste and beautiful workmanship. Above the mantle-piece hung a portrait of a fair and youthful girl, and this at one glance Caroline recognised as bearing a resemblance to her mother. This portrait of Lady Isora was taken when in her fifteenth year, and the dawning beauty and awakening sensibility of the woman mingled with the girlish simplicity of childhood. She was attired in the becoming sombre costume of her country—her dark tresses floating in unconfined negligence upon her swan-like neck.

What a crowd of past recollections returned to the mind of Caroline, as she gazed upon the serene and beautiful countenance before her, and she lived afresh the sunny days of her childhood. Again she sported at her mother's feet, and felt the gentle pressure of that much-loved mother's hand upon her hair, as in the holy hour of eve she was taught to lisp her infant orisons. But this blissful vision of Caroline was dispelled by a remembrance of the painful realities which had since occurred. She wept that irremediable loss which had fallen upon her, even in the days of her childhood, with the

same bitter anguish as she had often done before.

Her father's frenzied agony, and all the pageantry and sable trapping of that day which had consigned her mother to the precincts of the tomb, again swam before the aching sight of Caroline. For some time she wept with convulsive violence, and was only aroused from the trance of grief by the solemn chiming of the midnight hour. She started from her recumbent position; her heart smote her as she remembered the friends and blessings that yet remained, and breathing a prayer of resignation, feelings of tranquillity stole upon her senses "like the sweet odour from a bank of violets."

Opening her casement, Caroline stepped out upon the balcony, to inhale the cool night air, for she yet felt oppressed from her previous emotions. The beams of the young May-morn threw the heavy buttresses of the castle into light and shade, while the distant prospect was obscured by the dark trees, whose heavy branches were slowly moved by the night-breeze. Suddenly the sound of horses broke upon the general silence, and Caroline was startled to observe a party of cavaliers enter the court-yard. At that moment the moon shone so bright as to permit her clearly to scrutinize the dress and appearance of the seeming intruders: they were tall martial-looking men, possessing the characteristic dignity of Spanish manners. Their dress was picturesque—the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia falling far down their shoulders; apparently they were fully

armed, and one, by his lofty and commanding air, Caroline supposed to be the leader. In a few minutes the party was admitted within one of the portals, and soon it was softly closed behind them. Puzzled and surprised, Caroline's first impulse was to fly and alarm the household ; but again she reflected—this might be an expected party ; or, if even hostile, no danger could be menaced as their number was so limited. These reflections had scarcely passed through the mind of Caroline, when the cavaliers reappeared, and mounting their steeds, quickly galloped off. Caroline then closed her casement, and retiring to her pillow, the passing scene was soon forgotten.

A few days sufficed to domesticate Caroline within the Castle of Santalina, and she seldom wearied of wandering amid the magnificent and picturesque scenery by which it was surrounded.

For several days after his return, the attention of the marquis was occupied in receiving his numerous vassals, whom the intelligence of his arrival had brought to the mansion. During this time a scene of feudal and magnificent hospitality was practised within the castle ; the court-rooms and antechambers presented a gay and animated appearance, when graced by the presence of those hardy mountaineers. Caroline regarded with admiration the independent manner and lofty, yet respectful demeanour of those vassals of the marquis. The feelings with which

those brave mountaineers regarded their lord, were similar in devotion to those shewn a century ago by a Highland clan towards their chief.

Charles and Caroline Dudley, although from a far and hostile nation, were also hailed with respect as scions of the house, which claimed and possessed their fidelity. The former felt a lively participation in the excitement attendant upon the engagements of his uncle ; and his martial ardour was gratified by the promise of having the command of a troop destined to the service of Don Carlos.

The announcement of the intention of the Marquis of Santalina to take the field, was received with demonstrations of joy ; and the walls of the castle resounded with shouts of " Viva el Rey ! and " Viva el Santalina !"—Each Biscayan was governed by a general feeling of loyalty, and with scarcely an exception, burned to avenge the injuries of one whom they regarded as unjustly deprived of a hereditary and inalienable right.

Major Dudley had vainly striven to combat the wishes of Charles, representing to him all the dangers he would have to encounter, and the hardships to be endured. These persuasions, although seconded by those of Caroline, were overruled by the impetuous Charles, who declared he felt an interest in the welfare of the country not inferior to that experienced by the natives of its clime. His sword was not drawn from any selfish or mercenary motive, but for the purpose of aiding those who

fought for their altars and the throne, objects rendered sacred by each early feeling and association. This enthusiastic avowal found a responsive chord in the heart of Caroline; her cheek glowed and her dark eye beamed with additional brightness, as Charles dilated upon the subject, which now absorbed his feelings to the exclusion of every other.— With the coolness and discrimination belonging to his maturer years and riper judgment, the marquis took a calm and more rational view of the subject. Whilst Charles thought only of the glories to be achieved, and the laurels to be won, the former grieved at the heavy price by which they must be purchased.

The progress of war throughout a devoted country, is at all times marked by sufferings and desolation, the recital of which is sufficient to harrow and oppress even the most unfeeling bosom; but in a civil war, where brother is arrayed against brother, and the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and friendship are rent asunder, all those horrors are a thousand fold increased. To avert a crisis so deplorable had been the earnest desire of the marquis, and this consideration had hitherto restrained him from interfering; his conduct had been guided by this maxim, that tranquillity was to be purchased at every price, save that of surrendering freedom, without such blessing life would indeed be valueless. But now the time for longer remaining inactive had passed; his country was already reeking beneath the

swords of despotic and hireling mercenaries, and war, in its worst and most oppressive form, was spreading terror and desolation throughout every part of Spain.

The morning dawned which was to witness the departure of the marquis and Charles Dudley, for the camp of Don Carlos. The marchioness maintained her fortitude to the last moment of separation; the sacred cause in which her husband was embarked led her to conceal her emotion, and not by any avowal of her feelings weaken the resolution of the marquis. After vainly straining her vision to obtain another sight of her husband, as he galloped off on his coal-black charger, her assumed heroism had then vanished, and yielding to a woman's nature, she wept long and uncontrollably; all the perils which might encompass his path were before her imagination, and the wide chasm which his absence would occasion to her happiness was remembered with a fresh burst of anguish.

The Marquis of Santalina was essentially of a domestic character, loving his wife and children with an excess almost approaching to weakness; nothing but a duty imperative, from his influence and position, would have torn him from them at a time fraught with so much peril. No fears, however, for the safety of those he left, disturbed the breast of the marquis; a strong force kept guard at the castle, under the command of Major Dudley; and from its strength and natural position, might justly be deemed impregnable.

With deep emotion Major Dudley bid adieu to Charles, and upon the fine manly countenance of the latter was reflected the sensibility which agitated his father and sister. As Charles fondly kissed the tears from Caroline's cheek, he strove to calm her feelings, gaily promising to deposit at her feet the bright and unfading laurels he should win. The major smiled a melancholy smile at the sanguine colouring in which a bright and happy future was pictured by his son ; but at that moment the spirits of Caroline needed all the support which the gay promises of hope could yield, and her voice was almost inaudible as she murmured her farewell.

After allowing a few moments to the indulgence of her own sorrow, Caroline joined the marchioness. While entering the boudoir of the latter, she was startled by the convulsive sobs which proceeded from her aunt, whose hysterical situation for some time demanded all her attention. Never before had Caroline seen the marchioness agitated by any violent emotion ; she had judged her devoid of acute sensibility, and was therefore unprepared for witnessing her present extreme grief. Somewhat tranquillised, the marchioness, by the persuasion of Caroline, retired to her apartment, there to seek repose to her exhausted frame. Taking out with her her little cousins, Caroline wandered forth, amid the sweets of the beautiful and exquisitely arranged gardens of the castle. The lively prattle of the children dispelled her sombre

feelings, and in replying to their questions, her mind was diverted from dwelling upon the regrets which had previously oppressed her heart.

Ferdinand and Isabella were too young to feel any thing beyond a momentary sorrow for the departure of their father and Charles Dudley. With boyish delight Ferdinand had beheld the military accoutrements, beseeching his father to give to him a sword and war-steed, that he, too, might be a soldier.

From the departure of the marquis, an air of gloom pervaded the castle, in place of its former bustle and excitement ; and an appearance of quiet sadness dwelt upon the countenance of the marchioness, only perceptible to a close observer. Many weeks elapsed without any tidings from the camp, and a general anxiety disturbed each inmate of the castle. A restless and nervous susceptibility was beginning to displace the placid equanimity of the marchioness, and for hours she would watch at her casement which commanded the approach to the castle. Major Dudley and Caroline carefully forebore making any allusions to their own anxiety, but sought, by every gentle device, to raise her drooping spirits. Ferdinand and Isabella became constant inmates of the drawing-room ; their lively prattle was a more powerful remedy than all the suggestions of Major Dudley and Caroline, against the effects of that hope deferred which maketh sick the heart.

At length this state of almost intolerable

suspense was relieved by the appearance of a courier approaching at a rapid pace. Scarcely could the restraint imposed by the conventional feelings in which the ladies had been educated, prevent their rushing out to learn the tidings in the court-yard. Orders were issued for the immediate admission of the messenger. With a bosom throbbing with suppressed emotion, the marchioness awaited the entrance of the courier, whose intelligence she felt must either relieve her from her present anxiety, or plunge her in the depths of woe. With sympathising affection, Caroline supported the tremulous arm of the marchioness; and her eyes were anxiously directed to observe the entrance of her father, who had been summoned from the armory of the castle. The door was thrown open, and with a hasty step the courier entered. Bowing with an air of profound and gallant courtesy to the ladies, he drew from his vest a packet, which he tendered to Major Dudley, who had at that moment entered by an opposite door.

• With one glance Caroline surveyed the exterior of the cavalier, whose appearance was such as to attract her gaze, and when once seen not easily to be forgotten. He was of middle height, with handsome and expressive features; he seemed about thirty years of age, and was apparently a man of deep reflection, and of strong but controlled passions. The countenance of this cavalier was familiar to the memory of Caroline, and one moment's reflection recalled to her mind circumstances

under which she had previously beheld him. With a nervous start Caroline Dudley recognised in this adventurous looking individual, the leader of the band of mysterious visitors to the castle, on the first night of her arrival.

CHAPTER XXII.

“ The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.”

CONGRATULATIONS to Grace Darling continued to pour in from every side, and the subscriptions were as liberal as the most ardent of her well-wishers could have desired. One noble lady, indeed the noblest lady of the north, conveyed to Grace an intimation of her desire to receive her at Alnwick Castle. This unlooked-for honour created a sensation of the most exciting nature in the breast of Grace ; at times her heart sunk, and the natural modesty of her character was overpowered as she reflected on this momentous interview. To think that she, a simple inexperienced island girl, should have to enter the presence, and probably reply to the questions of so great and high-born a lady ; and Grace, who had not quailed beneath the strong and mighty

blast, felt her timidity awakened at the prospect of an interview with this amiable and illustrious individual.

Mr. Darling was aware of all those fluctuating feelings which were passing in his daughter's mind, and he strove to dispel her uneasiness, by dwelling upon the condescension and kindness which render the Duchess of Northumberland so bright an example to her compeers.

Attired with her usual simplicity and neatness, and accompanied by her father, Grace departed on this much-thought-of journey.—With fond exultation, Mrs. Darling kissed the blooming cheek of Grace, on bidding her good-bye at the water's edge, watching the receding boat with a smile of proud satisfaction upon her broad and good-humoured countenance. Of all the family at the light-house, none was so elated as Mrs. Darling, by the liberally awarded honours; and a feeling of proud respect was added to the affectionate love with which she had formerly regarded her husband and daughter.

Having arrived at the picturesque and neat little town of Alnwick, the first care of Mr. Darling was to find the house of his eldest son, who was a resident there. William Darling would have rejoiced under any circumstances to have seen his father and favourite sister, but on this occasion his joy was of the most extravagant nature. His questions were so numerous respecting the late events which had occurred, and his island home, that Mr.

Darling at length found it necessary to cut them short, by explaining that the time appointed for the interview with her Grace was approaching, and therefore they must part for the present.

Drawing the arm of his daughter within his own, Mr. Darling led her through the town, towards the entrance of the castle.—The approach to this most ancient and noble baronial residence, yet retains much of the solemn grandeur of former ages; and Mr. Darling gratified the wishes of Grace by lingering to observe the devices used in ancient times, which still remain. Proceeding on through the dark and gloomy archway, they suddenly emerged upon a scene more splendid than the imagination could have pictured. At once they beheld the beautiful proportions of the castle, surrounded with semicircular towers, finely swelling to the eye, and gaily adorned with pinnacles, figures, and battlements. Grace found the power of language inadequate to express her admiration; and Mr. Darling, who had on previous occasions beheld the castle, directed her attention to the various facts rendered so interesting from historical associations.

The first impression made upon the mind of Grace was further increased by the successive entrance into the second and third courtyard, until at last they stood within the very centre of this magnificent citadel. Upon Mr. Darling giving their names to the attendant, they were admitted.

Following their usher up a spacious staircase, the immense magnitude and beauty of which increased the amazement of the bewildered Grace, who gazed with indescribable admiration upon its lofty ceiling, whose blazoned escutcheons did indeed appear innumerable.—Mr. Darling and Grace were then led forward into a saloon of the gayest and most elegant style of Gothic architecture, and the walls were adorned with a number of the noble ancestors of the illustrious house of Percy. The attention of Grace was arrested from the inanimate objects around by the entrance of a fair and gentle-looking lady. The air of true genuine nobility, which rested upon her countenance, assured the blushing Grace at one glance, that she and her father stood in the presence of the Duchess of Northumberland. In a moment all her previous timidity returned; her hazel eyes sought the carpet, and her courtesies, if they did not possess the polished elegance of a Vestris, were at least not awkward or deficient in natural grace.

The Duchess addressed the humble and bashful girl in a finely modulated voice, the soft and friendly tones of which soon recalled her natural courage; and the sweet and encouraging smiles upon the countenance of their benevolent interrogator, reassured her timid heart. The questions of her Grace were replied to with tolerable self-possession, Mr. Darling adding a description of those incidents which most redounded to his daughter's credit, and which her modesty had caused to be passed over unnoticed.

When Mr. Darling had done, the Duchess, in the most kind and delicate manner, complimented the father and daughter upon their heroic achievement, and assured the tremulous Grace, that henceforth she should watch over her future welfare, and regard her as an especial protegee.

Her Grace the Duchess further informed her humble auditors, that the fame of their late conduct had attained the circle of the court, and such was the admiration excited in the breast of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, that she had been graciously commissioned to convey to Grace Darling a token of approbation from the hand of royalty. The astonished maid could only, by repeated courtesies and grateful looks, express the feelings of thankfulness with which her heart overflowed ; so extreme was her pleasure as to border upon pain, and the tears which rushed to her eyes could scarcely be restrained from falling. Mr. Darling, who retained more of self-possession, endeavoured to describe the feelings which he perceived his daughter was incapable of doing. The tall venerable looking old man had been regarded with admiration by the Duchess ; and as her Grace turned her regard from the father to the slender, timid girl, who seemed so assiduously to seek the support and shelter of his parental eye, the surprise of her Grace was increased by the reflection, that this aged man and the shrinking girl by his side, had braved the perils of Ocean in her most angry mood, in the cause of humanity and heaven-born pity. As this reflection passed

through the mind of the noble Duchess, the immense distance which the distinctions of society placed between herself and the objects of her approbation were forgotten, and her Grace firmly determined that hers should be the care to protect from adverse fortune the future fate of the noble father and heroic daughter.

The Duchess placed in the hands of Grace a packet, containing the present of her Majesty; to which was added a valuable gift from the noble Duke and herself. Summoning an attendant, her Grace desired that Mr. and Miss Darling might partake of refreshment; and with great kindness she bid her guests adieu.

The room into which Mr. Darling and Grace were led, appertained to the housekeeper. There they were entertained with profuse hospitality; and the rich and elegant style in which the viands were served, excited afresh the amazement of the humble visitors. Indeed, a greater and more startling contrast from the island light-house, with its plain yet neat and useful articles of furniture, to this princely castle, possessing every object which the dictates of fashion and elegance prescribe, or which inexhaustless treasures can purchase, could scarcely be conceived; yet Grace admired all around, without one feeling of envy, or of disaffection with her own lowly home.

The housekeeper, whose appearance and manners were those of a perfect gentlewoman,

attended rigidly to the wishes of her noble lady, and every thing was done to render Mr. Darling and his daughter comfortable and happy. To accord every respect and attention to their justly celebrated migratory visitors, appeared to be a general feeling with each member of the household, and with a deference, too, equal to that paid, to the high-born and wealthy. Grace Darling and her father were conducted throughout the various apartments of the castle. The spacious library, containing the mighty and imperishable treasures of genius, and the magnificent chapel, with its gorgeous adornments, were in turn surveyed and admired. The beauty and chaste designs of the Gothic embellishments in the latter, were particularly attracting. The great east window is in the style of one of the finest in York Minster; the ceiling from a design at King's College, Cambridge; and the mouldings and stucco work are gilded and painted after the great church at Milan; while the windows of painted glass surpass for lightness and elegance any thing of the kind of the present day.

The natural buoyancy of spirits had returned to Grace, and the enquiries and remarks which she hazarded, although evincing a mind unhackneyed in the ways of the world, did not betray either the ignorance or untutored simplicity which her recluse abode might have been supposed to have engendered. So quick were her powers of perception, that the understanding of Grace appeared to catch at one

glance the knowledge imparted by her parental instructor; and so accustomed was her mind to solitary musing, that not one single object was suffered to pass disregarded. All the varied scenes gazed upon on this important day, were treasured in her memory to furnish food for future reflections and day-dreams to her young imagination.

On leaving the interior of the castle, and emerging into the inner court-yard, a man of tall and erect figure advanced towards them, and with a slight inclination addressed Mr. Darling. This was the porter, who usually assumes the office of guiding strangers to the exterior portions of the building, and with an air of bustling importance he volunteered to point out to Mr. Darling and his daughter objects, he assured them, more worthy of their attention than ought which they had yet beheld. The seat of Henry Hotspur of the north, awoke many an association in the mind of Grace; and the various simple and beautiful border ballads became as fresh to her imagination, as the moments when first she conned their metrical numbers.

“ Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.”

The compliments which Grace received each moment from their grave and important looking cicerone were of so exaggerated a style, as highly to amuse, and cause her usual placid eye to brighten with mirth and hilarity, de-

void of all ridicule ; while she possessed a quick perception of character, and easily perceived there was much of quaint originality about this individual. Conducted into the armoury, Grace was shewn the various weapons used by an army of volunteers, raised and supported by his Grace during a portion of the late French war ; and the additional information was imparted by their guide, that he himself served under the command of his Grace. The rude and simple implements of warfare brought from Otaheite were placed in the hands of Grace, and fully commented upon ; and she tried successfully to paddle the canoe, another curiosity from the same distant and delightful island.

After the usual remarks of the cicerone had been duly attended to, he directed their attention to the donjou-keep, an abode so full of dreary horror, that to it might justly have been applied Dante's motto above the gates of Eblis. Mr. Darling and Grace pursued their tour around the ramparts of the castle, admiring afresh the view down the soft green sloping lawn, to the beautiful and varied windings of the Aln. They and their guide had by this time become familiar, and many a treasured legend and traditionary tale were told relating to the house of Percy.

Stopping near a piece of artillery of an unusual design, their conductor desired them to observe with attention its form and appearance, for, continued he, I must tell you a singular circumstance respecting this field-

piece. Many years ago this cannon was taken by a party of English soldiers, during an engagement with the Spanish army on the banks of the 'Tagus, brought to this country, and some time afterwards presented to his Grace. Now it happened on a Sunday morning, two Spanish officers, passing through Alnwick, desired to see through the castle. When arrived at this particular place, they stopped short, one of them exclaiming—"By Heavens! this is the cannon lost by my men on the banks of the 'Tagus!" Ha, ha! Mr. Darling, was it not a good joke that this very Spanish officer should have come all the way to Alnwick castle, and find a favourite piece of cannon lost by himself in his own country? When his Grace returned from church, I took an opportunity of relating the whole circumstance, and that I believed, from their manner, they would liked to have taken it away with them. The reply made by his Grace was—"They should have taken more care of it, when they had it." Ha, ha! young lady, they should have taken more care of it, when they had it!—This personal address of the old man started Grace from her reverie into which she had sunk, recalling her thoughts from the current into which they were beginning to flow.

The name of the Tagus and of Spain had recalled to memory one long a sojourner in that distant land. So completely had the attention of Grace been occupied by the exciting events occurring of late, that Caroline Dudley had

not once been remembered, and the heart of Grace reproached her, as she thought upon the treason to friendship, of which she had been guilty. Under no circumstances, she felt, ought she to have suffered the image of that treasured friend to have been banished from the sanctuary of her heart.

During the remainder of the tour round the castle, Grace was pensive and abstracted, and it was not until again entering the town, that her equanimity was restored. Here a fresh scene awaited her. The tidings of Grace Darling's visit to the castle had flown with telegraphic despatch throughout the place, and an immense concourse of people were assembled to greet her on her appearance. The hurras with which Grace was received, fell upon her startled ear, causing her for a moment to cling closer to her father's protecting arm. The kind, good-humoured looks of her boisterous admirers bespoke, in the most eloquent manner, the sincerity of their homage ; but from so public a demonstration, Grace shrunk with a pained and oppressed feeling. With each step they took, the crowd increased in numbers ; and never, even on a gala day, were a more numerous concourse of people assembled in the little town of Alnwick, than had met to obtain a sight of the maid of Fern Islands. One sentiment of surprise was general, that so much heroism could have been displayed by the slender and fragile-looking girl before them.

With a feeling of relief of the most wel-

come kind, Mr. Darling and Grace at length reached the house of William Darling. So much was Grace overpowered, it was with difficulty she could make any acknowledgment to her enthusiastic and untiring cheerers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“ This rock, the monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age,
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage.”

DURING the absence of her husband and daughter from the island, Mrs. Darling had almost wrought herself into a state of feverish anxiety, from the curiosity she experienced, to know the result of the visit to Alnwick castle. All the feminine propensities of her nature had been excited by the honour awarded to her family, and long before the hour of eve many a vain glance was cast towards the shore, in the hope of beholding her husband's boat. At length the plash of oars fell upon her ear, and starting up, she hurried to the casement; with a feeling of disappointment she was turning away, her quick eye having, in a moment, discovered this was not the wished-for bark, when she heard the rich tones of a manly voice chaunting the familiar words of a border ballad. A smile of pleasure chased the look of disappointment from

the brow of Mrs. Darling, and she hurried out to meet the aquatic party, who had landed, and were making towards the light-house.

One of the visitors was well advanced in years, of a hale and healthy appearance, and with a face bronzed by exposure to every variety of weather · his companion was yet in the spring of life, a good-humoured handsome-looking youth. They were attired as watermen, and an air of careless superiority to others of their class, appeared habitual to each. “What cheer! Mrs. Darling,” sung out the elder, in a Stentorian voice, as soon as within a moderate distance of the lady—“How fares my good friend Darling, and your bonny daughter Grace?” “All well, friend Donaldson,” was the reply. “Each moment,” continued Mrs. Darling, “I am looking for their return from Alnwick castle, whither they have gone to-day at the wish of the Duchess of Northumberland.” At this intelligence, which was given by Mrs. Darling with an air of visible satisfaction, the old man uttered a low whistle, exclaiming, “By my faith, Mrs. Darling, you may well be proud of the honours which have come to your family; pretty Grace may now carry a high head and plenty of sail, and lucky will be the lad who wins her love—aye, Tom, what sayest thou? will not Grace Darling be worth any lad’s wooing, be she ever so difficult of being won?” This question was accompanied by a glance to the young seaman, which deepened the colour upon his sun-burnt cheek. Clearing his voice, he essayed to reply, but in a tone

so embarrassed as to call forth loud bursts of laughter from his jocose companion, in which Mrs. Darling joined, though with more moderation.

With hospitable alacrity, Mrs. Darling pressed her guests to await the return of her husband ; but this invitation, to the ill-concealed chagrin of his young ingenuous companion, Donaldson declined, alleging that as they had to go to Holy Island, they must be off ; “ for you know, Mrs. Darling, time and tide wait for no man. Come, Tom, hand out that parcel we have brought for Grace, and let us be gone.”

So numerous of late had been the communications received at the light-house, that a boat from the coast rarely called without bringing letters more numerous than once would have sufficed for a twelvemonth, so much had the recent event increased the intercourse of the islanders with a world to whom their very existence had previously been unknown. Leaving their compliments for Mr. Darling and Grace, Donaldson and Tom were soon alongside of their boat, which they quickly impelled across the waste of waters.

Before the elapse of another hour, the absentees returned, and with a mingled pride and gratified curiosity, Mrs. Darling heard a narration of all the wonders of the day. She then informed her daughter of the visitors who had been at the light-house during their absence. At the name of the young seaman,

the soft colour upon the cheek of Grace deepened to a roseate hue, which was not unnoticed by her watchful mother.

Tom — was an orphan, and had been reared by a bachelor uncle, whom he often accompanied to the island. The gentle character and womanly beauty of Grace had stolen the affections of the young sailor, ere he knew he had a heart, but his modesty and diffidence caused him to maintain a strict silence to the object of his love. His uncle would often rally him upon his admiration of the pretty Grace, telling him to win and wear her in his bosom, as a gem more precious than the wealth of Peru. So quick-sighted are women usually, in cases which concern the heart, that Grace did not long remain unsuspecting of the interest she had awakened. Her own affections, however, continued unshackled—the Promethean torch had not yet been applied to light up that flame in her heart, which, once lighted, continues to burn on through all the storms or sunshine of its existence, surviving the wreck of every other feeling. The blush which had momentarily glowed upon the cheek of Grace faded, leaving her as calm and composed as before; and with a tranquil air she received the packets brought by the Donaldsons.

Upon opening the first letter which met her view, she found it dated Sunderland, and with unconcealed pleasure Grace perused the gentlemanly and flattering epistle of Mr. Kidson, containing the amount of subscriptions

received in his neighbourhood. A feeling of gratitude to her generous wellwishers overpowered every other sentiment in the heart of Grace ; and although so free from all mercenary thoughts, that the wealth of worlds was but as dross in her estimation, yet the approbation of her fellow-beings was grateful, truly grateful, and created sensations of the most blissful nature. One wish, however, predominated over every other, and in order to have that desire gratified, she addressed the following reply to Mr. Kidson ; and here it may be noticed, that the business part of Grace Darling's epistles were dictated by her father, whilst the other was the spontaneous effusions of her heart :—

“ *To Mr. J. Kidson, Sunderland.*

“ KIND SIR,

“ I acknowledge the receipt of yours of yesterday, with the cheque for £15 2s. 0d. for which I beg you will return my most sincere thanks to the subscribers. At the same time I should feel much additional gratification, if you could, without much trouble, send me the names of the same, which I wish to preserve. I remain, Sir,

“ Your very much obliged servant,

“ G. H. DARLING.

“ *Longstone Lighthouse, Jan. 22, 1839.*”

The other epistle which had been forwarded to Grace, was from the secretary at Lloyd's ; and a grateful answer was immediately despatched, acknowledging the liberal donation of its subscribers :—

“ KIND SIR,

“ I am very much obliged to the gentlemen who have given me the sum of £20, and I hope you will let them know that I feel very grateful to them who have so liberally rewarded me, and I thank God, who enabled me to do so much. I thought it a duty, as no other assistance could be had, but still I feel sorry I could do no more. Please, sir, I will thank you to pay the money into Messrs. Ridley’s bank, at Alnwick, in my name.

“ Your very much obliged humble servant,

“ GRACE H. DARLING.”

An additional gratification, as exquisite as any previously received, was yet in store for Grace, by the following letter, addressed by the hero of Navarino to the editor of the Sun.

“ SIR,—As I do not know where to send the enclosed subscription for Grace Darling, I shall feel obliged by your forwarding it to the committee.

“ I earnestly hope, that the amount collected may be commensurate with the extraordinary deserts of that heroic girl, whose conduct in such a perilous and almost hopeless undertaking, does honour to humanity.

“ I remain, &c.,

“ E. CODRINGTON.”

If the applause of the indiscriminating multitude gave pleasure to the heart of Grace, how much more did she receive from the approbation of this brave and noble hero, the fame of whose achievements she knew from reading an account of the battle of Navarino, caused her bosom to thrill with enthusiasm

and admiration. How greatly does this readiness to bestow his meed of praise upon the efforts of a simple girl in the cause of humanity, redound to the credit of this laurelled hero, whose elevated and important station in the theatre of the world might have been supposed to have placed him far above attending to all minor objects. But yet it will generally be found, that the truly brave and noble are always ready to acknowledge and reward heroic actions, although performed by individuals as far removed from them as "Indus from the Poles."

The call upon the inhabitants of Newcastle, for subscriptions to the Darling Fund, had been responded to in the most enthusiastic manner. Indeed, this cannot be regarded as a matter of surprise; the liberality of the people of that town is too well known to allow it to have been doubted for one moment, that they would be behind their fellow-countrymen in endeavouring to reward the efforts of the family of the Darlings. In all the various accidents—and, alas! their name is legion—occurring within this mining district, with what generous promptitude do the inhabitants come forward to alleviate as far as lies within the power of wealth and sympathising kindness, the sufferings of the afflicted, and the griefs of the bereaved mourners?—The long list of subscriptions which so often swell the columns of the weekly paper, answer most eloquently for the generous and liberal spirit of the inhabitants of the town

and neighbourhood. And surely to ameliorate the woes of our fellow-beings by sharing that wealth which more fortunate circumstances has placed within our power, is the most noble use to which riches can, under any circumstances, be applied.

A statement of the amount of subscriptions at Newcastle being forwarded to Grace, tears of pleasure, so exquisite as are rarely shed by mortals, dimmed her eyes as she perused the epistle. In her reply, after expressing in natural and unstudied language, the grateful sense entertained by her of the kindness of her friends in that town, she also solicited the names of those subscribers. This request was unhesitatingly complied with, and in the lighthouse at Fern Islands the list is now preserved with a miser's care.

To bestow a more lasting memorial than can be hoped for from the perishing columns of a newspaper, upon those generous individuals who testified in so liberal a manner their sense of the merits of the Darling family, is surely a desirable object. Those names are, unquestionably, impressed in indelible characters upon the heart of Grace Darling; and if, in after years, the shafts of calamity should attack her, for alas! no situation, however elevated or lowly is exempt from the vicissitudes of fortune, the remembrance of this meed of approbation will soften the direst evil, and rob calamity of some of its sharpest stings.

Committee.

DR. T. E. HEADLAM, JNO. JOBLING.
 MAYOR. F. PATTERSON.
 JNO. BRANDLING. REV. W. HAWKS.
 MATT. PLUMMER. JOSHUA WATSON.
 F. STANIFORD, SECRETARY

	£.	s.	d.
Trinity House "	26	5	0
Corporation of Newcastle ...	10	10	0
T. E. Headlam, Mayor	3	0	0
Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Lives from Ship- wreck, per R. Plummer ...	10	0	0
William Ord, M. P.	5	5	0
John H. Hinde, M. P.	5	5	0
Matt. Bell, M. P.	3	0	0
Christ. Blackett, M. P.	3	0	0
Jno. Brandling	1	1	0
John Ridley	1	0	0
William Loraine	1	0	0
Stephen Lowrey	1	0	0
Robert Plummer	1	1	0
John Featherston	1	1	0
W. H. Brockett	1	1	0
Jos. Watson	1	1	0
Rev. W. Hawks	1	1	0
John Jobling	1	1	0
James Reid	1	1	0
Jos. Watsin	1	0	0
F. Staniford	1	1	0
I. T. Carr	1	1	0
M. Longridge	1	1	0
F. A. Pattison	1	1	0
Stephen Reed	1	1	0

Forward....£83 18 0

	£.	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	83	18	0
Matt. Plummer ...	1	1	0
John Carr, Sheriff ...	1	1	0
John Jobling, Hartley ...	1	1	0
Anth. Nichol, Spital Tongues	1	1	0
Chas. Smith ...	1	1	0
Josh. Crawhall ...	1	1	0
Wm. Armstrong, Cowgate	1	1	0
Wm. Armstrong Hutchinson	1	1	0
C. Allhusen ...	1	1	0
Thos. Cargill ...	1	1	0
Joshua Johnson ...	1	1	0
Wm. Cargill ...	1	1	0
— Bolekow ...	1	1	0
C. F. Jackson ...	1	1	0
R. W. Swan ...	1	1	0
Wm. Mather ...	1	1	0
John Thompson ...	1	1	0
R. P. Philipson ...	1	1	0
T. C. Gibson ...	1	1	0
N. Hindhaugh ...	1	1	0
Josh. Heald ...	1	1	0
R. Pinkney ...	1	1	0
I. Edgcome ...	1	1	0
M. Wheatley ...	1	1	0
Thomas Bell ...	1	1	0
Thomas Wilson ...	1	1	0
R. Wylam & Co. ...	1	1	0
Monkhouse & Co ...	1	1	0
Edward Bilton ...	1	1	0
Charles Rayne ...	1	1	0
W. B. Procter ...	1	1	0
John Hall ...	1	1	0
William Linsley ...	1	1	0
Anthony Nichol, Glasshouse	1	1	0

Forward....£119 12 0

			£.	s.	d.
	Brought forward....	119	12	0	
John Shield	1	1	0	
Malin Sorsbie	1	1	0	
Thomas Hudson	1	1	0	
Thomas Clarke	1	1	0	
Thomas Elder	1	1	0	
Chas. Smith, Jun.	1	1	0	
George Veatch	1	1	0	
A. Hood & Co.	1	1	0	
Jomes Dale	1	1	0	
Bradshaw & Anderson	1	1	0	
William Greenwell	1	0	0	
Armorer Donkin	2	2	0	
James Sillick	1	1	0	
L. Hewison	1	1	0	
Nathaniel Lambert	1	1	0	
Joseph Pollard and Co.	1	0	0	
D. Haggie & Son	1	0	0	
I. B. Pearson	1	1	0	
John Ridley, Jun.	1	0	0	
Miss Featherston	1	0	0	
Pearson and Anderson	1	1	0	
Benard Freres	1	1	0	
W. Hay	1	1	0	
Thomas Batson	1	1	0	
Robert Rayne	1	1	0	
Mrs. Coppock	1	1	0	
St. Lawrence Colliery	1	1	0	
Robert Todd	1	1	0	
James Morrison	1	1	0	
Thomas Wright	1	1	0	
George Hawks	1	1	0	
Henry Hunt	1	1	0	
Charles Bertram	1	1	0	
Mrs. John Fram	1	1	0	

Forward....£156 2 0

			£.	s.	d.
	Brought forward....	156	2	0	
A. & R. Hopper	1	1	0
Geo. Johnson	1	1	0
William Reay	1	1	0
Edw. Grace, Byker	1	1	0
Sir R. S. Hawks	1	1	0
Edw. W. Chapman	1	1	0
William Lister	0	10	0
A. L. Potter	1	1	0
Major Brooksbank	1	0	0
John Anderson	1	0	0
James Pybus	1	0	0
P. G. Ellison	1	0	0
John Adamson	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Crosby	1	1	0
Miss Gothard	1	1	0
John Stokoe	0	10	0
Richard Clayton	0	10	0
Mrs. Smart	1	0	0
G. B.	0	5	0
R. C. Askew	5	0	0
Rev. N. J. Hollingsworth	1	0	0
Josh. Cowen	1	0	0
Wm. Chapman	1	1	0
Henry Hewitson	1	1	0
John Walker	1	1	0
Dr. White	1	1	0
Jonathan Drewry	0	10	0
W. C. Walters	1	1	0
S. W. Parker...	1	1	0
R. Farrington and Brothers	1	0	0
John Fenwick, North Shore	1	1	0
R. Jackson	0	5	0
T. W. Bourn	0	10	6

Forward....£190 8 6

			£.	s.	d.
	Brought forward....	190	8	6	
Joshua Green	0	10	0	
Robert Sharp	0	10	0	
Sundries	1	10	0	
R. B.	0	10	0	
James Hedley	0	10	0	
Thomas Mathewson	0	10	0	
John Ormston	0	10	0	
Wm. Swanston	0	10	6	
— Wright	0	5	0	
Sundries per G. Walker	1	0	0	
John Rayne	0	10	0	
Matthew Dodds	0	10	0	
William Turner	0	5	0	
Robert Pearson	0	10	0	
I. H. Richardson	0	5	0	
Sundries per Mr. Featherston	13	3	0	
George Hogg	0	10	0	
James Brydon	0	10	0	
W. W. Spence	0	10	0	
James Spencer	0	10	0	
Wm. Archbold	0	5	0	
Josh. Hair	0	10	0	
J. S.	0	10	0	
John Hair	0	10	0	
Anthony Nichol	0	10	0	
Rev. Geo. Selby Thompson	0	10	6	
— Watson, Shaw House	0	5	0	
Josh. Lunot, Esq.	1	1	0	
H. and Lucy Kenyon	1	0	0	
William Story	0	10	6	
Thomas Dunn	1	1	0	
T. M. Winterbottom	2	2	0	
R. Ingham, M. P.	3	3	0	
Robert Anderson	0	10	0	

Forward....£226 5 0

			£.	s.	d.
	Brought forward....	226	5	0	
William Anderson	0	10	0
R. H. Bell	1	1	0
John Paxton	0	10	0
Thomas Bell	0	10	0
Errington Bell	0	10	0
T. Glover	0	2	6
Jos. Hargrave	0	10	0
Thomas Salmon	0	5	0
Jos. I. Ayton	0	5	0
Wm. King Eddowes	0	10	0
William Story	0	10	6
Thomas Dunn	1	1	0
Josh. Hawks	1	1	0
Dixon Dixon	1	1	0
George Palmer	1	1	0
G. T. Dunn	1	1	0
William Boyd	1	1	0
Col. Reed	1	1	0
Capt. Reed	1	1	0
Mrs. Sharp, Close Hall	5	5	0
Rev. J. Collinson	1	1	0
W. J. Gray	1	1	0
H. Ridley	0	10	0
C. J. Bigge	1	1	0
Robert Oliver	0	10	6
Mrs. King, Backworth	1	1	0
John Fenwick	1	1	0
Isaac Cookson	1	1	0
Robert Ormston	1	1	0
John Lunn	0	10	0
Mr. Andrew	1	0	0
Robt. L. Stanley	1	1	0
J. L. Loraine	0	10	6
Rev. John A. Blackett	0	10	0

Forward....£257 1 0

	£.	s.	d.
Brought forward....	257	1	0
Gen. Terrott	1	1	0
Mrs. Sharp, Close Hall ...	1	1	0
Robert Elliott	0	5	0
W. S. Batson	1	1	0
Richard Ellison	2	2	0
Alex. Reed	0	10	0
C. W. Myers	0	10	0
Mrs. Hodgson, Stellg. Hall ...	1	1	0
W. F. Blackett	1	1	0
Sir M. W. Ridley	1	1	0
Walter Wilkins, M. P. ...	1	1	0
Thos. James, Otterburn... ..	1	0	0
Robt. Clarke, Ashbridge ...	2	0	0
Mr. Atty, ... do. ...	0	10	0
W. Webster	0	10	0
C. W. Bigge	1	1	0
Margt. Bewicke	1	1	0
James Archbold	1	1	0
W. Cuthberts	1	1	0
Miss Cuthberts	0	10	6
M. N.	0	2	9
R. Rayson	1	0	0
John Mountain	0	10	0
Thos. Cookson	1	0	0
George Johnson	1	1	0
— Duncombe	2	2	0
Mr. Hodgson, Sunderland ...	0	5	0

£282 10 3

Cash to Grace Darling £160 10 0

— to Mr. Darling ... 58 8 0

— N. Sunderld. Boatmen 35 13 4

Advertising, postages, &c. 27 18 11

£282 10 3

At this period, when the fame of Grace Darling had attained its zenith, and every tongue was eloquent in her praise, an amusing *jeu d'esprit* appeared in the Scotsman newspaper. Notwithstanding the spirit of apparent quizzing, in which this little article is written, it may easily be discovered that Grace has no warmer admirer than its caustic author; and assured he may be, that "the modesty of Grace Darling will outlive the honours heaped upon her;" her natural strength of mind, assisted by the sterling principles instilled by her excellent father, offer a sufficient barrier against the inroads of vanity and adulation.

"THE GRACE DARLING MANIA.—Never was poor girl in so fair a way of being spoiled as Grace Darling. We were among the first to acknowledge the credit due to this young damsel for her exertions at the wreck of the Forfarshire; but really we begin to have serious apprehension lest she herself should be whirled away by the tide of public favour which has set so strongly towards her. Truly, the storm which roared and whistled over the Fern rocks on the night of her achievement, has awakened a pretty echo in the mainland. Not only have large sums of money been collected throughout the country to reward the little heroine, but various silver cups and medals have been presented to her, both from private individuals and humane societies. Five pounds, it is said, have been given by one person for a lock of her hair, while the painter, the sculptor, and the poet, have caught the mania, and endeavoured to give permanence to her celebrity. She has even been represented on the London stage in the person of Mrs. Yates, and some whispers were lately

afloat of her appearing in Batty's arena *in propria persona*. She is also, we perceive, made the subject of a tale at present in course of publication ; while a vessel lately launched at Sunderland has been called after her name. In short, Grace Darling is the fashion. Dukes and Duchesses have entertained her as their guest, and she has even been honoured and rewarded by the bounty of Royalty itself. What mortal girl could bear up against such rewards—such flatteries? Without detracting from her really praiseworthy conduct, there is, we think, in the sensation she has created, a little touch of the romantic. Had Grace Darling been a married woman, dwelling in some poor alley in an ordinary town—and with no rarer or prettier an appellation than Smith, Brown, M'Tavish, or Higgenbottom, a greater deed would, perhaps, have won her less favour. But a young woman—a sea-nymph—inhabiting a rock in the ocean, and coming to the few survivors of the wreck, like a bird of calm over the troubled waters—who, that has a beating pulse, could resist? Grace Darling, too, is a name to take to one's heart and one's memory ; and although “ a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” we cannot, for all the pretty pleading of Juliet, read or speak about roses without feeling something of their fragrance. If, previous to that deed which has gilded her humble name, any honest fisher-lad ever saw in Grace Darling more to admire than even the world has seen since, he will win a true heart if he contrive to keep her affections. Those who have accidentally risen are, in general, the least inclined to stoop ; and if she do not number suitors with Miss Burdett Coutts or Queen Victoria herself, Malthus or Martineau, one or both of them, must answer for it. Meanwhile, with Grace Darling we have no quarrel ; and if her modesty only outlive the honours heaped upon her, we shall be the first to acknowledge that her courage has deserved them.”

The circumstances which occasioned the rumour alluded to in this paragraph, that Grace Darling intended appearing within the arena of Batty's circus, remain to be explained in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of war.”

WITH a feeling of delight, commensurate to her previous alarm, the marchioness received the tidings of her husband's safety; and the letter, penned in his well-known characters, was pressed in grateful rapture to her lips. Although the marquis had little of a flattering nature respecting the affairs of Don Carlos to communicate, yet the knowledge of his welfare relieved the heart of the marchioness from the heavy load of care which had of late oppressed it, and taught her to think lightly of all other circumstances, since he was well and in safety. The letters of Charles Dudley to his father and sister were written in a less animated style than had previously marked his communications. The defeats and harassing expeditions in which Charles was engaged, appeared to have given a sombre tinge

to his before lively pen ; yet no fears or disgust were expressed, with the cause in which he had embarked. The account given by the courier of the aspect of affairs in the camp, seemed to promise so little chance of success, as to impart an additional gloom to the fears of the before anxious major.

After the return of the courier to the camp, many weeks were passed at the castle of Santalina in a state of tolerable tranquillity. The solitude in which Caroline spent the greater portion of her hours gave full scope to the indulgence of her natural romance. Busy memory would often conjure up those circles in which she had moved when in London ; nor was Fern Island, with its humble inhabitants, unremembered by Caroline. Yet one individual occupied a prominent share in her thoughts ; and the childish voices of her cousins dispelled many an aerial structure, of which Count Werner was the hero. That cloud of melancholy retrospection which apparently enveloped the count, was the very circumstance which interested the imagination of Caroline, and to solve the cause that had prematurely blighted the feelings of his youth, was the subject of many an hour's silent musing.

This state of calm was, however, destined to be interrupted by intelligence which plunged the marchioness in a vortex of grief, requiring all the soothing attention of Caroline. In one of those fierce encounters in which the troops of the marquis were engaged, they had

suffered a signal defeat, and their gallant leader had fallen into the hands of the enemy. From the well-known barbarities exercised by the constitutional forces towards their captives, no mercy was hoped for by the marquis, and with stern fortitude he prepared, unshrinkingly, to meet his fate. An unlooked-for reprieve, however, awaited him; by the exertions of his captor, a British officer of distinction, his life was preserved, and every attention paid, which his wounded situation required. This was the substance of the intelligence received at the castle; and as soon as tranquillised, the marchioness avowed an intention of proceeding without an hour's delay, to join her suffering husband, and if need be, to share his captivity. Major Dudley and Caroline obtained permission to accompany the marchioness on her journey; and the children were sent with a safe escort, to a neighbouring convent, an asylum more secure than the castle during the absence of their parents.

By the dawn of morn, the marchioness and her friends departed on their journey, which was a hurried and an anxious one, while a sigh of regret proceeded from the bosom of Caroline as the last turret of the castle faded from her sight. Another source of anxiety, in addition to that felt by the major and Caroline for the marquis, was in the fears experienced for the fate of Charles. They had learned by the messenger that Charles, with the troops under his command, had been in a

distant province ; and since that day which had terminated so disastrously, the marquis had been unable to obtain any intelligence respecting him.

The mind of Caroline was in too desponding a mood to allow her paying any attention to the change which the aspect of the country had undergone, since she had traversed the plain a few months previous. Then it was rich in the blossom of spring, and varied foliage was crowning the lofty trees ; but now, every object presented a wintry and dreary aspect. On attaining near to the termination of their journey, every scene bespoke that the hand of the spoiler had been performing his work of devastation ; blackened ruins lay where smiling cottages had before been seen, and the clustering vines were trampled in the dust. Several times the carriages were stopped by fierce bands of soldiers, but upon their exhibiting a passport brought by the messenger, which bore the signature of the formidable Mina, they were suffered to proceed unmolested. Caroline found ample occasion for the exercise of her natural courage, and at times when surrounded by those fierce bravado-looking troops, a feeling of alarm would oppress her, in despite of all her firmness. On those occasions the marchioness was in too anxious a state to entertain any alarm for their personal safety. Her only fears were, that they should be prevented proceeding, and to her agitated mind, every moment's delay seemed an age.

At length they entered Toledo, and were guided by the courier to a mansion appropriated to the use of the captive marquis. A feeling of relief was experienced by the ladies on discovering they were entering a noble and commodious castle, instead of a gloomy prison with its surrounding horrors, which they had pictured as the abode of the marquis. The meeting between the marquis and his friends was a joyful one, notwithstanding the late depressing circumstances ; and so rejoiced were all to find him in a state of convalescence and comfort, that no chilling fears for the future were suffered to damp the pleasure of their present re-union. The marquis related to his friends each particular of interest ; and the praises bestowed upon the bravery and conduct of Charles Dudley were gratifying to the feelings of the anxious father and sister.

Since becoming a captive in Toledo, the marquis had vainly endeavoured to learn any tidings respecting Charles, but now his hopes of success were sanguine ; the Earl of Clanranald having undertaken to add his efforts in accomplishing the wished-for object. In this British officer, the marquis had found a generous and unwavering friend. When disabled by his wounds from longer defending himself against a party of the British legion, by whom he was surrounded, the swords aimed at his life were beat back by their officer, at whose command the bleeding form of the marquis was borne from the field of carnage. By the influence of Clanranald, the

marquis was preserved from death, the doom usually awarded by the ferocious Spanish general to all captives, without any distinction of rank or country. The marquis had been conveyed to a mansion possessed by the earl in Toledo, and with untiring care the generous host had striven to lighten the hours of sickness, and relieve the heart of a portion of its care by communicating his safety to the marchioness. The most fervent gratitude was excited in the heart of each friend of the marquis towards the noble earl, and anxiously the marchioness desired to see the preserver of her husband, and express to him her thanks. This pleasure, however, was deferred, the earl having left for Madrid the day previous to their arrival. In his parting interview with the marquis, the earl had, in the most delicate manner, begged the former to consider the mansion as his own; and should his lady arrive, orders had been given that every arrangement should be made for her reception.

Several days glided over, and the visible improvement in the health of the marquis gave the most lively transports to his fond and affectionate nurse. Caroline found an inexhaustless fund of amusement in the noble and spacious library, where were all the choice works of her own country, with the productions of the best continental authors; but the anxiety entertained respecting Charles, prevented her from entering with avidity into a perusal of their classic pages; and she saw, by

the additional cloud upon her father's brow, his uneasiness was not inferior to her own.

After one of those pensive ruminations now become so familiar to Caroline, she found, upon rejoining her friends in the saloon, the countenance of the marchioness illumined by animated smiles of gaiety. This was the first day on which the marquis had been able to leave his dressing-room; and his couch was drawn to a window, which was enlivened by the beams of a wintry sun. With sincere joy Caroline congratulated her uncle upon his amendment, and the marchioness informed her that the Earl of Clanranald had returned to Toledo, and that he had left their apartment but a few minutes before her entrance. He returns to dine with us, continued the marchioness, and then, Caroline, you will meet with one whose bravery is only surpassed by the humanity with which he endeavours to avert the acts of cruelty so often perpetrated by the excited soldiers. With surprise Caroline marked the energetic manner in which the usually cold and composed marchioness uttered this eulogium, and she experienced an indefinite feeling of curiosity to behold this vaunted hero.

As Caroline surveyed her lovely form, when relieved from the duties of her maid, a feeling of womanly vanity brightened the smiles upon her countenance; but the next moment she turned away, blushing at the girlish weakness she had betrayed. The loveliness of Caroline was of so extreme and surpassing a nature,

that for her long to remain in ignorance of this valued possession, was an utter impossibility. But the precepts of the excellent monitress entrusted with her education, had been carefully directed so as to prevent her attaching that undue value to this coveted quality, which the young and romantic mind is so generally disposed to do. Nor had the well-directed lessons been in vain; yet still, as has been aptly remarked by an admired author, "beauty is so truly the weapon of a woman, that it is as impossible for her, even in grief, wholly to forget its effect, as it is for the dying warrior to look with indifference on the sword with which was won his trophies or his fame."

The sound of the first dinner-bell reverberated throughout the mansion without the arrival of the expected guest, and with a look of chagrin the marchioness struck the chords of a long-neglected harp, striving to banish, in its sweet sounds, her disappointment. So intensely was the attention of Caroline occupied by the thrilling words warbled forth by the melodious voice of the songstress, that the entrance of Lord Clanranald was unheard. Long after the last notes died away into silence, and the syren had deserted her seat, Caroline lingered by the instrument, turning over the pages upon the music-stand; but at last, smiling at her own forgetfulness, she turned to join the marquis, who was seated in a recess. Caroline was startled to observe a stranger standing by her uncle, whose voice she fancied was familiar to her ear. The words "allow me to introduce

my niece, Miss Dudley, to you, Lord Clanranald," dispelled the thick coming fancies crowding upon her mind. The earl turned to acknowledge the introduction; and scarcely could Caroline prevent herself from falling, as she recognised in the Earl of Clanranald, her former friend, Lord Delmore!

His lordship appeared almost as incapable of moving as Caroline, but with an effort he recovered his composure, and expressed in tolerable concise terms his pleasure at this unexpected meeting. Surprise was eloquently expressed by the looks of the marquis and marchioness; but no questions were asked, and the entrance of Major Dudley dispelled the embarrassment of the party. The major warmly, and with a smile of pleasure, grasped the extended hand of the earl, openly expressing his surprise at this unlooked-for recognition, but the announcement of dinner left no time for explanation.

The earl conducted the marchioness, and occupied the seat upon her right, whilst Caroline was placed in a similar situation by the side of the marquis. Dinner passed over without much conversation; yet several times Caroline observed the eyes of the opposite gentleman directed towards her, but upon their glances meeting, each turned away with a feeling of mutual *empressement*.

In accordance with the English custom, the ladies early left the gentlemen. When in the drawing-room, the marchioness questioned Caroline respecting the circumstances under which she had previously been acquainted with the

earl, remarking, that she thought it singular Caroline should not have alluded to his lordship at those times when he was so much a theme of conversation with the marquis. Caroline explained, that it was when bearing the title of Lord Delmore she had before met the earl, and thus was solved the seeming mystery.

The marchioness now rallied Caroline upon the tell-tale blushes with which she received the compliments of his lordship ; and in truth, continued the marchioness, the modesty of the gentleman appeared quite as much overpowered as that of the lady. Caroline denied the correctness of the inferences drawn from thence by the marchioness, assuring her, with an air of gravity, her suppositions were totally without foundation. Caroline then, in a collected manner, informed her friend of her having so frequently met his lordship at the house of Lady Mary Dudley and elsewhere. The seriousness of Caroline ended the *badinage* of the marchioness, and the entrance of the gentlemen prevented further conversation.

Taking a seat by the side of Caroline, the earl engaged her in a lively interchange of ideas, which gradually diverged into reminiscences respecting their mutual friends in England. Upon Caroline alluding to her surprise at meeting with his lordship in Spain, and at discovering in the famed officer of the British legion her former friend, Lord Delmore, his lordship immediately entered into an explanation of those occurrences which had led to their unexpected rencontre.

The day following my last interview with you, Miss Dudley, observed his lordship, with a heightened colour, I was summoned to Ireland to attend the death-bed of my maternal uncle, the Earl of Clanranald. For some time my relative lingered in a state of extreme weakness, but at length his earthly race was terminated. Then I found myself heir to an estate involved in all the 'intricacies so frequent with property in Ireland, where the land-owners usually attend but little to the direction of their own affairs. This detained me longer in the sister island; and on my return to London, it was deserted by all those bright planets which so lately had glittered in the hemisphere of fashion. Your family amongst others had retired, as I supposed, to rusticate amongst shady bowers and purling streams. To visit Spain had long been a favourite project of mine; and disregarding the civil commotions, which had already commenced their devastating effects, destroying the very vitals of the country, I arrived at Madrid. Unexpectedly meeting with an early friend in the commander of the British legion, I was easily induced to lend my sword in aiding the cause of the youthful queen.

You, Miss Dudley, are already aware of the circumstances which brought the Marquis of Santalina and myself acquainted. The admiration and respect I felt for his bravery and conduct in the field—for, during all the engagement, I marked him in the thickest of the combat—would have been sufficient to have

excited my anxiety to serve him ; but when I learned his name, and remembered him as a cherished relative of your family, the interest I had previously experienced increased a thousand fold ; and all the power I possessed as the friend of Colonel ——, was devoted in his behalf ; and, fortunately, this was sufficient to ameliorate the bonds of captivity. I was in total ignorance, Miss Dudley, of your being in Spain, the marquis never having given the slightest intimation of the circumstance ; although upon his mentioning his anxiety respecting the fate of his young relative, Charles Dudley, I wished, yet refrained making any enquiries respecting you.

This brief sketch was given by his lordship in a calm and collected manner, and Caroline rejoiced to observe, that no vestiges remained of that attachment, which had previously caused her so much regret. In his lordship she hoped to find a sincere friend and adviser, to whom she could confide her anxieties respecting Charles, for to her father she forbore dwelling upon the subject, perceiving that it sufficiently oppressed his mind, without adding her fears to those he already entertained.

From the earl Caroline received the gratifying assurance, that a few days would probably terminate the suspense which was corroding her felicity : he had employed a trusty spy, to make enquiry at the out-posts of Don Carlos, where he might learn if Charles was with the troops, and endeavour to communicate to him the situation of the marquis.

CHAPTER XXV.

Oh ! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nighungale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one !”

WHATEVER time could be spared from the attention requisite to his duties, was passed by the Earl of Clanranald in the circle of the Marquis of Santalina. His appearance was always hailed by smiles of pleasure, and his departure witnessed with regret. One strong tie attracted Caroline towards him : she felt the services he had rendered her uncle, and the interest he had taken in endeavouring to remove her uneasiness respecting her brother, entitled him to her warmest gratitude. The attentions his lordship paid to Caroline evinced an affection of a fraternal nature, uninfluenced by the fervour of passion. If, during the day, the earl was many hours absent, a look from Caroline would reprove his neglect, and the marchioness would add her gentle chidings to reproach his desertion of them. An additional service received from the earl increased the sum of gratitude incalculably : he had entered upon a negotiation through his powerful friend, Colonel —, for the purpose of obtaining the liberty of the marquis. This, after many difficulties and delays, was accomplished, a pledge being first demanded, that the marquis would not again

engage against the constitutional forces. An endeavour had previously been made, of inducing the marquis to join the party of the queen : but this proposal was indignantly refused ; the marquis assuring the proposer, an old courtier, who had, during all changes, rigidly adhered to the party in power, that he regarded the offer as a personal insult ; and should any gentleman again mention the subject to him, he should consider it tantamount to an invitation of measuring swords.

The hesitation of the marquis to grant the demand of parole, was over-ruled by the remonstrances of the earl and Major Dudley, who forcibly represented, that his present position rendered him incapable of assisting the cause he had espoused ; and that as the only means of obtaining his freedom, a boon which would enable him to watch over the safety of his wife, his children, and his vassals, he ought in duty to agree to the liberal terms proposed. These representations being warmly seconded by the entreaties of the marchioness, prevailed. After a brief interval, a pardon from the queen was placed in the hands of the marchioness by the Earl of Clanranald.

Neither the marquis or his friends were aware of the impediments the earl had encountered in obtaining this much desired object. It had needed all the influence of his friend Colonel —, backed by his diplomacy, to procure the sanction of the Cortes ; but the eloquent thanks of Caroline would have sufficiently repaid him, had the difficulties to

have been surmounted been increased a thousand fold.

In the general demeanour of the earl, when addressing Caroline, no remains of his former passion were apparent; and the most critical observer could not have detected any traces of that fervid attachment which had once marked his every action when in her presence. Now, all was calm, composed, and self-possessed; his language never bearing the most distant allusion to his former predilection. Whatever revulsion Caroline's feelings might have undergone since that period, it was quite evident that the earl was not one to offer a second time the hand that had once been rejected.

Completely absorbed in the enchanting pages of Tasso, the remarks addressed to Caroline by the marchioness were unheard, until at last the name of Clanranald, repeated in a louder tone, recalled her attention from her fascinating study. The enquiring glance of Caroline was met by a quiet, yet meaning smile, while the marchioness added—Here comes Clanranald, and by his expressive look, as he crossed the street, assured I am he brings agreeable tidings. The entrance of the earl prevented any reply, and his animated smile conveyed a similar conviction to Caroline. They were not long in ignorance of the circumstances which had occasioned such pleasurable emotions; and its relation added another link to the large debt of gratitude already owing to his lordship. Placing a letter into the hands of Caroline, he directed her attention to a

paragraph, which he was assured would give her pleasure to peruse. Hastily glancing over the page, the name of Captain Dudley rivetted her attention, and every pulse throbbed with expectation as she continued to read on.

From this correspondent of the earl, Caroline received the gratifying conviction that her brother was well, and had been arduously engaged in active service on the preceding week. The friend of the earl was an officer in the service of the queen, and in a skirmish with a party of the rival forces, he had been completely hemmed in, and a majority of his men cut to pieces. Engaged hand to hand with the commander of the troop, a young and gallant-looking soldier, this officer was unfortunately unhorsed, and, but for the generosity of his opponent, would inevitably have been slain. The combatants discovered, in that eventful moment, they were countrymen, both denizens of that happy island, where guardian laws are watchful over the safety of the humblest of its children. A feeling of remorse caused the conqueror to cast aside his sword, and the hand which had before been stretched forth to slay was now more eagerly engaged in the service of his disabled foe. Mounting his vanquished countryman upon his own proud war-steed, the Carlist officer furnished him with directions, in order that he might avoid the patrol which guarded the various passes. Ere galloping off this scene of carnage, the fugitive gave his name, gratefully soliciting that of his countryman. Charles

Dudley ! was the reply, for this was the name of the victorious Englishman.

After perusing this account of her brother's safety, and his chivalrous conduct, Caroline deeply deplored the circumstances which had thus brought natives of the same distant land to oppose each other at the sword's point. Her heart revolted with horror at the knowledge, that hands which ought to have been clasped in amity should meet amid the strife of battle, for the purpose of destroying the lives which, under other circumstances, would have been considered a sacred duty to protect. This is one of the heavy curses attending a civil war ; and well would it be if it were the only evil the march of carnage brings to a devoted country. Unhappily the worst passions which debase man's nature are excited, and rage uncontrolled. Hatred and revenge poison the sluices of many a heart, which otherwise might have flowed with gentleness and pity. All the kind and friendly feelings which knit man together, by the common bonds of nation and kindred, are rent asunder, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altars of political hatred and fanatical bigotry. But these are but a portion of the evils which late events have brought upon the country in which Caroline was sojourning ; and much as they are to be deplored by the philanthropist, as causing so lavish a waste of human life, yet unhappily an amicable termination to this disastrous war appears an object as distant as it is earnestly to be desired.

Scanty as was the intelligence the epistle afforded which Caroline had just perused, yet was it grateful as manna to her anxious mind ; and the regrets which she had previously begun to experience that Charles should have engaged in this ill-omened war, increased as she reflected that the laurels he won must be stained by the blood of the descendants of those who had knelt at the same altar, and fought side by side with his ancestors. This circumstance, she thought, was sufficient to paralyse every effort, and that even the most splendid victory can bring but little joy to the vanquisher, since it must be deplored by many a Castilian wife and daughter.

As the marquis was now restored to perfect liberty, and his health tolerably re-established, an excursion was projected for the purpose of examining the various public edifices and curiosities of this celebrated city. The party consisted of the marchioness, Caroline, the marquis, Major Dudley, and the earl ; and Caroline was the only one to whom the city was unfamiliar. During the time Caroline had been at Toledo, her visits had been confined to a neighbouring church ; and all the exercise she had taken in the open air, was in the extensive gardens surrounding the place of her residence. Indeed, from the cold and ungenial season, she felt little inducement to extend her perambulations. Now, when she did behold this far-famed city, she was astonished at its extent, and delighted with its magnificence.

Toledo—once a place of such immense importance in the annals of Spain, and in the history of her church, was formerly the capital of New Castile. This interesting city has shared the lot of all sublunary objects, and the decree which deprived the church of its revenues, and sacrilegiously despoiled its religious houses of their treasures, has further diminished the grandeur and importance of the place; but still it possesses a mine of interest to the tourist—the Gothic wall with its hundred towers yet exists, to reward the antiquarian for his journey.

The city being seated on a mountain's side, the streets are uneven, but each moment the admiration of Caroline was excited, as another and another superb structure met her view. The royal castle, an edifice of great beauty, fades into insignificance when compared with the noble and ancient cathedral. This religious sanctuary is situated in the centre of the city, adjoining a handsome street, with an extensive square in front; but the solemn aisles are now partially deserted by their former tenants, yet here and there some solitary monks were seen stalking along, as if mourning for the desolation which had fallen upon their high places, and the altars of their faith. Caroline gazed with a feeling of awe upon those gloomy-looking beings, who appeared to her imagination like the spirits of the departed dead, returned to watch over the decline of their ancient creed and venerated constitution. A minor priest of the cathedral volun-

teered his services in conducting the strangers throughout the place. He was a mild-looking old man, and Caroline felt assured, as she listened to his dulcet voice, no doctrines but those teaching peace and good-will towards men, could ever have proceeded from his lips. No angry bursts of vehemence broke from father Ambrose, as he alluded to the relics of which the cathedral had been despoiled, for a gentle spirit of forgiveness and love mingled with every sentiment he uttered. The Sagrario, or principal chapel, was gazed upon with wonder by Caroline ; with a gentle sigh she was informed by the holy father, that its present splendour was as nothing compared to its former magnificence. The cabinets still remain, but the vessels of gold and silver, which they formerly contained, have been appropriated in support of an unholy war ; and two mitres of silver, enriched with the most precious stones, whose value was equal to a monarch's ransom, have shared a similar fate.

Father Ambrose appeared to have a melancholy pleasure in dwelling upon the former splendour of the cathedral ; and observing the interest with which Caroline listened, he addressed his discourse more particularly to her. The vessel, he observed, which used to contain the consecrated wafer, was larger and more magnificent than that possessed by any other see in Spain. It was of silver, gilt, and so heavy, that thirty men were required to carry it ; and within was another bowl of pure gold, enriched with jewels. The bracelets, crown, and

other relics of the holy virgin, the mother of Christ, were adorned with the most valuable diamonds, but all had now vanished ; and every effort has been made by the constitutionalists to humble and debase, in the eyes of the people, the members of that church which they have thus despoiled of its outward glory ; but hitherto those efforts have been ineffectual ; the devotion of the Spanish peasantry to their altars, and the religion in whose bosom they have been nurtured, only blazes forth more brightly from witnessing the persecutions endured by their venerated pastors.

Father Ambrose accompanied the party to the gate ; with a feeling of reverence, Caroline received his parting benediction ; and as the carriage slowly drove away, she turned, with tearful eyes, to observe the holy father. He yet stood in the position in which they had parted from him ; his cowl had fallen back, and left exposed his white and lofty brow. The smile which had dwelt upon his lip when conversing with them, was replaced by an expression of subdued, yet melancholy resignation. As Caroline surveyed the good old father, and remembered how much has been said respecting the bigotry, harshness, and ignorance of the Spanish friars, she thought that a knowledge of father Ambrose would refute those assertions ; and the respect shewn by the people to their spiritual teachers, speaks most eloquently for the gentleness and kindness, by which the unlimited authority formerly placed in their hands must have been exercised. The university, the

hospitals, and various religious houses were next visited ; of the latter, it is recorded, that Toledo formerly possessed forty-eight ; but since the Catholic faith has declined in favour with the party now in power, those places of retreat for the pious devotee, or the worldling disgusted with the pleasures and pursuits of society, have considerably decreased in number. Although to the ladies of the party, the manufactories of this once flourishing city might be supposed to possess but little interest, yet were they not neglected ; and the lovely fabrics of silk, woven with so much skill and taste, received their meed of admiration ; while the well-tempered swords, for which Toledo was famed before the era of Shakespeare, were more in unison with the tastes of the gentlemen of the party.

After a day of interest, which amply made amends for the fatigue endured in their excursion, the party returned home, the earl spending his evening as was wont, by the side of Caroline. Caroline was surprised at the enthusiasm which his lordship at times betrayed when conversing on her favourite topics ; for when in the habit of meeting him in London, his character appeared totally devoid of every particle of romance. The quiet good sense which always marked the observations of his lordship, and the honourable feeling and candour which dictated every action, were such as to call forth respect and esteem ; although, perhaps, not adapted to win the love of so imaginative a being as Caroline,

who delighted in painting the hero of her choice as possessed of all those grand and striking attributes, which dazzle and take captive the heart by surprise. Now, when Caroline had an opportunity of meeting his lordship in the privacy of domestic life, and found him possessed of all those pleasing qualities which enliven retirement, her former esteem verged into the warmest admiration. The fame won by his lordship, as much for his humanity as valour in the field, was another subject of Caroline's attention; thus the earl became an object of her musings at those hours when he was unavoidably absent.

Gradually the unembarrassed manner in which Caroline had welcomed the approach of the earl, was superseded by an air of shrinking timidity, whilst her eyes sought to avoid the animated glances of his lordship. No alteration was observable in the demeanour of the earl; his attentions continued marked by the same appearance of brotherly feeling, never going beyond the verge of the most delicate friendship either in his language or manner; although in all things sedulous to please, the fiat of Caroline, which had extinguished hope, appeared to leave no traces of love behind.

[At the conclusion of the following chapter, the result of the enquiry instituted by order of the House of Commons, relative to the occasion of the wreck of the "Forfarshire," with other particulars of interest, will claim the attention of the readers of *Grace Darling*.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

' As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

THE following day Caroline accompanied the marchioness in a visit to a dear and valued friend of her girlish years. This lady had assumed the veil in a convent of Benedictine nuns, and had lately attained the rank of superior. In making this visit the company of the gentlemen was declined, but the earl rode by the side of the carriage until attaining the gates of the convent; and after assisting his fair friends to alight, he took his leave. The marchioness and Caroline were conducted to the private sitting-room of the superior: this apartment was furnished with every elegance and comfort, and after a few minutes' delay the abbess entered. With much cordiality and apparent pleasurable emotion, the friends, whose pursuits in life were so widely dissimilar, embraced each other; and after the first words of greeting had passed, the marchioness introduced Caroline. Kindly, and with a manner, the easy elegance of which bespoke a refined and graceful mind, the abbess welcomed Caroline. Caroline had, in the meanwhile, been regarding with surprise and admiration the noble recluse, the beauty and seraphic expression of whose countenance surpassed all that Titian has imaged of a celestial being; she

felt, as she contemplated the pure and noble brow, that sorrow could never have crossed it with a single care, and that those deep blue eyes could never have been sullied, save by the tears which are shed for the sufferings of our fellow-beings. The questions of the abbess did not evince any absence of sympathy with the ties which united her friend to the world ; and with interest she listened to the brief account given by the marchioness of the late events which had occurred to mar the tranquillity of her domestic life.

As this was the first time Caroline had entered within the walls of a nunnery, the curiosity she was supposed to experience was gratified by her being conducted throughout the place. An air of lightness and comfort pervaded the various apartments appropriated to the use of the sisters, though a couch of the simplest kind, a rosary and crucifix, were all that composed the furniture of each individual's cell. Every art that wealth or talent could produce had been employed in adorning the chapel ; the paintings were of the most splendid designs and execution, the relics most costly ; and, indeed, the gorgeousness of the edifice devoted to the service of the Creator, formed a striking contrast with the simplicity which characterised the interior of the convent. Extensive gardens were laid out with great taste, and Caroline was informed that rare and beautiful exotics, requiring in her country the most careful nursing of the green-house, here bloom in luxuriant abundance.

Caroline was introduced amongst the sisters ; many of the elder nuns crowded around her, enquiring with much simplicity respecting those minor events which their situation might have been supposed to have deprived of all interest ; and she was surprised at the gossiping spirit which appeared to cling to those ancient maidens. From the warmth and feeling which had marked the manner of the abbess, when along with the marchioness and Caroline, her demeanour had now changed to an air of cold dignified composure, but the same expression of gentleness remained visible on her countenance, which had previously been so observable.

The beauty of one girl in the dress of a novice, who did not appear to have attained her seventeenth summer, forcibly attracted the regard of Caroline, and she could not forbear grieving, that one so lovely, and apparently formed to participate in all the joys of life, should be doomed to the gloom and coldness of the cloister. This beautiful girl stood apart from her companions, and an expression of wild sorrow gave an appearance to her countenance of touching melancholy. Observing the glances of Caroline straying towards this interesting novice, the abbess beckoned her towards them, introducing her as sister Beatrice. The kind tone in which Caroline accosted the timid girl, apparently touched a sensitive chord in her heart ; she regarded Caroline, for one moment, with a look of wild enquiry, whilst her lustrous eyes

were filled with liquid dew. The searching glance of the sister awakened in Caroline the strongest sympathy for the evident depression for one so young and lovely ; and the melting voice of Beatrice increased the interest her appearance had excited. With a feeling of regret for which she could not account, Caroline pressed the trembling hand of the agitated girl, who, in a voice almost inaudible, murmured an adieu. Having exchanged a friendly good-bye with the other sisters, Caroline followed the marchioness and her friend into the parlour, where a table was supplied with the most rare and costly wines and confectionery.

Upon the marchioness remarking on the beauty and pensive melancholy visible in the countenance of sister Beatrice, with a gentle sigh the abbess expressed her fears that this lovely girl was a victim to the many whom paternal pride, to swell the inheritance of the other members of the family, so often immolates. I know but little of the connexions or previous history of this young lady ; she has only been a few weeks an inmate of Santa Croce, and was placed here by a noble of great rank and power in the state, with a desire that the period of privation should be shortened from the time usual for a noviciate, and that Beatrice should pronounce the vows with as little delay as possible. This, however, I shall oppose, as also her becoming otherwise than voluntary, the spouse of Christ : the melancholy so visible in her deportment has greatly interested me. Poor girl ! I fear her

heart has already formed ties which bind her to the world, and would render the peaceful walls of Santa Croce a living sepulchre.

With interest Caroline listened to those brief remarks of the abbess; her heart bled for poor Beatrice, whom she pictured as torn for ever from one by whom she was adored, and whom she devotedly loved in return; "whilst henceforth life would be to her but a dreary blank, with no hope but the grave as a refuge for her unavailing sorrow.

For some time after the carriage had driven from the gates of Santa Croce, Caroline remained silently absorbed in reflection, from which she was aroused by the marchioness demanding her opinion of the lady abbess. The admiration of Caroline was expressed in the most enthusiastic terms, at the same time she avowed her surprise, that this lady should have retired from a world she was so well adapted to delight and adorn; yet how tranquilly her existence must have passed: to judge from her countenance, neither sorrow nor disappointment could have induced her to seek the sanctuary of a convent. Believe me, Caroline, replied the marchioness, you deceive yourself in indulging that idea. Few have experienced more of the real trials of life than the lady Clementina Braganza: and to hear a simple recital of her sorrows would excite your surprise that so fragile a form should survive such an accumulation of woe. Clementina and I were friends from childhood; she has ever reposed the most un-

bounded confidence in me, consequently I am fully acquainted with the circumstances which led her to fly the allurements of a world in which her reign had been, meteor-like, bright and transient.

Is not she perfectly happy now ? enquired Caroline ; for, from the heavenly serenity of her countenance she might be judged to be quite reconciled to her situation. Even that conclusion admits of a qualification, replied the marchioness. In congratulating Clementina upon the state of tranquillity to which she had attained, she complained of the want of sympathy and companionship she experienced since becoming superior of the convent ; her position places her above her former associates—she has no equal, and her station prohibits her from distinguishing those who attract her regard, lest rivalry or jealousy should be excited amongst the watchful sisters. My situation, Clementina observed with a melancholy smile, resembles that of royalty. I know no equal in the 'convent ; the fervour of friendship and the solace of sympathy are denied me, and there are moments in which I would gladly resign my envied distinction, for the privilege of one faithful bosom to whom I could confide my feelings.

But see, Caroline, exclaimed the marchioness, our friend, the earl, is approaching ; if you will remind me at a future opportunity, I shall willingly inform you of those events which have chequered the existence of Clementina Braganza. Caroline gladly accepted

the promise of the marchioness, and the presence of the smiling earl, who was already at his station by the side of the carriage, introduced other topics of conversation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“ The scene of death is clos’d, the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying langour on the ear :
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains,
And dumb Suspense awaits, o’erwhelm’d with fear.”

THOUGH the circumstances attending the melancholy wreck of the Forfarshire steam-boat, and the heroism evinced by Grace Darling, in preserving the lives of nine of the survivors, have already been laid before the reader as they appeared in the local periodicals of the day, yet there are other particulars to be related, possessing considerable interest.

So alarming and numerous were the accidents in steam-boats prior to the wreck of the Forfarshire, and of the Northern Yacht and other vessels occurring shortly afterwards, that the attention of every philanthropist was strenuously directed to the subject. Representations were made to her Majesty’s government, by whom, instructions, dated Whitehall, January 2, 1839, were issued to Capt. Pringle and I. Parks, engineers, instituting an immediate enquiry into the nature and number of such

accidents occurring in steam-vessels within the last ten years, and the practicable means of preventing their recurrence. On the 29th of May, the report of the engineers was addressed to the Lords of the Privy Council of Trade, and having been laid before the House of Commons, was ordered to be printed.

Previous to the enquiry being instituted, Stephen Reed, Esq. coroner, in forwarding the proceedings at the inquest held upon the bodies of various sufferers from the wreck of the Forfarshire, addressed the following letter to Lord John Russell :—

“ Newcastle, 15th Sept. 1838.

“ MY LORD,—As an officer of the Crown, I think it my duty to report to you the result of an inquest holden on four bodies wrecked on the coast of Northumberland, in the “Forfarshire” steam-boat on the 7th instant.

“ Of about fifty persons on board this unfortunate vessel, it does not appear that more than eighteen have been saved ; nine from the wreck, and nine others who took to the boat, previously to the vessel drifting on the rocks at the Fern Islands. There is every reason to believe the boilers of the vessel, when she sailed from Hull, were in a very defective and insufficient state ; which has led to one of the most melancholy and distressing events that has taken place on the Northumberland coast for many years.” Of course, I can speak to nothing further than what came out on the examination of the witnesses before me ; but there is sufficient to show that the boilers were imperfect, and the captain obstinate and careless of the lives of his passengers and crew, in continuing the voyage after the boilers had given way. There is strong presumptive

evidence, that at the time of sailing, the captain was aware of the insufficiency of the boilers; as they had just undergone a partial repair to carry them to Dundee, when it was intended either immediately to renew the boilers, or lay the vessel up till the spring. The reason, it is supposed, that induced the captain to proceed, was the fact of his having his wife on board, whom he preferred taking home by the boat, rather than be at the expence of sending her by land. It is said, that when the boilers first gave way, the passengers remonstrated, and wished the captain to return to port, but he obstinately declined doing so; this, however, there is no evidence of.

“ Partial accidents from the explosion of steam-boilers are constantly taking place; and only last week a steam-boiler of one of the Newcastle and Shields boats burst, and occasioned the death of two individuals. These accidents are of so fearful a nature and so constantly occurring, that it becomes necessary the Government should be apprized of them, in order to institute inquiries, that may lead to some measure which may be calculated to render steam-boat navigation more safe to the community, and prevent the occurrence of calamities of such extended and fearful a nature. Whether it may be by the appointment of experienced engineers as inspectors of steam-boats, at the port from whence they sail, or any other, the wisdom of Parliament may judge proper; but surely the time is now come, when the country may fairly call upon the interference of the Legislature. I may, perhaps, be excused in saying, that companies should, at their own expence, pay the salaries of such appointed officers, who might be under the control of the Board of Customs, and each boat be bound to give bond according to its tonnage, for a proportionable contribution towards the salary of the officer at the port.

“ With these remarks I close my letter: I transmit a copy of the examinations, and the verdict of the jury;

which marks their sense of the matter I have taken the liberty to bring before your notice.

“ I have, &c. S. REED, Coroner.

“ *Right Honourable Lord John Russell.*”

Mr. Reed's letter is published in the Report previously alluded to, as also the full examination of witnesses on the inquest. The evidence bears the signature of each witness, and its being considered of so much importance as to occupy a place in the Parliamentary Report, a verbatim copy of this part alluded to cannot be considered out of place; in a work professing to give all that might be of interest in connexion with the fate of the forty-nine persons who perished in this disastrous wreck.

“ NORTHUMBERLAND.

“ Examination of Witnesses taken at *Bambrough*, in the Parish of *Bambrough*, in the said County, the 11th day of September, 1838, before me, *Stephen Reed*, Esq., one of the Coroners of our Lady the Queen, in and for the said County, on view of the Body of the Rev. *John Robb* and three others, then and there lying dead, as follows :—

“ *JAMES KELLY*, of *Dundee*, weaver, being sworn and examined at the place, and on the day before mentioned, saith,—That on Wednesday last, the 5th day of September instant, he embarked at Hull as a steerage passenger, on board the “*Forfarshire*” steam-boat, bound to Dundee. Examinant believes, from what he heard and saw, that there were about 30 passengers in the after-cabin, and there were nine passengers in the steerage. They sailed at six o'clock in the evening ;

the weather at that time was pretty moderate, and continued so till about three o'clock the following afternoon. Some time early in the morning, it might be scarcely six o'clock of Thursday (the day after they sailed), examinant heard the sailors remarking the boilers were leaking, and that the vessel was not making much way; that two of the fires had been put out. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the weather changed and became squally, and during the night the sea rose, and became very stormy and rough; does not know upon what part of the coast they then were. The wind blew strong from the land, examinant thinks from the north-west; examinant with others were set to the pumps during Thursday and Thursday night. The vessel, he understood, was making a good deal of water. The water rose in the vessel up to and upon the floor where the trimmers were stationed; the water came from the boiler. That about eleven or twelve o'clock on Thursday night, examinant heard the sailors remark that the vessel was off Berwick; both sails were set. It continued to blow hard, and the sea was very rough throughout the night. That some short time before the vessel struck the paddles were stopped; the fireman said that the water from the boilers was so hot, and had risen so high in the vessel, that they could not put the fires on; they had the hatches off nearly the whole way to admit air and let the steam out; that a little before four o'clock on the Friday morning, the vessel struck; it was quite dark; that all Thursday and during the night it was very thick and foggy. When the vessel struck, examinant was in the cabin, and two or three minutes after he got on deck the vessel parted in two; the fore-part of the vessel struck upon the rock, and the after-part from the engines was washed away. Examinant was told there were two boats, but he did not see either of them; examinant did not see any of the after-cabin passengers on deck after the vessel struck, they were washed away with

the wreck; there were nine saved who were on the fore-castle; amongst these were the carpenter, cook, and two coal-trimmers and a fireman. That during the night, about ten o'clock, the captain and steward were in the fore-cabin collecting the fares from the passengers; the captain and mate were on deck during the night; they brought some porter, and encouraged them to pump; they expressed no fear for the vessel. During the night the wind was strong against them, and the tide being flowing also, set very strong against them from the north; that during the whole night the sails were up, and both up when the vessel struck; the mainsail was down for a short time, but was hoisted again; that after the vessel struck, examinant never saw any thing more of the captain and mate, or cabin passengers. It rained during Thursday, and very heavy during night, which might account for none of the cabin passengers being on deck; there were several ladies and children in the after-cabin. Examinant heard the carpenter and firemen say, that the boilers had been repaired before they left Hull, and that they were soon to have new ones; that the committee were to have a meeting at Dundee to determine whether the vessel was to be laid up till the spring, or that they were immediately to have new boilers put in. Examinant does not recollect any thing further or material relating to the situation and state of the vessel, or can he state more relating to the wreck.

“(Signed) JAMES KELLY.

“THOMAS BUCHANAN, of the *Carse of Gowrie, North Britain*, baker, being sworn and examined on the day and at the place first above mentioned, saith,—That he was also a steerage passenger on board the “Forfarshire” steam-boat; that he was present, and has heard the examination of the first witness, which he corroborates in all particulars.

“(Signed) THOS. BUCHANAN.

“ DANIEL DELANEL, of *Hull*, steam-boat fireman, being sworn and examined at the place and on the day first above mentioned, saith,—That he has known the “ Forfarshire ” steam-boat, of *Hull*, for this year past ; he was shipped on board the “ Forfarshire,” as fireman, for the first time this last voyage. They sailed from *Hull* on Wednesday afternoon, at six o’clock, bound for *Dundee* ; there were nine fore-castle passengers, and there appeared to be a good few after-cabin passengers, but the number he cannot tell ; there were some ladies and children amongst them. Until Thursday morning the weather was pretty moderate. Before they left the *Humber* river, it was discovered the boilers were leaking very much ; they were then not 20 miles from *Hull*. At this time the starboard boiler had all leaked out, and they were obliged to put two fires out. The captain and mate must have known of this circumstance ; it was the duty of the engine-man to report it to them, and examinant believes they always do so ; the engine-man again filled the boiler with water, and desired examinant to put the fires on, which he did, and the vessel went pretty well for some time after ; when the boiler first run out there was nothing said of taking the vessel back to *Hull*, which might have been done very easily ; cannot say whether the passengers were informed that the boiler was defective. In the course of Thursday night, the same boiler that had leaked out would not hold again ; as fast as they pumped the water into it the water leaked out ; before twelve o’clock on the Thursday night it began to blow hard, and the sea rose very much ; at twelve it was a perfect gale. There were three boilers on board, and before twelve o’clock none of them would feed properly, and as they ought to have done ; between eleven and twelve o’clock there was so much boiling water and steam in the bilge that the fireman could not get near the fires to attend to them ; two pumps on deck were employed pumping water into the boilers, but it

ran out as fast as they pumped it in; at twelve o'clock examinant gave the watch up, and went down below; he did not come up again until the vessel struck. Could not tell where the vessel was at twelve o'clock when he went below, not having been on the coast before. Examinant states, that before they left the Humber he would have given all he possessed to have been on shore again; he considered the vessel quite unseaworthy. There was nothing to prevent them returning again when the leak was first discovered; and if examinant had been master, he would have considered it his duty to put back again to Hull. When he felt the ship strike on the rock, he immediately ran on deck, and was nearly washed overboard; in less than five minutes the after part of the vessel parted, and was washed away; the fore-part stuck upon the rock. Examinant and the others that were saved remained on the wreck till the tide ebbed, and then got on the rock.

(Signed) DANIEL DELANEL.

“JORDAN EVANS, *Bambrough*, custom-house officer, being sworn and examined on the day and year and at the place first above-mentioned, saith,—That he has been on the rock where the wreck of the steam-boat “*Forfarshire*” lies; the fore-part of the vessel and paddle-wheels are lying there; the engine also is all there; all the materials before the paddle-box, consisting of mast, rigging, anchors, and cables, are saved; believes that the materials saved may be worth £200. The vessel belongs to the Hull and Dundee Steam-Packet Company.

(Signed) JORDAN EVANS.

“VERDICT OF THE JURY.

“THAT the said John Robb, on the 7th day of September, in the year aforesaid, at the parish and in the county aforesaid, was brought on shore at Beadnell, found drowned at sea, having been wrecked on the said 7th day of September, in the steam-boat “*Forfar-*

shire," bound from Hull to Dundee, which wreck was occasioned by the imperfect state of the boilers of the said steam-boat, and the culpable conduct of the captain in not putting back to Hull when the boilers were first discovered to have leaked out. That the said steam-boat was moving to, and occasioned the death of the said John Robb; and that the wreck which is saved is of the value of £25, and the property, and in the possession of the Hull and Dundee Steam-Packet Company or their agents.

"The same verdict was returned on the inquest held on the three other bodies.

"Deodand on the whole £100."

Her Majesty's Government has also directed an investigation to be made in *Scotland* into the cause of the loss of the "*Forfurshire*," of which the following is a summary :—

"*Dundee*, 1 December, 1838.

"1. As to the state of the boilers, there is no doubt that the cause of the loss was the leak in the starboard boiler. The accounts differ as to the precise state in which the boilers were; the engineers pronouncing them sufficient, so far as they knew; but Allan Stewart's (the engineer) statement is a little equivocal; for he says, that he thought, owing to the state of the boilers (requiring frequent repairs) the vessel ought soon to have been laid up; then he adds, that he considered it quite safe to sail the vessel as she was, and he would have had no objection to sail with her for another six months without her being laid up. The account of John Kidd (fireman) of their state is rather of a contrary nature; also James Nicolson's; also John M'Queen's, coal-trimmer. The statements are also at variance as to the kind of superintendence and inspection which was made over the machinery, boilers, &c. The manager says that Mr. Borrie was 'the inspect-

ing engineer;' and he says, he had 'frequent verbal reports from Mr. Borrie, and his principal engineer and boiler-maker, Robert Mathewson and Hugh Campbell.'

Borrie again says, that he had not inspected the engines, boilers, &c. since February, 1838, about seven months before the loss; but he says, he had reports of the machinery, &c. being in good order from his foremen, Mathewson and Campbell. Mathewson says, that he had no superintendence at all, and seldom or never inspected, unless when specially called upon by the engineer on board; and the last inspection he made was four or five months before the loss. Campbell says, that unless the engineer reported that something was required to be done, he never thought it necessary to inspect the boilers, &c. So that it appears every thing was in reality left to Allan Stewart, the engineer, on board, who has, however, a good character from the manager, Mr. Borrie and others.

" 2. As to the report that the 'Forfarshire' was soon to be laid up for repairs, a report to that effect undoubtedly seems to have prevailed; but the witnesses referred to say, that they never heard the report confirmed by any authority. Allan Stewart, the engineer, indeed says, that the manager told him about two weeks before the loss, that it was the intention to lay up the vessel soon for repairs, and that there were printed hand-bills put up in Dundee, calling a meeting of the partners to consider about laying up the steamer and supplying her place by sail-vessels. The manager contradicts and explains this, and shows the engineer to be in error. There was no doubt a proposal to get sail-vessels, and an advertisement calling a meeting to consider the subject: but the object of getting such vessels was to meet the opposition of another company to Hull who had sail-vessels, and who carried goods at a cheaper-rate, and not to supersede or supply the place of the steam-vessel. The sederunt book of the company was examined and bore out the manager's state-

ment ; there was nothing in it about an intention to lay up the ' Forfarshire.'

" 3. As to the conduct of the crew, in the case of the Rev. Mr. Robb of Dunkeld. First, there is no doubt that Tulloch, the carpenter, took a purse and watch from the dead body of Mr. Robb ; and from what John M'Queen stated, suspicions arose as to Tulloch's motives ; but these suspicions were subsequently removed by other testimony, which showed that Tulloch took the watch and purse for the purpose of safety, and in order that they might lead to identification of the body. Second, there is no evidence whatever that any thing was taken from any of the other passengers. Third, as to the crew not obeying the orders of the captain, but betaking themselves to the boat instead of letting down the anchor, it is true that orders were, a few minutes before the loss, given to let go the anchors. Hill, says Matron the mate, gave such orders. Duncan, the sailing-master, says he did so. Robert Fox says Captain Humble gave such orders, Tulloch says he heard a passenger call out 'to let go the anchor.' But it is equally true that the anchor was not let go ; on the contrary, when the orders were given it was not ready to be let go. The chain-cables were both below, unprepared. When the men were in the act of hauling up the chain-cables, some of them ran to the boat ; the others followed ; and the fact undoubtedly is, that none of the anchors were let go. The witnesses indeed say, that they do not think the anchor would have held ; but Allan Stewart says there were two chain-cables on board, each about 60 fathoms long ; the one was an inch in diameter in the links, the other an inch and one-eighth ; and it seems clear that, owing to the entire want of preparation, &c., the anchors never were tried.

" 4. It does not appear that danger was apprehended before the vessel was out of the Humber. It was only when the vessel was about Flamborough Head that the starboard boiler was known to be very leaky.

“ 5. Mr. Borrie says, ‘ When the engineer discovered the leak and reported it to the captain, and was obliged to draw his fires, the vessel should have been put into port.’ This appears only reasonable. Now, unquestionably the engineer discovered the leak early on Thursday morning, and he was then obliged to draw the two fires from under the starboard boiler. These facts were notorious, and it is plain that the vessel could have been put into port; she might safely have gone back to Hull, or into Shields or other ports. In place of, however, of putting into port, the deck-pumps were set agoing, as the feed-pumps proved insufficient, and the vessel was made to struggle on until she passed Berwick; the weather then became more stormy; the hot water which had leaked out was, by the rolling of the vessel, thrown up against the firemen, who were thereby disabled from working; the engines could not be fired, and stopped; the vessel drifted; and the dreadful catastrophe happened of the loss of the ship, and of the most of those who were on board. Out of about forty passengers, only about five were saved, and of a crew of about twenty-two, twelve were saved. The only direct intimation of the state of the machinery made by the engineer to the captain, as stated by the former, appears to have been given at eight and eleven o’clock on Thursday night; but the facts seem to have been known to most, if not all of the crew.

“ 6. The starboard boiler was found leaky early on Thursday morning; so leaky that the fires were drawn from under it for about an hour and a half or two hours. The question naturally arises, why was it again resorted to, and the fires beneath it rekindled, seeing that the vessel did proceed with the two boilers for upwards of an hour? The question was put to Duncan, the sailing-master, but he could not answer it; neither could John M’Queen, nor the fireman Nicolson, nor the fireman John Kidd. The engineer, Allan Stewart, stated that he found it necessary to set the leaky boiler

agoing again, because, he said, the two fires being out beneath it, the draft was diminished, and the other four fires would not burn; and the engine, in consequence stopped after the ship had gone about three-quarters of an hour with the two boilers. It is remarkable that the others do not mention nor seem conscious that the engine stopped: they speak of the vessel going with diminished speed, but none of them say the engine stopped. Mr. Borrie and his engineer, Mr. Mathewson, gave very little weight to the reason assigned by Allan Stewart. Mr. Borrie says, that he thinks the two fires being drawn, might have diminished the draft, but not to any great extent. Mr. Mathewson says precisely the same thing. Those two engineers gave other reasons for not working the vessel with the two boilers only; the chief of which seems to be, that, as the vessel was naturally crank, if the starboard boiler had been kept empty, the water in the other wing boiler would have swayed her over to one side. On the other hand, Allan Stewart, the engineer, does not say that there was actually any swaying over; and Mr. Borrie seems to have feared the swaying chiefly 'with a light cargo;' whereas the manager says, on the voyage, when the vessel was lost, she had on board 'a pretty heavy cargo.'

"The statements with regard to the condition of the machinery when the vessel left port, are contradictory; but there is no doubt that this melancholy loss of life might have been avoided by the simple expedient of putting into port when the leak was discovered, by which means the vessel and all on board would have been saved."

Thus it is apparent, that the loss of the *Forfarshire* has been attended by circumstances calculated to aggravate the grief of those mourners for the fate of some dear and tender relative, rent from them by this melancholy occurrence. It is much to be lament-

ed, that hitherto an unpardonable degree of negligence has existed relative to the condition of steam-vessels, and the capability of those entrusted with their management. Thus many a valuable life has been sacrificed, and property to an incalculable amount become a prey to the insatiable deep. Happily, however, the attention of men of science has been directed to the subject, and it may confidently be hoped, that calls upon mankind for sympathy towards those heart-rending occurrences will be as rare as they have hitherto, alas ! been frequent.

The opinion of several practical gentlemen were requested upon the subject of enquiry ; and it is presumed that the following, also copied from the Parliamentary Report, will not be devoid of interest to a single individual, upon an affair of such general importance ; for there are few, if not themselves occasional voyagers, but have some whose welfare are dear to them, pass across the mighty deep ; and a knowledge that there are means which can and will be used for increasing their safety, must indeed be truly gratifying :—

TO CAPT. PRINGLE & JOSIAH PARKES, Esq.

“ GENTLEMEN,—1. The accidents to steam-boats which have come under my observation are several. I shall, however, only instance a few of recent occurrence, and which have happened in this immediate district. On the 2d of September, 1838, the ‘Vivid,’ a tug-boat belonging to this port, had her boiler burst, by which two men, the engineer and fireman, lost their lives, who were joint proprietors of the boat. On the

7th the disastrous wreck of the 'Forfarshire,' which has been a subject of melancholy comment almost ever since, occurred upon our coast, when a number of valuable lives were lost with much property. On the 12th the 'Tweedside,' on her voyage from Edinburgh, whither she had been with a party on pleasure, took fire, and placed, for a time at least, the lives of the party in danger; at any rate a great deal of fearful anxiety was created in their minds, until another steam-boat, the 'Adelaide,' took the passengers on board and transferred them to the 'Northern Yacht,' in which they safely arrived at Newcastle. Since that period another steam-boat left this port which has not since been heard of, and not a soul escaped to tell the woful tale; but as I am not, from observation of the fitness of the vessel, able to give any information on the subject, and as a variety of opinions have come before the public, I shall abstain from any remarks connected with that business, having ample material for the purpose of the present inquiry in the cases I have already named.

" 2. I am not a boiler-builder—no accident has come under my observation in the manufacture of which I have been in any way connected, and consequently the remarks I have to offer will be entirely disinterested. I have for a number of years been engaged in the working of iron which requires great strength and elasticity, and my attention was first directed to this subject by the analogy which a burst gun-barrel bears to a burst steam-boiler; and I was thus led to make a great number of experiments having direct reference to the subject, the result of which I shall communicate as I proceed.

" 3. I have stated above that the boiler of the 'Vivid' burst and destroyed two men. On examination of the tube of this boiler, I found a collapse had taken place from the bottom upwards, which had rent the tube longitudinally full four feet, and in the contrary direc-

tion upwards of two feet. The primary cause of this explosion appears to have been a defective plate, which, being exposed to the action of the fire, had caused what is technically termed a 'blush,' which breaking or coming off, left the plate scarcely one-third of its original thickness, though it was subject to the same internal pressure as the other and stronger parts of the boiler. Here the first rent took place, and the rush, if I may so term it, of the steam to where it could find a vent then caused the collapse I have described, and the lamentable consequence. The loss of the 'Forfarshire' is to be attributed, I am of opinion, to the inefficient state of her boilers, for the crew were not able to keep the engine-room clear of the boiling water caused by the leaking of the boilers; thus rendering the engines ineffective, and, as it unfortunately happened in this case, producing direful consequences, as is well known. The defect here was in the seams of the boiler; they were not water-tight, and, as it happened, a fearful gale came on, which doubtless would cause the vessel to labour much, and consequently increase the leakage to the extent named; though, under ordinary circumstances, the vessel might in all probability have made her voyage in safety. The accident to the 'Tweedside' was also caused by such an occurrence; some of the rivets of one of her boilers had sprung and rendered it useless, and it was in consequence of the extra application of fire to the other boiler, in order to effect their passage with half the power she ought to have had, that the boat herself was set on fire, much to the alarm of the passengers then on board.

" 4. I am not acquainted with any accident to steamers at sea or in rivers but what has arisen from the defective state of the boilers.

" 5. I think that the engines and boilers of steam-vessels are not overhauled so frequently, speaking generally, as is consistent with public safety. I have seen boilers taken out of vessels with their bottoms in

a state of rottenness, and not half the substance of the iron left, the other being destroyed by rust; and I have seen the fur or deposit from the water upon the fire-tubes in some places upwards of an inch in thickness; this could not have taken place with ordinary attention to the state of the boiler. In the course of my experiments on the relative strength of iron of different qualities, that of which steam-boilers are made has been subjected to a variety of tests, which, I think, will show the necessity of paying attention to the construction as well as the inspection of steam-boilers, whether used by land or sea. This kind of iron is excessively bad in quality; it possesses no tenacity, it possesses no elasticity; if you put it into a testing-machine, it will separate with an outward pressure nine-tenths less than what superior iron will bear. The same test shows it possessed no tensile spring, for it separates without elongating an eighth of an inch; and if a slip of it is bent cold out of a straight position to a form similar to the arch of a boiler, a pressure of 168 pounds to the inch will break it across like a piece of fir deal, though the substance of five-sixteenths of an inch thick. The same iron can be made ten times the strength, so that one cause of explosions I attribute to the inferior quality of the material from which boilers are generally made. I have agitated this question locally for months, and iron-masters of high reputation have confessed they could make it much better if they could obtain a remunerating price. This is no difficult matter. For instance, I find on analysis (of a large quantity of boiler-plates which I have tried) that the component parts of inferior iron are:—carbon 8, lime 2, silica $1\frac{1}{2}$, iron $88\frac{1}{2}$. Now, once reheating and hammering would reduce the above deleterious ingredients one-third, another heating another third, leaving only $3\frac{3}{4}$ alloy to $96\frac{1}{4}$ pure metal, whilst the quality of the material would be increased full six-fold, even with this adulteration; but then a sacrifice must be submitted to which in the present state

of knowledge on the subject would be considered a loss, hence the risk of the lives of our fellow-creatures for the paltry saving of a few pounds in the cost of a steam-engine boiler. Two accidents have occurred to locomotive engine-boilers recently, one on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and one more recently still, at Ghent, in Belgium; by each two lives were sacrificed. If proof were wanting, here is one of the inferior quality of the iron; here there are no tubes to get red hot (that can explode with danger) for want of water, but boilers only of barely five feet diameter, made of plates of half an inch in thickness, bursting with a pressure little exceeding 200 pounds on the inch. I am prepared to prove they could not have more; whilst, if of good material, 800 pounds would not have burst them. A perfectly well-constructed boiler, if the iron is good, will expand full one-fourth before an explosion, and that would be a reduction of the pressure that would prevent for a considerable time a recurrence of the danger.

“ 6. The ingenuity of many eminent men has been employed in inventing and improving the apparatus necessary for safety in the working of a steam-engine, and little appears to be wanting except a better, indeed, I may say a much better, quality of iron, and a greater attention to regularity and precision in the execution of the work; for in the same proportion as the work is irregular, by which I mean, when the rivet-holes are not exactly opposite each other, in the same proportion will the boiler be rendered less capable of bearing the pressure for which it is designed; and as I have shown that accidents have arisen from both these causes, it certainly ought to be the duty of those interested in the manufacture of these articles to attend both to the quality of the material and to the style of the workmanship. There is, however, a steam-boat employed as a passage-boat on the Tyne, the ‘Dahlia,’ whose engines are constructed so as to prevent the

danger of explosion. One fruitful cause of this is want of water, and then the boiler or tube gets red hot ; but this engine is so constructed, that when the water is low, the fire is involuntarily put out, thus superseding the possibility of an explosion from that cause. I was lately on board a steam-boat where the steam-pipe was burst for six or eight inches, and bound round with rope-yarn to keep it tight.

“ 7. The number of boats at present on board of steam-vessels appears sufficient, but I am of the same opinion as Mr. G. Straker, as expressed by him at a public meeting in the Guildhall, in Newcastle, a few months ago, which was, ‘ that every steam-boat ought to have an anchor and cable of sufficient weight and strength, that in the event of her machinery being deranged, she might ride in the open sea as securely and safely as a floating-light, not having the same masts and yards as sailing-vessels, and the wind not having the same effect upon them, and if so provided there could not be the slightest danger of her driving upon a lee-shore ; but it would be requisite that her windlasses should be secured in a similar substantial manner to the floating-light vessels. The commissioners of the navy, with the assistance of the officers of the dock-yards or the Admiralty, will be able to furnish a scale of the proper weight according to the size of the vessel.’ Had this been the case with the ‘Ardincaple,’ she would not have been placed in such imminent danger in the storm of Sept. 1, 1833. It will be recollected that this vessel broke from both her anchors, and if they had not had a little canvas, by which they were enabled to wear her off the land, they must have inevitably perished ; and as sails might sometimes be used with advantage, it would be well if they had a duplicate set of sails in case those in use should be blown away, as was very lately the case.

“ 8. The regulations of the port of Newcastle are sufficient to meet all circumstances of this nature, and

when collision does take place, it is generally in consequence of not attending to those regulations.

“ 9. Steam-vessels cannot well be subjected to any of the evils resulting from the causes enumerated in this query, if the most ordinary attention is paid to their condition; and the most effectual remedy against even the apprehension of those dangers is the vigilant eye of the commander.

“ 10. In addition to what I have said in answer to query 7, steam-boats might be fitted with an indicator,* which the passengers ought to have access to, showing the pressure at which the engine was working, and also another stating the pressure the boiler had been subjected to in testing.

“ I am, &c. W. GREENER.

“ *Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Feb. 4, 1839.*”

MR. M. POPPLEWELL, SURVEYOR TO LLOYD'S,
NORTH SHIELDS.

“ 1. THE ‘ Vivid,’ tug steam-boat, belonging to North Shields; boilers burst, and scalded J. and William Greener, the owners of this vessel, so severely, that they died a short time afterwards; accident happened in the Tyne.

“ The ‘ Northern Yacht,’ 78 tons, a sea-going steamer, was lost during the month of October, 1838, the crew and passengers drowned, on a passage from the Tyne to Leith, supposed sprung a leak, or a sea breaking on board the vessel, and then foundered.

“ The ‘ Forfarshire,’ 192 tons, was lost on the Fern Islands; supposed 39 lives lost, and 18 lives saved. Reported by those saved, the machinery went wrong, the boilers leaky, and drove ashore in a north-east storm.

“ This case suggests this opinion to me, that in the captain’s mind the vessel was not properly tackled with anchors and cables, or if so, not properly equipped with efficient canvas; if his canvas had been good, he would

have knocked the paddles off the wheels, (his engine then being rendered useless), and endeavoured to press the vessel clear of the land, which I am of opinion might have been effected, provided the vessel had been properly equipped. Then it is worth remarking, that the paddle-box tops should be so made as to unship with ease in tempestuous weather, so that the paddles might be unscrewed and taken away.

“ In extremities, when canvas is found necessary to be used (after the machinery has gone wrong), the vessel being free of the paddles, might make the more head-way to reach off a lee-shore or other danger.

“ The ‘Suffolk’ steamer was lost in taking Tyne-mouth bar, and became a wreck upon rocks; accident supposed by taking the bar too far to the northward.

“ 5. The engines and boilers of steamers require overhauling very frequently; and I am of opinion some disinterested person should be appointed to inspect them, perfectly independent of the proprietors of the vessels, at least once in every six months.

“ 7. Some mercantile steamers are planked and timbered with pines and inferior woods (supposed to gain speed and light draught of water); these require frequent inspection. The smaller class of sea-going steamers from the Tyne are too slight built; the larger class are efficient in scantling, and are well built, and rigged for sea; boats generally inefficient, and seldom in a prepared state in case of accident; they are too commonly made the receptacle of lumber, the sails of steamers mostly in a decayed state; this arises from the captains trusting too much to the steam-engine. I am of opinion all coasting steamers or those that navigate the northern sea, should have at least 150 fathoms on one end, for the best bower chain of an extra size, with the sheet anchor of extra weight, as the last resource to bring the vessel up (when machinery goes wrong, or coal expends, thick weather, or such like); these vessels equipped in efficient ground-tackling, would ride

almost at all times, and thereby tend to save life; I might name here the case of the steamer 'Ardincaple,' which not having chain-cable of the length and size required to resist storms on our east coast, nearly drove ashore north of Tynemouth, when two fishing-smacks went to her assistance and brought her into port; also a minute from an old captain, date 14th of May, 1835, on board 'Mania' steamer riding off Tynemouth bar, with a strong swell, and no wind; the bower-chain broke, being much too small, and before the steam was got up she was close to the rocks, and had there been any wind would have become a wreck, and risked the lives of crew and passengers. Several of the Tyne river steamers are in a deteriorated state in hull and machinery, and have no sufficient anchors or sails for sea-going purposes.

" 8. Signals not effective; no arrangement of universal character. River vessels passing at night should show coloured lights; the one going up might have a red light, and keep the starboard hand; the vessel bound down the river to have a green light, and also keep the starboard hand: thus prevent accident, each knowing the course to pursue before approaching too near; this also would answer, to a great degree, to prevent collision at sea.

" I should suggest, at sea all steamers should go to windward of all sailing-vessels; for this reason, they have the power to go head to wind, and a sailing-vessel equally the power of bearing up. A regulation of this kind should be made known to the mercantile marine, and each captain then never would attempt to go to windward of a steam-vessel, and thereby might avoid much damage and risk of life.

" 9. To appoint disinterested surveyors to inspect and see that the coals do not touch the boilers, and are kept distant from the heat of the fires and machinery. The expectation of surveyors coming would keep the

captains and crews on the alert, thereby giving an extra stimulus to keep the arrangements right.

“ 10. I am of opinion, the law in a large maritime country, like England, should enforce, by proper surveyors, each vessel to be inspected, and the public made acquainted with the efficiency or the non-efficiency of each vessel that conveys passengers or goods; this much the public ought to be protected in: and I am convinced the moral force of opinion will then press on the proprietors of vessels that they would be well built and equipped with machinery.

“ 11. Two companies, having each two sea-going vessels belonging to the Tyne, *i. e.* four steamers, which trade between Newcastle, Hull, and Leith, have availed themselves of the rules of Lloyd's Register for British and foreign shipping; but not one of the river small steamers avail themselves of Lloyd's Regulations, some of which ply north and southward to the distance of 70 to 100 miles. These vessels average from 30 to 40 tons, and are not equipped with sails, anchors, cables, or binnacle, for sea-going purposes.

“ 12. The ‘Northern Yacht,’ before named in No. 1 answer, was classed in Lloyd's Register as being entitled to stand on the first description six years A 1; she was overhauled and coppered under my inspection on the 19th April, 1838; foundered in October, 1838, and the crew and passengers drowned.

“ 13. I am of opinion, under proper management, no prejudicial delay would take place in the frequent inspection of steamers to secure greater safety to life and property, as this could be done during the taking in and out of cargoes and landing of passengers, or on such trips as the engine now finds it necessary to make to clear steam-pipes, boilers, &c.; unless indeed they should prove to require repairs after such inspection.

“ M. POPPLEWELL.

“ *North Shields, 19th Feb. 1839.*”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ Alas ! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love ! ”

THE period appointed by the Marquis of Santalina for their departure from Toledo had arrived, without any intelligence from Charles ; witnessing the uneasiness of his friends, the marquis proposed occupying his mansion in Madrid until some tidings should be received from their truant. This arrangement was most cordially acceded to by the major and his daughter ; and from the bright glance emitted from the eyes of the Earl Clanranald, on the alteration from the previous plans being named to him, he did not appear to disapprove of their arrangement—so Caroline thought, and this circumstance imported an additional bloom to her delicate cheek.

When arrived at Madrid, winter had commenced with unusual severity ; and a cessation from the hostile proceedings of the opposing armies was rendered imperative by the inclemency of the season ; and the earl, therefore, still remained inactive ; although he had entered only as a volunteer, yet he felt bound by honour to remain steady to the cause of the queen so long as the war was prosecuted. The marchioness entered sparingly into the gaieties of the city ; indeed, all the nobility who remained in Madrid were attached to the consti-

tutional party. This, however, would not have opposed a barrier, had the wishes of the marquis been to mingle in the court circle ; but he carefully declined returning the attentions he received, fearing to compromise his honour by appearing to join the party whom it had so lately been his greatest object to oppose. The Earl of Clanranald had arrived at Madrid, and Caroline frequently heard from the company with whom they did mingle, of the high degree of court favour enjoyed by the young English nobleman.

A party of friends, principally English, were one evening assembled in the saloon of the marquis. The earl had left his station by the side of Caroline, to speak for a moment, upon a subject of importance, to a gentleman at a distant part of the room ; while returning, a young English countess detained the earl by some questions of trifling import, yet good breeding would not permit his lordship to fly the smiling fair one. Whilst rejoining to the observations of the countess, the truant glances of the earl strayed to the couch where Caroline was seated, and, unobserved, gazed upon her lovely form. An attendant at this time entered the saloon, and having addressed Miss Dudley, placed a note in her hand. Having glanced at its contents, Caroline arose and left the apartment ; and, in doing so, the earl perceived a shade of agitation upon her countenance. This occurrence distracted the attention of his lordship, insomuch that the replies he made to the countess were most mal-a-pro-

pos, and the lady, with lively good humour, rallied his lordship at his incongruities.

An hour elapsed, which appeared an age to the impatient earl, without the return of Caroline. Unable to remain longer, listening to the trifles addressed to him, his lordship wandered into the garden, tempted by the appearance of a lovely moon. Long the earl did not remain there, the clear cold atmosphere reminding him that this was not a congenial season for moon-lit rambles. Before re-entering the mansion, a look was directed towards Caroline's boudoir, full of kind feeling towards the lovely tenant. A lamp was burning, and the drapery being partially unclosed, displayed to his lordship a scene which paralyzed his every faculty.

Caroline and a gentleman were seated upon a couch, her hand clasped by that of her companion, whilst words of fond endearment appeared passing between them. This at one glance his lordship observed, and the next moment he tore himself away from the distracting sight. His bosom was convulsed by the torturing feelings of jealousy, yet even then he shrunk from the idea of acting as spy upon the conduct of Caroline. Caroline Dudley loving another was a thought too painful for endurance, yet were that not the case, why admit a clandestine visitor to terms of such familiar confidence? Recovering with an effort to apparent composure, the earl entered the saloon. The gaiety around jarred upon his feelings, and shortly afterwards wish-

ing the hostess good night, his lordship withdrew, disregarding the surprised look of the marchioness as she urged his further stay.

When Caroline rejoined the company, she heard, with ill-concealed disappointment, of his lordship's premature departure. She remained abstracted, and apparently lost in thought, but this was imputed by the marchioness to the absence of the earl. At length the last guest departed, and then Caroline hastened to inform her startled, yet delighted, friends the occasion of her previous absence from the saloon—Charles had at length found means of making a secret visit to Madrid, where he had learned from a vassal of the marquis that his friends were residing. The strongest necessity existed for his preserving a strict incognito, for were it even suspected that a Carlist officer had ventured within the walls of the city, death would be the inevitable doom.

Charles was well known to the astonished attendant who admitted him, but one word of caution was enough for this faithful fellow. He conducted Charles through a private passage into the suite of apartments appropriated to Miss Dudley, and then hastened to acquaint the young lady with the unhoped-for arrival of her brother. So great was the emotion of Caroline on perusing the lines hastily scrawled by Charles, that with difficulty she maintained an appearance of calmness until freed from the eyes of those by whom she was surrounded. She then flew with a fleet step along the intervening passages, until at last she stood within the room

where Charles was impatiently waiting her appearance.

Their meeting was, as might be expected, joyful in the extreme; the impulse of Caroline to summon her father was checked by the prudence of Charles, who feared that the major and his daughter both leaving the room might awaken enquiry amongst the company. When Caroline found time, after the first ebullition of joy, to scrutinize the appearance of Charles, she was surprised at the alteration he had undergone during the few months of their separation. Then, he was little more than a boy in look and manner, but now his frame had attained a manly and dignified aspect, and an expression of thought and sensibility had replaced the joyful gaiety which gave a perpetual sunshine to his countenance.

After the mutual questions of the long-parted brother and sister had been replied to, Caroline left Charles, promising to send the major to him as speedily as possible. Fortunately she met her father proceeding to his study, and in as few words as possible Caroline revealed the joyful intelligence. Ah! who can paint the feelings of the relieved father, thus freed from so much of the anxiety which was heavily pressing upon his mind. Leaving her father at the door, with a happy step Caroline re-entered the saloon, anticipating how truly the earl would sympathise in her pleasure. Surprised and disappointed, she observed his absence; and her chagrin was further increased by learning from the marchioness, that his lordship

did not intend rejoining them during the evening.

The marquis and the marchioness were equally warm in their reception of Charles; and arrangements were immediately made by the former to preserve the secret of Charles' visit from all their domestics, save the one already acquainted with the circumstance, and his fidelity the marquis knew to be beyond all price: the confidential attendant of the major could also be relied on. A pallet was prepared for Charles in an apartment within that of the major's, and he was sportively informed by the lady hostess, he must consider the limit of his privileges to extend no further than his father's apartments.

Charles had little beyond the hair-breadth escapes of a soldier's life to recount; for long he had endured a suspense respecting the fate of his uncle equal to that experienced by his friends concerning himself; until at length the grateful intelligence of the safety and honourable treatment received by the marquis relieved his anxiety. It was easy to perceive that the sickening scenes of warfare in which he had been involved had made a deep impression upon the mind of Charles, but he felt that in first casting aside the scabbard he had past the Rubicon, and every feeling of honour called upon him to adhere more closely to the cause of Don Carlos, since the clouds of adverse fortune were lowering around that unfortunate prince.

On the following morning, long before the

hour of his appearance, Caroline impatiently listened for the footsteps of the Earl of Clanranald, 'anxious to communicate to him the arrival of Charles. When the usual time elapsed without his arrival, Caroline felt inexpressibly disappointed, for never before had his lordship been so long absent from a contemplation of the beauty in whom was enshrined his heart's affections. In despite of the knowledge that Charles was in safety and so near, Caroline experienced a vacuum in her heart, which imparted a depression to her spirits, and she was shocked to discover that the image of the earl had become so completely interwoven with every emotion of her soul.

Caroline was disturbed by the marquis, who entered with an open billet in his hand. From the Earl of Clanranald I have received this laconic note, observed the marquis. It appears our friend has been called from Madrid most unexpectedly; but here is the billet, Caroline—let it account for the absence of the writer. The colour which had mounted to the cheek of Caroline as suddenly forsook it, leaving her paler than of wont, and with a throbbing bosom she glanced at the contents of an apology, penned by the earl in evident hurry and perturbation of spirits. He had been summoned to a distant province most unexpectedly, and so urgent was the necessity for immediately departing, that time was not allowed of personally paying his respects to the marquis and the ladies of his mansion, but he desired the marquis to assure them

of his unceasing regard, and his hopes of finding them in Madrid when he should return. This was the purport of the communication, and with a feeling of disappointment, forming a strong contrast to her former buoyancy, Caroline rejoined the major and Charles in the study of the former.

Charles affectionately remarked the altered spirits of Caroline, kindly enquiring into the cause which had banished the brilliant smiles which, he assured her, so well became her. This question alarmed the delicacy of Caroline, and forcing a look of gaiety, she assured Charles nothing had occurred to disturb her serenity of mind ; and his affectionate attentions soon rendered that gaiety real which had before been assumed. In a short time Charles sunk into a state of silent abstraction, and his mind appeared oppressed by some secret care, which evidently embittered every moment. His manner was changed from the open candour which led him to reveal every thought as it arose, to a silent reserve and pensive thoughtfulness. This Caroline had not observed on their first interview, but during the few days Charles remained at the castle, she was often pained by his altered demeanour ; yet was Charles as affectionate as heretofore, and at length Caroline imputed his gravity to the dangers which environed his path.

A state of constant watchfulness and anxiety was experienced by each friend of Charles Dudley, whilst he remained at Madrid, which, however, was not many days, for Charles was

desirous of returning to the camp, now that he had gratified the wish of his heart to embrace his father and sister. He was also aware of the risk incurred by the marquis, in sheltering beneath his roof a Carlist officer ; and this rendered Charles most anxious to leave ere a discovery should be made, which would involve his generous friends in difficulties of so serious a nature. The marquis also knew another circumstance which, however, he did not mention to the major or his children, unwilling to increase their sufficiently excited fears, namely, that were the fact of Charles Dudley being in the mansion but known to the domestics of the household, one hour would not be suffered to elapse without witnessing his being immured within the cells of a prison, or perchance led forth to summary execution.

At this period a system of espionage was maintained throughout Madrid equal to that practised in Venice when the dreaded Ten were in the highest zenith of their power. In the household of each noble, one or more domestics were employed by the state to watch over the conduct and language of the noble whose servants they nominally were, and to give immediate information if ought were said or done derogatory to the power of the queen and constitution.



CHAPTER XXIX.

“ The spirit of Love is still on earth.”

PRIOR to Grace Darling receiving the compliments of her friends from Newcastle, a stranger arrived at the island, who announced himself as the bearer of a communication from Mr. Batty, proprietor of an equestrian circus then in Edinburgh. An evening's entertainment had been given for the benefit of Miss Darling, and a house crowded to overflowing sufficiently bespoke that the enthusiasm created by the heroine of Fern Islands was as general in that city as elsewhere. The bearer of this intelligence was entertained by the inhabitants of the light-house with their wonted hospitality; and this individual strove, by the most courteous demeanour, to ingratiate himself with his good-humoured entertainers. He dwelt upon the pleasure which the appearance of Grace Darling would afford in Edinburgh to her numerous admirers, and at last hinted how desirous Mr. Batty was that she should make a visit there whilst his party remained. Yet still the real object of his mission, which, it seemed, was to obtain the concurrence of Grace Darling to appear within the arena of the circus, was never once explained; and when a request was urged that she would place her name to a paper which he tendered for the purpose, talking at

the same time about his desire that Mr. Batty should have a satisfactory assurance that he had fulfilled his mission at the island, Grace frankly complied, naturally imagining an acknowledgment of the sum sent by Mr. Batty was what their guest required.

Scarcely had a week elapsed since this occurrence, when one of the kindest and most enthusiastic friends of Grace arrived at the light-house. The pleasure with which Grace hurried forward to welcome her friend, was damped by the unusual gravity of his countenance, while his wonted kindness of manner was tinctured by an air of stern displeasure. Amazement for some time paralysed the faculties of Mr. Darling, when their friend commenced an animated remonstrance with him upon the degradation to which he had agreed to subject his daughter; conjuring the startled father to reclaim, without delay, his promise; and by doing so, guard the respectability of his child from the blow it would receive by her appearing within the arena of a public circus. Mr. Darling demanded an explanation of the expressions used by their friend, assuring him with great warmth, that no one could watch with more jealousy over the fair fame of his daughter, or desire to protect her from every degrading action than himself.

An explanation then ensued to the utter surprise and indignation of Mr. Darling, and the poignant grief of Grace, who observed, that however she might have been disposed to feel elevated by the flattering attentions

she had previously received, this proposal of Mr. Batty completely restored her humility. A letter was immediately despatched to Mr. Batty, expressing the strongest indignation at the deceitful conduct practised towards them, and desiring, in no very qualified terms, that the report to which he had given rise should be promptly contradicted.

The displeasure experienced by Mr. Darling at this occurrence, was tinged by no slight degree of pious horror; and the idea that a child of his should even enter within the walls of a profane play-house, was tantamount to falling away from all that is virtuous and good. The religious opinions of Mr. Darling, as has previously been intimated, bordered upon what is now considered a rigid degree of puritanism, although a member of the church of England; consequently, he was disposed to regard with displeasure the numerous train of amusements which come under the title of innocent enjoyments, and *douce* Davy Deans could not have experienced a greater degree of horror than did Mr. Darling at the prospect of his child being held up as a gazing mark to gratify the curiosity of a play-going generation. Cards were another species of amusement, which came under the strictures of Mr. Darling; and he would often quote, when the name of those painted abominations were introduced by any visitors to the light-house, a censure pronounced upon them by the great and profound Dr. Johnson: "It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in

honest conversation, without being able, when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages ; but a man may shuffle cards from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions, and clamorous altercations."

It may readily be imagined how unbounded was the gratitude of Mr. Darling to that faithful friend who had shewn such watchful zeal in guarding the conduct of his daughter from any action which could occasion the slightest breath of censure, and the thankfulness of Grace was not inferior to that experienced by her father. It was long ere this circumstance was forgotten by Grace, and the remembrance of Mr. Batty's proposal was always associated in her mind with feelings of the keenest mortification. The striking marks of regard previously received from her friends in Newcastle, could scarcely teach her to forget the humiliating lesson she had received.

The coming Christmas was anticipated by Grace with more than her wonted pleasure. She anxiously looked forward to the meeting with her brothers and sisters within the home hallowed by every fond and endearing recollection of childhood. She was aware how truly each of the dear absent ones had participated in the feelings of gratification which the unbounded regard of her fellow-beings

had conveyed to her bosom. The fond expectations which had robbed her eyes of slumber, for joy is as great an enemy to repose as sorrow, were at length realised. After a separation of twelve months, the members of Mr. Darling's family were assembled, as they had often been before, around the cheering Christmas fire, which, burning with a warm and kindly glow, threw its radiance upon their gay and happy faces. A distant respect, mingled with the affectionate greetings with which Grace was saluted by her sisters, and by their manner they appeared to feel that the late events which had bestowed celebrity upon their sister's name, had opposed a barrier to their using the same familiarity when addressing her as they had formerly done when Grace appeared to them all as the privileged pet and play-thing of the family. This distance and reserve of her sisters pained the affectionate heart of Grace, but soon by her endearing conversation she induced them to cast aside the deference which had given a coldness to their manner. All the various tokens of regard sent to Grace by her numerous and unknown friends were in turn exhibited to the gratified girls, who, each moment, gave expression to their admiration in homely unstudied phrases, their delight being unalloyed by any emotions of envy, at what they justly considered the lasting celebrity and applause so lavishly bestowed upon their younger sister.

During the continuance of this happy re-

union, a circumstance occurred which gave the most unbounded pleasure to each member of this affectionate and united family, for united indeed they were in every thought and feeling. A communication was received by Mr. Darling from the Trinity-house, London, noticing, in flattering terms, the so well known conduct of his daughter and himself on the late memorable occasion; and notifying their having appointed one of his sons as assistant in attending to the manifold duties of light-house keeper on the island. What had principally influenced the members of the Trinity-house in making this appointment, was the frequent recurrence of wrecks in the vicinity of the island, and the inability of Mr. Darling alone and unaided to render effectual assistance.

These scenes had frequently occasioned bitter regret to Mr. Darling; for many a heart-rending sight occurred, the sad particulars of which were distinctly observed from the light-house, without his having the power of rendering assistance. On the wreck of the Forfarshire, had not Grace volunteered her services, urging their going across the foamy deep, even in opposition to the prudent fears of Mr. Darling, the nine lives then preserved must inevitably have shared the melancholy fate of their lost companions.

There was one circumstance which occurred shortly after the birth of Grace, and at the time when the family of Mr. Darling were all too young to be of any assistance, to which Mr. Darling would refer when their isolated situa-

tion on the island chanced to be alluded to. It was during the gloomy month of November, a period usually marked by melancholy disasters to seamen, that there had, for several days, been a continuation of heavy gales, such as are even rarely experienced on this tempestuous coast, where storms are too frequent to excite much alarm. Whilst Mr. Darling was keeping his solitary watch in the tower of the lighthouse, cries of distress reached his ear, so piercing as to be heard above the hoarse voice of the storm. Vainly Mr. Darling endeavoured to descry the objects from whom those heart-rending sounds had proceeded; all without was buried within the impenetrable veil of darkness. During several hours Mr. Darling watched with intense anxiety for the dawning of morn, whilst the same appalling sounds were heard at intervals. At length the black clouds began slowly to disperse, and the situation of the objects who had excited his commiseration was rendered apparent. The dark hull of a vessel, reft of sails and masts, was seen stranded upon a distant rock, and numbers of wretched beings were crowding upon the wreck, making frantic supplications for assistance.

Mr. Darling paused in bewildered amazement; his pity increased a thousand fold by the conviction, that he, alas! was unable to afford any assistance. All he could do, was to endeavour to make known to those on the neighbouring coast, their wretched situation, from whence a sufficient number might be found to attempt their rescue. Signals of distress were immedi-

ately hoisted, and fortunately observed by one of his majesty's cutters passing along the coast. By the commander of this vessel additional signals were made, and in a short time a strong-built boat, manned by fishermen from Holy Island were alongside of the cutter, the hope of reward having incited them to put off, notwithstanding the sea still continued in a tempestuous state. To their great disappointment, however, they found that their services were not required by this vessel, but their attention was directed to Fern Islands, where a signal still continued floating.

With joy but little inferior to that he might have experienced if in the situation of the objects of his sympathy, Mr. Darling hailed the appearance of the stout weather-beaten fellows, who were pulling vigorously towards the island. But few words sufficed to explain the circumstances which demanded their aid, and Mr. Darling pointed out the wreck to the boatmen, who by this time had effected a landing. The point where the vessel was stranded, was so situated as not to be perceptible until the boatmen reached the island; nor could it be seen by those on board the cutter, consequently they were in ignorance on what occasion aid was needed; and in directing the boat to Fern Islands, they fulfilled their duty, since unable at that time to spare men from the dangerous state of their own vessel.

No words can do justice to the indignation and surprise of Mr. Darling, when the boatmen, one and all, gruffly declared that they

would not proceed to the wreck, demanding of him by whom he thought they would be paid for the risk and trouble they had already incurred, and angrily regretting that they had come so far in so foolish a chase. Conquering his indignation, Mr. Darling strove to persuade the refractory fellows to go, urging, that even if they met with no other reward, the approval of their own conscience, and the pleasure of saving a fellow-being from an untimely death, would sufficiently repay them, observing that he did not wish them to incur a danger in which he would not participate, but that he would pilot them to the place in safety.

CHAPTER XXX.

“ Oh, Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,”

LIGHTS had just been placed in the saloon where Caroline Dudley was reclining in a state of half-dreaming unconsciousness; her beautiful eyes were almost hidden beneath their dark fringe, and an expression of sadness resting upon her countenance bespoke that her thoughts were wandering towards some object tending to awaken regret in her bosom. A loud noise in the ante-room aroused her from

this state of repose, and in alarm she looked towards the door, anxiously awaiting an explanation of the unusual commotion; the folding doors were abruptly thrown open, and, unannounced, a cavalier of a haughty aspect entered the apartment. Caroline had arisen from her seat, and the calm dignity of her manner remained unimpaired as she listened to the introductory address of the intruder, whose natural asperity appeared to have been increased by the unwelcome reception he had met with from the attendants.

The appearance of the marquis, who had been summoned from the adjoining apartment, prevented the necessity of Caroline making any reply to the words addressed to her. With an air of distant civility, the marquis accosted this stranger, whom he recognised at one glance as the chief alguazile. The purport on which this officer had come was soon explained. Information had been received by the authorities, that a suspected person was concealed within the mansion of the marquis, in consequence of which his orders were to make the strictest search, and he hoped the marquis would not oppose him in the fulfilment of his duty, complaining loudly at the same time at the insolence of the varlets in the hall.

It appears that the person of this functionary was well known to the attendants, and the natural antipathy existing in Spain as elsewhere towards such officers, had prevented them exercising the courtesy usually ex-

tended to those who visit this mansion. With great politeness the marquis declared to the alguazile, that he was perfectly at liberty to make the closest examination; and having summoned the major-domo, desired him to accompany the cavalier throughout the place. As no opposition was made, the alguazile declined calling in his assistants, and followed by the attendant, he left the room to commence his scrutiny.

A look from the marquis restrained the expression of thankfulness about to break from the lips of Caroline, but congratulatory glances were exchanged between the party, for by this time the marchioness and Major Dudley were also in the saloon. Conversation on indifferent subjects ensued during the next half hour, at the expiration of which the alguazile returned from his fruitless search. The disappointment expressed so visibly upon the countenance of this officer sufficiently revealed how certain had been his expectation of discovering some one concealed within the mansion. However, now that his search had been vain, all he could do was to mutter an ungracious apology for the trouble he had occasioned; he then took his leave, the marquis maintaining the same lofty courtesy of manner during the interview, which had marked his first reception of this unwelcome guest.

Truly, indeed, did Caroline rejoice that Charles should that morning have departed; and the regret that she had experienced but

an hour previous at the loss of his society, was changed into the most devout thankfulness to that kind fate which had influenced his departure in time to avoid the danger which thus menaced him. How the circumstance of Charles' having been in the house, or by which of the domestics information had been given, remained profoundly a secret from the marquis; but it added another proof, had such been wanting, to the certainty how closely their actions were watched; and that even the privacy of home afforded no shield against the eyes of a government, trembling each moment for the permanency of its power.

As no tidings was received from the Earl of Clanranald, and the motive had ceased which previously detained the marquis at Madrid, it was determined that the plan of returning to the castle at Biscay should now be put into execution. The truly maternal heart of the marchioness also experienced the most anxious desire to behold her children, who had now been several months absent from her sight. With no regret, save that which she experienced from the thought of how distant they would be from their friend Clanranald, Caroline departed from Madrid; and a degree of pleasure was experienced by each one of the party at the prospect of again enjoying the peace and tranquillity of the retirement to which they were hastening.

The first two days of their journey passed without being varied by any incident, and on the eve of the third they entered within the

precincts of an extensive forest. As they were now, so nearly the termination of their route, and verging upon the domain of the marquis, the fears which had disturbed the ladies of the party subsided into a feeling of calm enjoyment. They entered into what appeared the very heart of the forest; a thick copse completely enclosed the path, although the trees were entirely without foliage, which considerably impaired the majesty of the scene, yet still, even with that disadvantage, it was noble and impressive; and Caroline gazed admiringly from the window of the carriage.

Shortly afterwards they descended into a romantic defile, which Caroline musingly observed was a fitting haunt for wood-nymphs. The carriage abruptly halted, and the next moment the deep silence was broken by a low shrill whistle; earnestly looking out in order to ascertain to what this occurrence was owing, a man was observed of wild swarthy aspect, leaning upon his carbine, and regarding the party in stern silence. Black shaggy hair streamed beneath his Catalonian bonnet; his dress was of the deepest forest green, whilst pistols and a dagger were placed within his belt, and his whole appearance bespoke the bold guerilla. There he stood, calm and apparently disregarding the movements of a companion, whose part it had been to restrain the further progress of the carriage. The crackling of the underwood appeared to arouse him from his apathy; the next mo-

ment a numerous band, attired in the same wild costume, were at each side of the carriage, the door of which was hastily opened by one of them. With a start of surprise, and evidently also of deep joy, the Marquis of Santalina was recognised by the guerilla ; and instead of the demand for their purses, which Caroline expected to follow this detention, words of devotion and grateful respect were addressed to the marquis. With that lofty courtesy mingled with kind familiarity, usual with the marquis, and which so well became him when addressing his inferiors, he replied to the enquiries of the chief.

A conversation, in a low and earnest tone, was continued for some time between the marquis and his singular, yet noble-looking acquaintance. Caroline was seated opposite to her uncle, and had therefore an opportunity of scrutinizing the general appearance of this individual. One glance, however, was sufficient to assure her, that the secret visitant to the Biscayan castle then stood before her. How singular, she mused, that this wild, yet interesting-looking being should have made so great an impression on my mind. My first view of him was transient and at a distance. When again I beheld him, as the courier from the camp of Don Carlos, with despatches from my uncle, the interview was not of much longer duration ; yet assuredly he is one of those destined to fill a busy part in the scenes enacting in this turbulent land. These reflections had scarcely passed through the mind of

Caroline, when the object of her cogitations, uttering a melancholy, yet deeply respectful farewell, slowly retreated from the carriage, and, waving his hand with the grace and dignity of a prince, the band fell back in silence. The horses were then urged into their utmost speed; and, after proceeding a few more leagues, the turrets of the castle became visible to the weary travellers.

The detention they had experienced had been freely commented upon by Caroline. In her remarks she was joined by the marchioness and the major. However, as the marquis preserved a determined taciturnity, the subject was discontinued. Words of devout thankfulness escaped from the lips of the marchioness as she traversed the hall, leaning fondly upon the arm of her husband. Never before had this distant hope been so welcome to her sight. The late exciting events had prepared her mind for truly appreciating its quiet seclusion. Nor were the other members of the party dissatisfied with the change they had made; from the throng and busy city, where each moment they felt their simplest actions were under the cognizance of the jealous authorities, to a home where every thought might be revealed spontaneously as it arose.

The following day Ferdinand and Isabella were sent for, from the convent where they were placed on the marchioness departing for Toledo. The joy of the children on again embracing their parents was of the most intoxicating nature. With fond delight they flew

to the arms of Caroline, who was a lively participator in the feelings of the amiable marchioness; and the latter, as she wiped away the tears which pleasure had caused to flow, besought Caroline to pardon the exuberance of a mother's joy. This to Caroline was no difficult task; for was it not, indeed, the strongest and most enduring feeling of a woman's nature which excited the emotion of the marchioness. The maiden may forget the lover to whom she is betrothed, but never can a mother become indifferent towards the child she has nurtured in her bosom. When completely domesticated, and the routine of the household affairs had subsided into the usual current, Caroline took an early opportunity to remind the marchioness of a promise she had given, of narrating the events which had marked the life of the abbess of Santa Croce.

Willingly, replied the marchioness, I shall comply with my promise. But, Caroline, you are aware I am not much of a story teller; and, therefore, I must refresh my memory by referring to the documents I have in my possession relative to my friend. As your father and the marquis are engaged to pass to-morrow at a distance from the castle, then we shall be uninterrupted, and I will relate to you the circumstances you are desirous of hearing.



‘ CHAPTER XXXI.

‘ Again they join in one loud powerful cry,
Then cease, and eager listen for reply :
None came—the rising wind blew slowly by.
They shout once more, and then they turn aside,
To see how quickly flow’d the coming tide ;
Between each cry they find the waters steal
On their strange prison, and new horrors feel ;
Foot after foot on the contracted ground
The billows fall, and dreadful is the sound.”

UNAVAILING were all the entreaties and persuasions used by Mr. Darling to induce the boatmen to proceed to the wreck. Even the sight of the wretched objects, exposed in so pitiable a situation, could not move their flinty breasts to pity. They entered the light-house with an evident determination of enjoying all the comfort to be obtained from a glowing fire, which Mrs. Darling had prepared with more than usual attention, expecting that its warmth would administer to the comfort of very different objects. Her surprise was also extreme, when she heard the determination of the boatmen ; and her remonstrances were equally unavailing as those which her husband had previously made. Each of the boatmen had his tale to tell of the ingratitude he had met with on similar occasions ; and all appeared influenced by a like feeling of not advancing any further unless an ample reward was guaranteed. One old fellow, with a sinister cast of countenance, and a deep scar across

his brow, was the most determined of the party, declaring with an oath that he had met with such scurvy treatment from a young spark whose life he saved a few months ago, that he had almost been tempted to take his Bible-oath never to pull any one out of salt-water again, if even he could do so by stretching out his oar.

How was that, Dixon? chimed in another ; but faith it is no new thing to meet with ill-treatment from those land-lubbers. It was only after the last wreck that Nance, my brother's lassie, when gathering shrimps along the sands, found a bundle of papers ; the lassie took them directly to her mother. On opening them there was the name of Mrs. —, to whom the lost vessel belonged, and bank notes to the tune of three hundred pounds ; the money, it seems, for which the cargo had been sold. Nance takes the money up immediately to the great house, and asking for the mistress, was shewn into a room where she was taking her breakfast—warm toast and coffee ; aye, you may be sure, every thing of the best. When Nance told her what she had come about, the old woman was right glad to snatch the notes, as if she was afeared that the lassie would even then run off with them. Now, lads, what think ye the old land-shark gave Nance for her honesty in taking her the money, which, ye know, she might have kept to herself, and nobody being any thing the wiser. Why, taking out her purse, with the gold and silver glittering before the

lassie's eyes—Here, my girl, says she, here's something to reward you for your trouble, and she gives the lassie just have-a-crown!—a half-a-crown, lads, for taking her back the thrèe hundred pounds she, no doubt, thought was gone along with the vessel!

Aye, aye—that's nothing to what I met with, began the one called Dixon. I had been fishing along the coast, and as I had been tolerably lucky, I was returning to the island as it was getting towards high-water; all on a sudden, I hears a sad hallooing, and, looking a-head, there I sees a fellow scrambling on one of the rocks which the tide had surrounded, and a few minutes longer would have covered it. Well, the fellow there was shouting out for help, and nae doubt thinking that his precious carcase would soon be a feast for the fishes. I pulls as near the rock as I could get, and calls to the cowardly fellow, who was blubbering like a young lassie, to throw himself upon the waves, and I would try to haul him into the boat. No—he could not swim, but if I could only help him off, he would make me a rich man for the rest of my life; so, when I hears this, I gets out of the boat, and manages to get to the 'yunker: when at last I gets him into the boat, but not without having got a deep cut on my brow against a sharp point of the rock, which, you may see, I bear the marks of to this day. Well, when we gets to the shore, my young gentleman gets out of the boat, and, giving me a sixpence! walks off without so much as a

thank-ye ; all his fine promises, now that he was safe, melted like butter before the sun. Now, I ask ye all, if this would not keep you from risking yourselves to serve a fellow-being, which Darling there makes such a palaver about. The fine folks are mighty fond of employing us to serve them, but they treats us like dogs, and all we often get for our pains is dog's payment.

All this has nothing to do with the present time, said Mr. Darling ; and those poor creatures on the wreck are not to blame, though an old woman and a young fellow were ungrateful. I must say that your hearts are harder than the rocks on which the vessel was stranded, if you can see those whom even the tempest has spared, perish without endeavouring to save them. Their drowning voices will ring in your ears when you seek to sleep. Have you not consciences, and think you that Providence would allow such a heartless deed to go unpunished ? You all have bairns of your own, and consider, some time or other, they may be in the like situation ; and how can you expect that others will do for them what you refuse to do for those we see before us ? they, no doubt, have some to whom their safety is as dear as you are to those you have left at home.

Vain were those appeals of Mr. Darling ; the callous beings continued smoking in perfect indifference to all he advanced in the hope of moving their obduracy. At last the patience of Mr. Darling became completely ex-

hausted. After again surveying the condition of the poor shipwrecked beings, whose gestures appeared to reproach those who refused to extend to them their pity, he entered the house, and addressing the boatmen in a voice and manner possessing equal determination, declared that since they would not go out to the wreck; they should not stay another minute in the house, which was his own—out with you, he continued, you inhuman curs, and the curses of those you refuse to save will cling to you for ever ! The majesty of virtue gave a command to the manner of Mr. Darling, which those whom he addressed dared not dispute ; and they also were sufficiently aware, that the right rested with him of ejecting them from his dwelling if he thought proper.

When they found Mr. Darling was resolute, on insisting upon their leaving the comfortable station they occupied by the fire, they declared their determination of proceeding to the wreck, where they could make their own terms before taking any one within their boat ; but they assured Mr. Darling he should not accompany them—he should neither share in the reward nor credit of the action. This did not occasion much regret to Mr. Darling ; he felt too much joy at seeing them set off, not caring whether he was one of the party or not. Anxiously he watched the progress of the boat, with its churlish owners, until they attained the wreck, and the objects of his pity were transferred to the asylum it afforded

from their comfortless and dangerous situation. Mr. Darling continued his watch until the boat had nearly reached Bambrough ; then he returned to the house to take the refreshment which had been a stranger to his lips for that day, so great had been his anxiety that mere bodily wants had been disregarded. Sometime afterwards Mr. Darling learned the sequel to this strange adventure ; the boatmen were not only liberally rewarded by those whose lives they had saved, but also received a donation from the Humane Society for their meritorious conduct. Although so truly undeserving of the reward they had obtained, yet Mr. Darling rejoiced that they were so well remunerated for the risk which assuredly they incurred on this occasion, hoping it would make them more ready to render assistance in similar cases of emergency.

The above is the occurrence to which Mr. Darling often would allude ; and the impression made by it upon his mind was such as not easily to be forgotten. Although during the many years intervening between this event and the present time, he never witnessed a similar case of such utter heartlessness ; yet he too often found a callous indifference displayed in the value of life, by those whose occupation places them amongst individuals exposed to the dangers of the sea. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise that Mr. Darling should so greatly rejoice at the appointment of his son to be the sharer of his labours ; for setting aside all feelings of pa-

ternal affection, by the assistance of Brooks he can justly hope, that many lives, endangered by the wrath of the elements, may be preserved to gladden, by their return, the hearts which would otherwise be rendered desolate. This appointment is thus noticed in the Berwick Advertiser :—

“ The gentlemen of the Trinity-house, London, have appointed Mr. Brooks Darling, son of Mr. William Darling, to be his assistant at the outer light-house. This is a most judicious step. The Trinity have also placed another man on the inner Fern-light, making three men now on that island, An agent for Lloyd’s is also about to be appointed at Bambróugh.” •

It will be recollected that Brooks Darling was one of the bold adventurers who set off from North Sunderland on the wreck of the Forfarshire, at a time when the sea was in so turbulent a state, that the little bark was near sharing the destiny of the ill-fated steamer. Happily, however, they succeeded in running their boat into the shelter of Fern Island, at which hospitable place they were compelled, by the continuance of the storm, to remain for many days. Thus it has been established, beyond question, that Brooks possesses the family intrepidity and strength of nerve, and is every way fitted to be an efficient assistant to his excellent father, rendering it unnecessary that Grace Darling should a second time brave the horrors of the tempest. The fame of her brave deeds will, however, surround her name as with a halo ; she may claim a pedestal in the temple of fame with those noble women whom history

has handed down for the example and admiration of posterity.

Amongst those bards who have been celebrating the fame of Grace Darling, Mr. Grant, of Sunderland, whose "Rufus" and other popular novels are so generally admired, has also strung his lyre in the praises of the maiden of Fern Island; and a beautiful poem, the effusion of his pen, is worthy of the theme of inspiration.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO GRACE DARLING UPON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Written by the Author of "RUFUS," in a Copy of that Romance, forwarded for her acceptance.

"Maid of the Isle, heroic Grace!
'Midst desert rocks and tempests thrown,
As though in sternest clime and place,
Where life and man have scarce a trace,
Maternal nature would embrace
A heroine of her own!

"Methinks while yet in cradled sleep,
She lov'd and destin'd thee to be
A dweller of the craggy steep,
A watcher of the stormy deep;
And bade its wild waves nurse and keep
Thy heart as strong and free!

"She bade thee draw a deep delight,
An influence kind—an impulse brave,
From every season in its flight,
From gentle spring and summer bright,
From golden autumn, and the might
Of winter's wind and wave;—

“ By every aspect she could shew,
In heaven above and earth below,
She bade thy spirit statelier grow,
And ‘ champion human fears !
Courage and love she bade thee know,
And with the noblest passions glow,
And melt with noblest tears !

“ Like Ocean’s daughter—Peril’s bride—
She nurs’d thee by the roaring tide,
The playmatè of its storms,
And bade thee be in soul allied
With moral grandeur, strength, and pride,
To her, thy monitress and guide,
In all her moods and forms..

“ To thee, she said, in accents bland,
These desert rocks, this wild sea-land,
Shall be as dear a father-land
As ever yet was dearest ;
’Midst all of lone, and stern, and grand,
Thy heart shall burn, thy soul expand,
And thou shalt know and understand
My voice in all thou hearest.

“ Day’s radiant arch—night’s cloudy dome,
Alike shall see thee fearless roam,
All life to thee shall dear become,
And thou its humblest forms shalt blend
With the sweet ‘ charities of home,’
E’en the poor sea-bird on the foam
Shall be to thee a friend !

“ Thus nature will’d ; her wills avail,
Thy matchless deed may shew
That lofty heart that did not quail
When rag’d on high the stormy gale,
And ocean rag’d below ;

A meed of glory shall not fail—
Grace Darling's is the noblest tale .
That e'er made woman's cheek look pale,
Or man's with envy glow !

“ Heroic girl ! these volumes take,
For proudest admiration's sake,
Proud volumes so possess'd !
And may my own brave Constance make
A kindred admiration wake .
In thy congenial breast !

“ And wouldst thou know, ‘heart-honor'd maid’
How thrice a thousand-fold *repaid*
My humble gift may be ;
With cheerful hand and heart unbraid
The bands thy modest brow that shade,
And send, with three kind words convey'd
One little tress to me !

“ Be this a birth-day doubly bless'd !
Joy to thine aged mother's breast !
And long, caressing and caress'd,
May her maternal kiss,
While peaceful years melt calm away,
Make to thy heart each natal day
As joyous c'en as this !

“ Brave daughter of a sire as brave
As ever risk'd a surging grave,
In tides of stormiest swell !
Thou that didst share that fearful strife,
All joy be to thee, maid or wife !
And may'st thou brave the storms of life
As fearlessly and well.

“ J. S. GRANT.

Bishopwearmouth, Nov. 24, 1838.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

" Not always when the eye is bright, ,
And lip in gayest smile is dress'd,
That we may say the heart is light,
The passions calm—the mind at rest.
What! though no tears bedim the eye,
No outward signs of grief appear—
The heart may break without a sigh,
The brain may burn without a tear!"

You are already aware, Caroline, that at an early age, in consequence of being deprived, by the hand of death, of my maternal protector, I became a boarder in the convent of Saint Ignatias. After the door had closed upon my nurse, whose office it had been to place me under the care of the lady abbess, with a timidity natural to my age, I was almost afraid to glance at the group of girls around me; until aroused from my stupor of sorrow, by a kind and pitying voice addressing me, and striving, by the gentlest language, to soothe my childish grief to rest. The arguments of my youthful monitress being seconded by a countenance and manner of the most fascinating sweetness, prevailed, and child though I was, I could not gaze unmoved upon the surpassing loveliness of Lady Clementina Braganza, for such was the name of my protecting friend. This young lady was a few years my senior, and had been long a boarder in the convent. The slight disparity in age was, however, no bar to an intimacy being imme-

diately formed between Clementina and myself; she regarded me as a protegee, whose feelings, on being removed from the tender friends who had watched over my childhood, entitled to her sympathy and kindness; and she encouraged me by her precepts and example to attend to the necessary branches of education. I regarded Clementina with the most enthusiastic admiration, and truly was the amiable girl deserving the respect with which each companion of her studies looked up to her as an object of emulation.

The years passed within the holy walls of Saint Ignatias, were occupied by pursuits little dissimilar to those which diversify the same period in an English boarding-school; and to me they were only marked as having cemented the regard between Clementina and myself into the most lasting friendship. The intimacies formed within a school or convent are proverbially of short duration; when the objects are removed from an interchange of sentiment, the fervour of attachment usually subsides into the chill of indifference. Such, however, has not been the case with my friend and myself; and although other ties assert their claims upon my heart, yet the interest I feel in the happiness and pursuits of Clementina is as ardent, if not as openly shewn, as during those days when we were all to each other; and assured I am, that within the habit of the abbess of Santa Croce beats a heart equally warm towards the friends of her girlhood.

At length the period arrived, which was to witness my separation from my companion, and the many amiable girls who had been the sharer of my innocent enjoyments. My regret was considerably softened by the circumstance of Clementina departing from the convent of Saint Ignatias at a similar period ; and an introduction at court was to herald our initiation into the gaieties of the world. This had often appeared an enviable distinction during our years of seclusion, and the splendour of a court was painted by the pencil of fancy in vivid colours. My return to the mansion of my father was a signal for resuming the gaieties which the death of my lamented mother had suspended ; and a widowed sister of my surviving parent was induced to superintend the establishment ; under her auspices I commenced my knowledge of a life at court.

It was in the ante-room of the palace that my friend and I first met since our parting at the convent, and the joy we experienced was such as to break through court dignity and punctilio. I was introduced by Clementina to her mother, the Duchess of Braganza. The kindness with which this noble lady saluted me, gave assurance to my heart, that my beloved friend had not failed to secure me a place in the esteem of her noble parent. When the first pleasurable emotions had subsided, and an opportunity was afforded of scrutinizing the appearance of Clementina, I was struck by her loveliness, which far sur-

passed and cast into shade the galaxy of young aspirants to the honours of the drawing-room. You, Caroline, were startled by the beauty of Clementina, now when sorrow has robbed her eyes of their brightness, and her form of its rare and beautiful proportions ; think what she must have been when in the first spring of womanhood. Her beauty, in the full summer of its perfection, assisted by all the gay decorations of dress, and the anticipation of pleasure, lent an unusual brilliancy to her soft azure eyes. The buzz of admiration, which followed Lady Clementina, wherever she moved, was only a just tribute to her charms ; and even by the eyes of the fastidious monarch, when presented, she was surveyed with unwonted approbation : and Ferdinand afterwards took an opportunity of complimenting the duchess upon the beauty of her daughter. From that time Lady Clementina was unanimously elected queen of beauty and fashion—the very circumstance of the unusual character of her loveliness and her retiring manner, serving as an additional zest to her admirers. Clementina and I frequently met in public, and all the hours which could be spared from the gay pursuits into which we had so absorbingly entered, were passed in each other's society.

At the period when Clementina was in the height of her popularity, the admired of all eyes, a celebrated poet, now no more, from your country, Caroline, visited Madrid. He appeared immediately infected by the general

mania, selecting Clementina from her fair competitors as the object of his public homage. Many of the lays which have since received the stamp of a world's approbation, owed their inspiration to the charms of Clementina Braganza.

The bright atmosphere which surrounded the court did not long continue unclouded. The general gaiety began to be obscured by the commencement of those portentous events which have since exercised so great an influence over the destiny of this unhappy land; but previous to this, the brilliancy of Clementina became suddenly diminished and apparently without a cause. She was as anxious to shun the crowded saloons as she had formerly been assiduous to enter their precincts. Vainly for some time I sought her confidence, which I at last obtained. It was not without burning blushes that Clementina admitted her heart had become irrevocably devoted to one whose addresses reason told her the duke and duchess would never sanction. Her lover was a Mr. Seymour, but neither his family or fortune would counterbalance the circumstance of his being a foreigner and a heretic.

Mr. Seymour had accompanied to Madrid the elder brother of Clementina, who had recently visited England, and experienced repeated acts of kindness from the family of young Seymour. A residence within the same house, where they were thrown so constantly into each other's society, and a daily observance of the attractions which united to form the character of Clementina and the young Englishman, had unfortu-

nately awakened feelings which neither were conscious of until too late ; an accident occasioned an avowal of sentiments which, although hopeless, yielded exquisite delight from their being reciprocal. I had frequently met Mr. Seymour along with the Braganzas ; his noble person, fascinating manners, and universal accomplishments were such, that the slightest surprise could not be felt that he should so highly have interested Clémentina ; and her loveliness rendered it too certain that a disengaged heart could not remain indifferent to her charms.

The family of Braganza, from which Clementina claimed her descent, was one of the most illustrious in Spain, and nearly allied to the noble house of Portugal : it, therefore, appeared to me in the light of madness, that Seymour should indulge in the hope that the sanction of the duke would ever crown with success his love. Clementina was equally hopeless, and each moment trembled lest any circumstance should betray her attachment to her parents, whose indignation her gentle nature shrank from encountering. In a case so delicate I could not advise ; I strove to soothe the emotions of Clementina, by anticipating that some favourable circumstance might arise sufficient to induce the duke to countenance her love. It was not long ere the dreaded discovery was made ; the displeasure of the duke far surpassed all that the worst fears of Clementina had pictured. Seymour, of course, immediately left the mansion, and an injunction was laid upon

the unhappy girl to receive as her future husband, the Prince of Alva, who had long sued for her hand. This noble, whose age equalled that of the father of Clementina, was a man of unprincipled character ; his life had been past in scenes ill calculated to make him a fitting guardian and companion to the pure-minded Clementina. With a firmness which her father was little prepared to expect from her usual mildness, she declared her determination of never becoming the wife of a man whom her heart refused to love, and whose character excited her abhorrence ; preferring a thousand times the alternative of becoming immured within a convent, a destiny which had been hinted by her parent should be her fate if she longer opposed his wishes.

At this crisis the amiable duchess acted as mediator between the incensed father and equally resolute daughter, by representing to Clementina the endless discord which her opposition would occasion ; she won from her a promise of renouncing Seymour for ever, on condition that the addresses of the detested Alva should be withdrawn. Think how exquisite must have been the anguish of Clementina ; she was permitted by the duke to pen a farewell address to Seymour, whose wretchedness was little inferior to that which distracted the breast of the unhappy girl. From that time the handsome young Englishman was no longer seen in the coteries of fashion. Clementina was also an absentee from the gay assemblies ; and enquirers learned that a se-

vere attack of illness had menaced the life of Braganza's lovely daughter. When convalescent, she was removed to a mansion of the duke's, far from the noise and turmoil of the city. Our family also removed from Madrid to a residence within a few miles of that occupied by the Braganzas. An endeavour was soon made on my part to see my suffering friend. To my great joy I was invited by the duchess to accompany her to the boudoir of Clementina. With animated pleasure I sprung forward to embrace my friend. I drew back with a pang of regret. The alteration which a few months had made, was such as almost to defy credibility. In place of the beautiful rounded form, and the blooming, yet ever delicate complexion, which had excited so much admiration, the figure of Clementina was thin and fragile, and her complexion vied in whiteness the cambric robe in which she was attired. With apparent delight she returned my embrace; noticing my emotion, with a sweet smile she assured me she was now quite well, and hoped a few weeks would restore her to her former health and strength.

Clementina was so reluctant to part with me, that the duchess obtained my parents' permission that I should remain for a while with her daughter. Pleasantly passed the time devoted to the society of my friend, whose gentleness was unsubdued by her sickness; and her winning sweetness of manner towards both her parents must often have wounded the heart of the duke, when surveying the

altered form of the drooping girl. The name of Seymour, never by any chance was mentioned. His very existence might have been supposed forgotten, but that the alteration in Clementina was a lasting memento of the misery his presence had occasioned. During the brief visit of the two sons of the duke, a degree of feverish anxiety was manifested by Clementina, as if she wished, yet dreaded to hear that name now forbidden to find a place in her heart. The lips of Alphonzo and Carlos were, however, closely sealed upon that prohibited subject.

An English carriage was purchased by the duke for his daughter. I accompanied Clementina in her morning drives, and she appeared gradually to recover her former spirits and serenity. At an early hour we departed on our accustomed excursion, attended by the duchess, who purposed, ere our return, to gather some particular plants, botany being one of her favourite studies.. The morning was lovely and serene; as we proceeded our spirits were invigorated by the balmy breath of morn, and Clementina conversed on general subjects with more than usual vivacity. The plants which were the objects of our search grew amidst wild cliffs overhanging a deep ravine, which Clementina described as possessing a degree of singular and picturesque beauty.

Having nearly arrived at the place to which we were proceeding, the sudden firing of a gun startled the spirited young steeds; on they dashed with frightful velocity, the postilion vainly striving to restrain them. In the strug-

gle he lost his seat, and was left bleeding on the path. Finding themselves thus completely at freedom, the horses flew on with redoubled speed, each moment threatening to overturn the carriage. We sat breathless and immoveable, terror having almost deprived us of all presence of mind. I was indeed unconscious of the extent of danger we incurred. Clementina felt assured that our fate would be sealed for ever, the moment in which the steeds advanced upon the narrow path which shelved the precipice. Clementina closed her eyes, willing to shut out from sight the horrors of our impending doom; but at the moment when our destruction appeared inevitable, a watchful Providence interposed to save us. The reins were caught with a giant's grasp, and the carriage turned from the precipice on which it was verging. Our rescuer was a young man, who, loitering along the path, had observed the uncurbed speed at which we flew. Hastening towards us, he arrived but in time—one moment longer would have been too late. The duchess had fainted, Clementina was also in a similar situation; water was procured, and in a few minutes the former returned to consciousness. Previous to this, so entirely was my attention occupied by the objects of my care, that a look had not been bestowed upon the preserver of our lives; but now, what was my surprise in recognizing in him—Seymour, the rejected Seymour! He fondly leaned over the form of Clementina, watching with torturing anxiety until she unclosed her eyes. On discovering by whom she

was supported, she again relapsed into insensibility.

The now really alarmed duchess solicited Seymour to occupy a place in the carriage by the side of the apparently lifeless form of Clementina. The right arm of Seymour hung immoveable by his side ; it was evident bodily suffering was added to his mental anguish. The postilion by this time had arrived, and the now gentle steeds conveyed us safely to the castle. The yet insensible Clementina was carried into the mansion, Seymour unwillingly resigning to another the office of supporting the beloved form. It was long ere the slightest symptom of consciousness revisited the fragile object of our alarms ; even then so wild were the glances emitted from her troubled eyes, as to excite the alarm of the physician of the household. He pronounced his patient suffering under a severe attack of fever, the shock she had received being too much for her shattered nerves ; and the most anxious fears were awakened for her life.

The arm of Seymour had been broken by his efforts to restrain the impetuous steeds, but the pain consequent on this was as nothing to the anguish he endured on learning the dangerous state of Clementina. The penitent duke overpowered him with kindness, endeavouring thus to make amends for his former opposition ; assuring Seymour that were his child spared to their prayers, no further barrier should interpose on his part to blight their affections.

I, continued the Marchioness of Santalina, became the constant companion of the duchess during her watch by the couch of Clementina; and, O! Caroline, the misery endured in those long hours, when the life of a beloved sufferer appeared suspended by a single thread. At last, consciousness dawned upon her. How thankfully did we hail the first coherent sentence from those lips, which for three weeks had uttered nothing save the wildest ravings of delirium. It was long before Clementina was able to hear of the change the sentiments of her father had undergone during her illness. She had not the most distant perception to whom we were indebted for our preservation, from that fearful doom, the thought of which even now curdles my blood. The name of Seymour, however, had often proceeded from her lips, combined with expressions clearly revealing how deep an influence he exercised over her heart.

Language cannot paint the emotions with which Clementina learned from the duchess all obstacles were henceforth removed between herself and the object to whom the incense of her young heart was vowed. At length Seymour was admitted into the presence of the convalescent girl; and the bliss of that meeting washed away the memory of a world of misery, endured during their separation.—Seymour was pale and altered from the gay and handsome Seymour of other days; but the cause producing the change was too flattering to Clementina for her to admire him

less from that circumstance. Every hour passed in the company of each other brought with it renovated health and strength: the form of Clementina recovering its cemetrical beauty, and the roses again blooming upon her rounded cheek.

At this period, Caroline, when happiness of the most unbounded nature smiled upon the young lovers, I was called home by my father. I parted from Clementina with less reluctance, knowing that in a few weeks we should meet in Madrid. I also was conscious my absence would occasion no blank in her happiness, now that she was blessed with the hourly society of Seymour. We met, as anticipated, in the capital; I saw less of Clementina than I expected, owing to a considerable portion of my time being occupied by the marquis, then my acknowledged suitor. The engagement of Clementina to Seymour was publicly known, and an early day named to witness the full completion of their happiness. An assembly was given at the palace of Braganza, on the day preceding that appointed for the marriage of Clementina. All the elite of the court were present, among other guests the sullen Prince Alva. Several times I observed his scouling glances directed to Clementina and Seymour, with an expression so fearfully malignant, as to awaken an undefined alarm within my breast. The ill success of his suit to Clementina was well known, and the hatred and jealousy with which, like the serpent in Eden, he surveyed the happy

pair, was remarked and generally commented on.

The prince left early ; his departure was hailed with pleasure, his looks appearing to have exercised the power of a malignant planet, in blighting whatever he gazed upon. The festivities were continued to a late hour. Seymour lingered long after the last guest had gone, and not until repeatedly urged to do so, did he leave. The glance which rested upon Clementina in parting spoke eloquently of the bliss he so fondly anticipated in store, to crown with happiness their future. Her looks were equally expressive of fond confiding love.

Clementina and I remained conversing in the saloon ; the events of the coming morrow, so important an era in her existence, were dwelt upon with joy and trembling anxiety. Alas ! blind that we are to the future. Little was it then anticipated the misery with which the morrow's dawn would be witnessed, and, ere its arrival, the light of one bright spirit would be quenched for ever !

A loud knocking, followed by a confused noise in the hall, startled us from our inattention to the progress of time. An undefined alarm caused us to advance to the door to learn the occasion of this commotion, in the usually quiet household. Too soon the cause was discovered. A bleeding form was borne between two attendants ! one glance sufficed to assure the distracted Clementina, it was her affianced Seymour ! the current of his life-

blood flowing fast. A scene of distress ensued, such as may be witnessed, but can never be described. The unconscious Seymour was placed upon a couch, Clementina hanging over him in mute anguish; vain were all attempts to staunch the crimson stream. The stiletto of the assassin had been too surely directed to fail of its purpose. The dying youth unclosed his eyes; they rested upon the countenance of his beloved with a glance of tenderness, and were not withdrawn while the pulse of life continued to beat. A faint smile flitted across his lip, as he murmured the name of Clementina. 'Think of me, dear one, when I am no more; and, let my memory continue embalmed in your heart—were the last words breathed by Seymour. No bursts of grief from the betrothed maiden disturbed his dying moments. With watchful tenderness her care soothed his passage to the tomb. When the spirit of life had really fled, her pent up feelings found vent, and she was borne to her couch in a state of uncontrollable anguish.

Succeeding months were a blank in the existence of Clementina—no ray of intelligence ever visiting her mind. 'It could never be clearly ascertained to whom the unfortunate Seymour owed his death; but the slightest doubt did not exist in the mind of a single individual upon that subject. Prince Alva, the object of general suspicion, proved that he himself was at a distance from the spot; but, Caroline, it is too well known that the

stiletto of the assassin can readily be purchased to remove an obnoxious object. The vindictive character of the prince, who had never allowed what he deemed an injury to pass unrevenged, rendered it too sure that under his instructions the murder of his successful rival was perpetrated. The distracted state of the country, now involved in all the horrors of anarchy, opposed other steps to a further investigation of the subject; and the blood of Seymour was thus suffered to fall unavenged.

My health, continued the marchioness, suffered severely from the melancholy occurrences of which I had been a witness. Unwillingly I was withdrawn from the society of the duchess, our medical adviser ordering that I should immediately proceed to the country, where quietness and seclusion might assist in restoring the tone of my debilitated nerves. Ere departing, I was permitted to see my distracted friend, but she, alas! was unconscious of my presence; and much it was feared her mind would never recover from the violent shock she had sustained. I did not expect, however, to find her intellect so completely impaired.

It was, indeed, Caroline, a heart-rending sight, to behold poor Clementina in this melancholy situation, and to hear such childish language from those lips which a brief interval before had been eloquent with the noblest and most refined sentiments: the only idea appearing to haunt her mind was, that her

wedding morning had arrived. She persisted in being daily attired in bridal robes, her bright tresses interwoven with orange blossom. She sat, waiting apparently for the entrance of Seymour, and would often chide his delay, asserting that the bride was ready and the priest awaiting. It was most humiliating, continued the marchioness in a subdued voice, to mark this aberration of intellect in one so highly gifted. The remembrance, Caroline, of the state in which I left my poor friend perpetually haunted my retirement; not even the attentions of the marquis, to whom I was devotedly attached, could banish for one moment her situation from my mind.

You are aware of the scenes of bloodshed which marked the popular disturbances of this period; alas! they were such as long to be remembered and mourned. Conceive, if you can, the horror with which I learned that the palace of Braganza had been attacked, and its noble owner become a victim to the infuriated zeal of the mad reformers. How did my heart bleed for the widowed duchess! her lofty state only appearing to render her a more certain aim for the shafts of calamity. Clementina yet continued in her melancholy state, unconscious of the evils which had fallen upon her house.

I must not linger, continued the marchioness, in describing those sad incidents. Suffice it to say, the light of reason once more dawned upon the mind of Clementina; and the consolations of her ghostly father at length reconciled her to her unfortunate destiny. Soon afterwards the

Duchess of Braganza was gathered to her father, her domestic afflictions having unquestionably assisted in hastening her death. Clementina felt deeply the loss of this tenderest of mothers, and this event strengthened her previous wishes of assuming the veil. Vainly her brother strove to dissuade her from executing this determination; she asserted, and no doubt felt, the heavy trials which had befallen her unfitted her mind for participating in the joys of life; all she now desired was to devote the remnant of her years to the duties of religion, and to cherish in solitude the memory of her parents, and of her murdered lover.

Grieved as I was, Caroline, I could not combat this resolution of Clementina, convinced a mind like hers, after the shocks it had sustained, could never find happiness in scenes of worldly pleasure. Yet, great as were her afflictions, they never made her selfishly unmindful of the happiness of others; and her bosom appeared to derive a gleam of joy at witnessing the felicity enjoyed by myself in my wedded state. Time, and the influence of religion have subdued her feelings. She now looks forward with hope and joy to a re-union with her lover in that happy land beyond the grave.

You will now, Caroline, cease to feel surprise that so lovely and noble a being as Clementina Braganza should have abjured the world and sought solace in retirement. You will acknowledge that few have experienced a more wretched lot than the serene and amiable abbess of Santa Croce. Her fate affords another example, that

no state in life is sufficiently lofty to be above the reach of calamity ; and truly ought we to rejoice, exclaimed the marchioness, devoutly crossing herself, that our afflictions in this life are but for a day, and the better fit us for enjoying the happiness of an existence in a future state.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.”

THE seclusion enjoyed by Caroline at the castle of Santalina was interrupted by the appearance of an unexpected yet not unwelcome visitor. This was no other than the Earl of Clanranald ; and the pleasure with which his arrival was hailed by each of his friends was most congenial to his feelings. By the smiling, yet tremulous Caroline, his reception was most cordial ; her dark eyes spoke the welcome her lips refrained expressing.

The earl informed his friends, when the business which had summoned him from Madrid was completed, he hurried his return to the capital, expecting to find the marquis there. On his journey he was accompanied by a single attendant. In his anxiety to reach its termination, he was heedless of the necessity for using precautions to avoid the patrol of the Carlists. He was only aroused from

this forgetfulness by finding himself surrounded by a party of soldiers, whose appearance did not leave him for a moment in ignorance of their being the enemy's troops. Any attempt at resistance or flight was vain; and, without striking a single blow, the earl was led to the head-quarters of the army. The treatment experienced by the earl during this forced march was most courteous and considerate, but vigilant care was taken by his captors to allow him no opportunity to escape.

On being conducted to the presence of the commander, his captors expressed a strong conviction that he was the bearer of despatches of importance to the Christinos, yet the examination of the earl was conducted with the most rigid courtesy and respect. On revealing his name, which he readily did in reply to a question from his interrogator, a young officer, who had hitherto been an attentive observer of the proceedings, sprung forward, warmly grasping the hand of the startled earl, and hailing him as the benefactor of his family. Few words sufficed to explain to the earl what he had already surmised, that this Carlist officer was the brother of Caroline Dudley. The representations of Charles to the commander, of the noble conduct pursued by the earl towards the Marquis of Santalina, when the fortune of war had placed him within his power, caused a speedy revulsion in the situation of Clanranald. The examination was immediately closed; the commander apologising in the most handsome manner for the

rough treatment experienced by the earl, acquainting him he was now at liberty to depart : and every thing was done to obliterate from his mind any unpleasant feeling that his detention might have occasioned.

•The earl accompanied the grateful Charles to his apartments, where he continued his guest for the night. An unreserved conversation ensued, from which the delighted earl learned how causeless had been his fears that Caroline Dudley loved another. Charles and the earl parted the following day, with mutual expressions of regard. Brief as had been the period of their interview, it was productive of much mutual pleasure, and was sufficient to excite a strong esteem for the character of each other. The earl departed, charged with a thousand kind remembrances, and many a token of affection to the friends of Charles.

The penetration of Charles Dudley easily discovered the nature of the feelings with which the earl regarded his sister. Whilst at Madrid, he had suspected that the earl possessed a strong influence over the mind of Caroline. The occasional fits of absence, and the changes which at times came over the before tranquil girl, awakened fears in the affectionate brother, that her heart was suffering beneath the influence of an ill-fated affection. The manner of Caroline at the name of the earl, so often repeated by the marchioness, at once led Charles to attribute to Clanranald the theft of his sister's heart. That Caroline could love an undeserving object, or that her

Caroline against alluding to their adventure in the presence of strangers, observing there is much of mystery connected with this singular individual, who is now in a situation little accordant with his early life. Many years ago it was my fortune to be of service in rescuing him from a state of imminent peril. Since then he appears to consider himself bound by the strongest ties ; and, indeed, I may say that the swords' of his followers are at my command, were I disposed to claim their service, which assuredly I am not. I may, however, justly congratulate you upon your identity as my friends, otherwise I fear you would have been exposed to dangers greater from those lawless foresters than the tempest's blast. I must again caution you, to never, under any circumstance, allude to the guerilla chief—the very breathing of his name bears with it danger ; and let the occurrence of this day be erased from the tablet of your memory.



CHAPTER XXXIV. .

Blest be those feast, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale."

THE simple festivities of Christmas were continued at the light-house of Fern Island, and enjoyed with a relish only to be felt by those simple children of nature, whose tastes are unvitiated by the artificial luxuries of society. The board of the ever liberal and hospitable Mr. Darling, was supplied on this occasion with unusual profusion ; the munificent presents received from their generous friends yielding additional means of exercising the dictates of his heart ; for the good old man possessed a heart and hand open as melting charity.

Bright and glowing were the smiles with which the worthy Mr. and Mrs. Darling watched the gambols of their grand-children, now for the first time visitors at the island. Grace participated most heartily in the amusements of the children, joining in their little games, telling them tales, and singing portions of her favourite ballads. It was a sight full of interest to behold the heroine in whose praises the lyres of a hundred bards had been strung, and whose fame has reached every part of the kingdom, unbending all the powers

of her comprehensive mind for the amusement of those little ones.

In place of the active amusements, with which, on the previous visits of the young people to the light-house, the time had been wiled away, all were now disposed for conversation. Grace was, as might be supposed, the object of attention; and she was questioned respecting each particular connected with the late events that had so completely changed her before recluse and obscure existence, with a pertinacity and minuteness enough to have wearied a less amiable person.

On an evening when all were assembled around the blazing hearth, the wild wind whistling and blowing without, accompanied by the dashing of the waves against the rocky shore—Tell me, Grace, exclaimed Robert, what were your sensations when you found yourself along with my father on the boisterous ocean? Did no feeling of fear paralyse your arm—and when you witnessed the distress of my poor mother, were you not almost persuaded to resign the attempt of proceeding to the wreck?

No, Robert, replied Grace, with her usual modest ingenuousness, my every feeling was so completely absorbed in the cause of the poor sufferers, whose agonising shrieks even yet at times haunt my fancy, that my only fear was, lest we should be incapable of attaining the wreck in time to be of service; this was the only subject which occupied my mind. Had I considered the danger, per-

chance my courage might have failed ; but as it was, I felt braced to encounter every thing, so powerfully was I excited by the scene, that even my dear mother's commands, continued Grace, looking affectionately towards the smiling old lady, were then disregarded. Her endeavour to overrule our determination of setting out on so terrific a sea, was both natural and excuseable. And when I now consider what her feelings must have been had she beheld, as she every moment dreaded, the frail bark containing her husband and her self-willed child, swallowed up within the deep, I am surprised she retained any degree of composure, and did not sink beneath her feelings. But, oh ! Robert, had you witnessed the gratitude and delight with which we were hailed by the beings rescued from so horrible a fate, you would acknowledge it a sufficient repayment, had the danger been a thousand fold increased. You must also know from experience the happiness and self-approval yielded by serving a fellow-creature. Remember how anxious you were to go out to that wreck, when the life of poor Logan was so fortunately saved.

No, Grace, I have not forgotten that circumstance. Logan was one that interested me too highly not to be remembered. Poor fellow, I have often wondered what has been his after-fate, and if the same ill-fortune continues to pursue him. You have never, father, had a letter from him, I believe you told me.

No, said Mr. Darling ; and I think he must either have gone abroad or something particu-

lar has prevented his writing. He promised he would do so as soon as he met with a berth. Never did I see a human being so overpowered with grateful emotions as was Logan; and I am certain no trifle would have prevented his communicating the success or failure of his endeavours to procure a livelihood.

But, Grace, said the matronly Elizabeth, you have never told us about your being at Alnwick-castle. I think I should have been quite incapable of looking at, much more speaking to so great a lady as the duchess: after all the grandeur that you saw there, you must think the light-house but a poor and cheerless place.

Grace smiled at the enquiry of her sister, and with good-humoured kindness gratified her desire and that of the others, by describing minutely all particulars connected with her visit to Alnwick-castle. Her feelings, she allowed, when first she stood in the presence of the duchess, were of such a nature as she had never before experienced, and she feared to raise her eyes from the ground; but when she heard the sweet and gentle voice which kindly desired her to cast aside her timidity, her heart was at once reassured; and she felt, ere the interview was over, that the courteous manner of the noble duchess was an antidote to fear; love and respect were the only sentiments inspired by her presence. Grace described to her attentive listeners her visit to the housekeeper's apartment, gratefully detailing her kind treatment whilst there. Her perambulation with her father around the castle was described, and she

dwelt upon the particulars narrated by their quaint cicerone, whose pompous manner had so much attracted her attention. With laughing archness Grace repeated the compliments bestowed by the old man upon so humble an individual as herself.

Have you lately heard, Grace, enquired another of the family, from your friend, Miss Dudley ?

Not for many months, was the reply ; and I hope no evil has befallen her. The last letter I received from Miss Caroline was written on the eve of her departure from Spain. She promised to write again immediately on her arrival in London.

The visits of the various artists to the lighthouse, was another subject of conversation ; and the fidelity and truth with which the portraits of Mr. Darling and Grace were depicted, excited the utmost surprise and admiration. Representations of the wreck, by Carmichael, had been seen by Robert, who resided in Newcastle ; and in contemplating the foamy ocean, eloquent of danger, he almost trembled at the peril encountered by his father and sister. So accurate, he assured them, was the representation, that scarcely could he persuade himself he was so far distant from his island home.

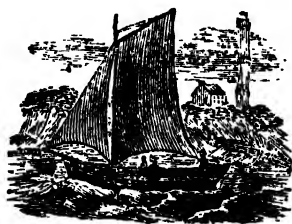
Robert, by his residence in Newcastle, was completely in the way of hearing the praises bestowed upon the achievements of his sister and father. He often listened to eulogiums from those who were little suspicious how deeply

he was interested in the subject; yet he forbore to explain the near relationship which united him to the heroic maiden. Her fame was to him a secret treasure, which he would enjoy alone and in solitude, with a feeling not less pure and exquisite, from those around him being in ignorance of its possession.

The sisters were equally curious upon one subject, and questioned Grace, when alone, with a minuteness and art which did not fail to amuse her. Their enquiries were directed to discover if her heart were indifferent to all tender impressions, Mary Ann proudly predicting that Grace would be transferred by marriage, to scenes where her worth and amiable qualities would no longer be hidden in obscurity. The laughter of Grace at this fancy of her sister was so long continued as to offend the affectionate girl, who, thinking only of the fame won by Grace, could not imagine any situation in life too elevated for her merit. Apologising for the indulgence of her mirth, Grace kindly thanked Mary Ann for her good wishes, representing to her how romantic were the expectations she had expressed. No, no, Mary Ann, such a metamorphosis would never do. Think what a poor figure your sister Grace would make amongst people possessing all the elegance and refinement obtained by an early and constant intercourse with polished society?—here, I am in my proper sphere: amongst my equals, my ignorance and simplicity occasion no one to blush for me. Only imagine for one moment,

how little adapted is your rustic sister to be the companion of a man of knowledge and refinement ; and if one were foolish enough to make me his wife, I should only expect the fate of the ladies in Blue Beard, whose history excited no little interest in my childhood. No, no—such would never do ; the eagle mates not with the sparrow : similarity of early habits and taste must be requisite towards felicity in a married state.

The girls were surprised at the warmth with which those sentiments were expressed by Grace, who was always remarkable for her calm demeanour. A suspicion arose in their mind, that Grace must surely have been wooed to leave her island home, and share the fate of one her superior in rank and fortune. At last their importunity drew from Grace a slow confession of an occurrence, which a few weeks before had yielded much secret annoyance.



CHAPTER XXXV.

“ When the myrtles of Love
 *Breathe their odours around,
The music of Hope
 Gives to silence a sound.
O ! dear is the spot
 Where our glances first met ;
There Sorrow will linger,
 But Joy may forget.”

WHAT a change does a few brief hours work in the feelings of man ! It is rarely that possession yields so much pleasure as anticipation ; and the hoped-for good is often found like the gold bestowed by the demons of old upon their votaries, which the morning dawn revealed to be but valueless dross. Is it that we are usually covetous of that which seems to mock our reach ?—is the nature of man ever to be hoping for an uncertain good, and pursuing the phantom of happiness ? No. feelings of this nature, however, occurred to alloy the happiness of Lord Clanranald ; and the joy he experienced from the conviction that the affections of Caroline Dudley were entirely his own, was as rapturous as unbounded. The value of the prize obtained was enhanced by possession, and he vowed to guard the future of the lovely girl from the approach of every evil. Nor were her feelings less excited ; and she retired for the night with a heart overflowing with blissful emotions.

Bright and radiant were the visions which swam before the eyes of Caroline ; and ere they were closed in sleep, years rich in every positive good were pictured in her imagination. Hope, that elixir of life, lent its aerial touch in shadowing forth a happy future. Enthusiastic though she naturally was, in possessing the heart of Clanranald was comprised all she desired to obtain. So assured was Caroline of his worth and noble qualities, that the chivalric valour he had displayed in the tented field formed but a slender portion in the enumeration of his virtues.

Major Dudley was acquainted by the earl with the nature of his feelings towards Caroline. The major yielded a most cordial assent to the proposals of his lordship ; he had long felt assured that the earl was in every respect fitted to promote the happiness of his daughter, and prove a guardian and protecting friend.

When Caroline first met the earl after this decisive conversation, no slight degree of embarrassment was perceptible in her countenance, which was further increased by the arch glances of the marchioness. This lady learned with unbounded pleasure, that the proposals of the earl had at length been made. She had long mentally blamed his silence on the important subject, often marvelling at the cause which so closely sealed his lips. That the earl loved Caroline, and that his love was returned, were facts of which she had been completely convinced.

The future conversations of the earl and Caroline, now his betrothed, were such as usually occur between lovers; and the hours spent with each other possessed to them an interest surpassing any they had ever before experienced. One of those conversations in which the earl revealed the motives which had dictated his conduct, was interrupted by the entrance of the marquis. Caroline saw at one glance something had occurred to mar the tranquillity of her uncle; and she anxiously enquired the cause. Without protracting her anxiety by what is usually termed preparing for the evil tidings, a preparation generally administering more torture than the most dreadful certainty, Caroline was gently informed, that a confidential messenger had brought the unhappy intelligence that her brother had been severely wounded in an engagement; and, in addition to this had been taken captive. The major was yet uninformed of those particulars, and the marquis expressed his expectations that Caroline would exert her firmness, and endeavour to support, not to depress the feelings of her father. This hint immediately aroused Caroline from her grief; she started up, declaring her intention of seeking her father, promising henceforth to curb her emotions. The kind and sympathising expressions of the earl were also not without effect; and Caroline entered the apartment of the major with tolerable composure.

The grief of the major appeared less poig-

nant than Caroline had anticipated, hope that Charles might speedily be restored to liberty preponderating over all his fears. A consultation ensued between the marquis and the earl, relative to the situation of Charles; and plans were formed for endeavouring to negotiate his deliverance. The major was in a short time able to join in the council, and approvingly he learned the determination of Clanranald to proceed to Madrid, again to solicit the good offices of Colonel —, whose kindness he had taxed on a previous occasion. The major avowed his intention of accompanying the earl, and the following day was appointed for their journey.

Clanranald then left the two senior gentlemen, proceeding to inform Caroline of the arrangements they had made. The pensive looks of Caroline strikingly contrasted the animated smiles with which she had witnessed the approach of the earl but a short hour previous; then her bosom was a stranger to the anxiety of which it now had such complete possession. She gratefully listened to the earl, her heart fervently thanking him for the interest he evinced in her feelings, which his conduct so surely proved; and undisguisedly she expressed those sentiments.

In spite of her endeavours to the contrary, the spirits of Caroline drooped; vainly the earl strove to inspire her with hope that a few weeks would witness her brother's return to the castle, and then, dearest girl, he continued, I shall claim this hand as my guerdon. Caroline smiled as she replied, Willingly it shall be

granted ; but let us dismiss this subject for the present ; the remembrance of our love must not be sullied by tears of sorrow.

At the time appointed the travellers departed, promising to despatch intelligence of their arrival when at Madrid. The earl tenderly besought Caroline to be careful of her health, assuring her how completely all his future happiness was interwoven with her welfare. The tender address of his lordship called forth a smile of affection from the lovely lips of Caroline, and fervently she returned his parting embrace.

Tardily, succëeding days appeared to pass ; in addition to her anxiety respecting Charles, Caroline mourned the absence of her father and lover from the castle. Before this she was unaware how dear the earl was to her heart, and how necessary his presence to her happiness ; for all her late enjoyments she had been indebted to him, and now that he was gone, the hours presented a dreary blank. If she turned over the pages of her favourite authors, she missed the correct taste of his lordship, who had pointed out to her the beautiful and striking passages. When she flew to her harp, as a solace from thought, the hand was wanting which was wont to arrange the music. Each walk was associated in her mind by some conversation or act of kindness from his lordship. The garden and the aviary served but as mementos of former hours of bliss.

Sooner than could have been expected, tidings were received. The travel-stained dress of the

courier, bespoke how rapidly the journey had been performed. Two billets were presented to Caroline—one from her father, and the other she recognised as the writing of her lover; the latter she deposited in a place of security, till unobserved she could peruse its contents, and hastily broke the seal of the other. The major wrote less sanguinely than she had expected, appearing to have found more obstacles to their mission than had at first been anticipated. Charles was a close prisoner in the castle of Madrid. As yet they had been denied an interview with him; and the friend on whose influence Clanranald had mainly relied, was absent from the city. On the following week his return was expected, when his power, they trusted, would effectually be exercised in their service. The major, however, had received an assurance from the governor at the castle, that every attention requisite to his situation was paid to their relative, who was fast recovering from his wounds. A strict prohibition existed against the prisoner receiving any written communication, yet an intimation was conveyed to him of the arrival of his friends, and the efforts they were making to procure his freedom. The major concluded by requesting Caroline not to allow her spirits to droop, assuring her he was well, and thought the exertions he had made had aroused his long dormant energies. The conduct of the earl he could not praise in terms sufficiently high; it was such as only could be dictated by the

most noble and generous nature. Were Charles restored to freedom, all he would desire was to see her united to a man so very deserving of her hand and heart.

Notwithstanding this eulogium on her lover, regret and disappointment were the principal feelings in the breast of Caroline. The marquis had also received a communication from their friends. He addressed Caroline in a cheerful tone, observing that the difficulties encountered were only such as might have been expected; he did not doubt but a few weeks would witness the arrival of their friends at the castle, accompanied by the truant. I trust, continued the marquis, that Charles has sheathed his sword for ever, unless called upon to draw it for defending the right of his native land. It has been to me a source of reflection, that I did not more strenuously combat the desire of Charles to engage in this war. However, it is now too late for regrets on that subject. I know, Caroline, that what I am going to communicate will yield you pleasure. I have determined upon acceding to the wishes of your father, that we should all proceed to England; and ere many months, we shall, I trust, hail the shores of Albion.

Caroline assured the marquis of the delight which she really felt at this intelligence; and retiring to her boudoir, she anxiously drew forth the letter of the earl. A tide of grateful feelings dimmed her eyes as she carefully perused its contents; so flattering, so kindly considerate of her feelings was the earl, that

she felt, if that were possible, still more attached ; and that such love as his demanded in return every thought of her future existence. Ere Caroline had joined her friends, she had answered the letters of her correspondents, and the style of her reply to the earl must have satisfied even his fastidious heart. Additional letters were received from Madrid at various intervals, but they brought with them no grateful tidings. The release of Charles appeared an object as distant as ever, even the efforts of the powerful Colonel — having proved unavailing. The prowess of Charles had been but too well known to the enemy, and the fame he had earned served but to rivet more strongly his fetters.

Amongst the favourite ministers of the queen was a noble, to whom, many years previously, the marquis had rendered a considerable service. This occurrence had totally passed from the mind of the marquis, until the name of this nobleman recalled the circumstance. To resolve and act were one thing with the marquis. The next morning he started for Madrid, intending to solicit the interference of this minister in behalf of his nephew. It was during his absence that Count Werner, Constance Lavinia, and her friend the Countess Wilna arrived at the castle of Santalina. Their unexpected visit for a time diverted the marchioness and Caroline from their anxiety, by presenting a new subject for thought and discussion.— When Caroline learned from Constance a

affections should be unrequited, was scarcely for one moment dreaded by the fondly attached brother, yet at times the image of his enthusiastic sister, quailing beneath an hopeless passion, and letting "concealment, like the worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek," presented a painful idea to his mind. The interview with the earl had relieved Charles from a mine of anxiety; and his best wishes were mentally given to Clanranald for the successful issue of his suit.

The presence of the earl at the castle, under any circumstances, would have been productive of the most fervent joy to the sensitive Caroline; but now, accompanied by the gratifying intelligence of the welfare of Charles, her pleasure was unbounded. Every cloud of thought, which had for several weeks obscured her radiant countenance was spontaneously banished, and her dark eyes beamed with the most animated happiness. The marquis and his noble lady were rejoiced to entertain at their residence, one who had conferred upon them such incalculable benefits.

Day after day the departure of the earl was protracted, the hospitable entreaties of his hostess being warmly seconded by the eloquent looks of Caroline. The earl would laughingly acknowledge himself spell-bound, since vain were his endeavours to break through the pleasing enchantment which detained him at the castle; nor were his wishes to depart very ardent. Time, indeed, flew in those hours passed in the society of Caroline, each day de-

veloping some new charm in her character; whilst the admiration she had ever experienced for the earl, increased in an equal degree.

The earl was a constant attendant to Caroline in her morning rides; she introduced him to all her favourite haunts, and was gratified to find that his appreciation of the beauties of nature was equal to her own. Many an interesting conversation occurred during these equestrian excursions, but the subject nearest his heart was never alluded to; the earl had felt too deeply his former refusal to hazard a similar rejection, and he determined to await until assured, should he again sue, it should not be in vain. Escorted by the earl, Caroline set out on one of her accustomed excursions; the day was lovely and serene, as that which first hailed creation's morn. In high spirits they continued their ride through forest and plain, until warned to return by the rapid change which the atmosphere had undergone. The steeds were urged to their utmost speed in the vain hope of attaining the castle ere the impending storm burst over their heads. A loud peal of thunder, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, startled the spirited horse of Caroline so much, that with difficulty she maintained command over the affrighted animal; and the heavy rain beginning to fall, rendered a place of shelter the first object to be desired.

The ruins of a chapel, dedicated to our

Lady of Loretto, was near, and as part of the roof was remaining, a temporary retreat might at least be obtained from the pitiless fury of the storm. The earl placed the steeds where they would also be protected, and returned to the side of Caroline. They remained silent with feelings of awe, mingled with admiration, as they gazed upon the vivid lightning; flash succeeded flash with fearful rapidity, causing Caroline to veil her eyes, dreading to look upon its sublime grandeur. A bright burst of flame was followed by a loud crash, and the alarmed fugitives beheld rent and prostrate, from the scorching effects of the lightning, a mighty oak, over which, unscathed, had passed the blasts of centuries. Caroline clung to the arm of the earl, seeking assurance from his looks, her fears completely mastering her usual self-possession. The earl gently strove to inspire her with courage, breathing fond words of adoration in her ear; and seeking conviction from the now downcast eyes of Caroline, that his love was not unrequited. Her replies were as kind as the most ardent lover could desire; and of such vital interest was their converse, that the storm without was unheeded.

A rustling behind startled the lovers from their entrancement, and great was their surprise to discover they were not the only tenants who had sought the sanctuary of this solitary spot. The confusion experienced by Caroline yielded to the amazement with which she recognised the guerilla chief, who had on

previous occasions so unexpectedly crossed her path. Ere time was left for enquiry, they were addressed by the intruder, conjuring them to leave the chapel without delay, asserting it was no safe place of refuge, as it had already been struck by the lightning, and a few minutes longer might witness them entombed beneath its ruins. Follow me, continued he, and I will guide you to a place of security. Startled by this address, the earl lingered for a moment, uncertain if this were not a plan to entrap them; for the well-known dress of the guerilla revealed to what class their self-appointed guide belonged. His indecision was terminated by Caroline whispering—Disregard not the warning; the faith and honour of our guide, though a guerilla, may be relied on; he is known to the marquis, let us therefore attend to his admonition.

Preceded by this singular guide, they departed from the chapel, the earl tenderly supporting the form of Caroline, and striving to shield her from the heavy falling rain. Entering a narrow path-way, previously hidden from sight by the thick underwood, the guerilla cleared aside the branches with his sword, and, with a gallantry but little expected, added his aid to that of the earl to smooth to Caroline the difficulties of the path. Having advanced a few hundred paces, they found themselves within a cave of immense magnitude, receiving light from various openings in the roof. Groups of men, attired in the same wild costume as their leader, were scattered around in picturesque confusion, and conversing with the characteristic

gravity of their nation ; all spontaneously arose, raising their caps with chivalrous courtesy to Caroline. A seat covered with the skin of a mountain goat, was placed for her in a commodious part of the cave. She was respectfully addressed by the chieftain in the following words :—

“ Fear not, lovely lady ; you are surrounded by brave and faithful hearts, who would willingly with their lives guard you from every evil. And you, noble sir,” looking towards the earl, “ be assured that here no harm shall approach one of the noble house of Santalina. Wild though our appearance, and lawless our employment, we war not with innocence ; and the honour of the bold guerilla has never yet been stained by breach of confidence and hospitality. Here you may abide in security till the storm is past, and then depart to find the castle of Santalina.”

This address was accompanied by a manner possessing all the grace and courtesy of polished society ; and the surprise of Caroline, that one who had apparently belonged to the loftier walks of life should be found in a situation so uncongenial, was echoed by the expressive glances of the earl : the fears which had previously alarmed her mind were subsided, and she could now gaze admiringly upon the wild-looking group by whom she was surrounded, reminding her forcibly of scenes depicted by the pencil of Salvator Rosa. There was the Spanish bravo, with his low brow and eagle eye, expressive of keen recklessness ; and over the

strongly marked features of many of the party, were depicted every passion hostile to the peace of man. Their finely formed limbs were thrown into a state of graceful repose, strikingly contrasting the sharp and prying glances, with which from time to time the earl and Caroline were surveyed. Caroline could not forbear fancying many now before her would be in their more fitting place with carbine and sword, watching at midnight for the unwary traveller on the heath.

The earl and the chief entered into an animated conversation, and from general subjects the present state of the country became the absorbing topic. The guerilla appeared well acquainted with every passing event, and dwelt with melancholy earnestness upon the evils a contention for the crown had entailed upon the nation. It was easy to discover every thought and wish of the guerilla were devoted to Don Carlos. This the earl felt to be a dangerous topic; and the thought crossed his mind, were the lawless band, in whose power they were so completely placed, aware that he had fought in the Christinos' rank, even the power of the chief might be inadequate to guard his life from their avenging swords.

At length the storm had entirely ceased, and the heavens resumed their bright and smiling aspect. The earl and Caroline arose to depart, and one of the band was despatched to have in readiness their steeds. The earl expressed, in sincere and animated terms, his sense of the obligations rendered by the chief,

in which he was warmly joined by Caroline. Their grateful language appeared to pain the guerilla, who, begging them to be silent, assured them each act of service rendered to a friend of the Marquis of Santalina, was only a poor return for a debt which never could be cancelled. Clanranald liberally dispensed the contents of his purse among the inferiors, receiving in return good wishes and plentiful benedictions. Proceeding by the pathway from which they had entered, attended by the chief, Caroline and the earl departed from the cave.

The eyes of Caroline were directed towards the place where first they had sought shelter, and, with a shudder at their near escape, she beheld nothing remaining save a shapeless mass of ruins; the lightning had performed its work of devastation, levelling the old walls of the chapel to their foundation. Her gratitude towards the instrument Heaven had sent to warn them of their danger, was expressed with all her wonted warmth and feeling. The glowing countenance of Caroline was surveyed, whilst she spoke, by the guerilla with a look of admiration so intense, as to excite a feeling of displeasure in the mind of the earl. With instinctive quickness Caroline defined the emotions of the earl, and with painful embarrassment she turned from the gaze of the piercing eyes so long bent upon her countenance.

A change was given to those feelings by the return of the guerilla, who had been des-

patched in quest of the horses ; he led the steed of the earl, but reported Caroline's was killed by the lightning. With poignant sorrow Caroline heard the fate of her favourite steed, but much as she regretted its loss, the present was no fitting time for the indulgence of her feelings. Her mind was occupied by the considerations of how they were to quit their unpleasant situation, for the castle was many leagues distant. She was relieved from this dilemma, by the chief issuing an order, that a litter should be prepared for her conveyance. To this proposal the earl could not object. When the litter was in readiness, Caroline was assisted by the chief, who seemed to claim this honour as a right, and respectfully pressed her hand to his lips ere he resigned it. The bearers then commenced their march, and the earl rode close by the side of this conveyance, apparently determined to watch over her safety with a lover's vigilance. Arrived at the castle, the free sons of the forest immediately departed, bearing with them a munificent token of the earl's liberality.

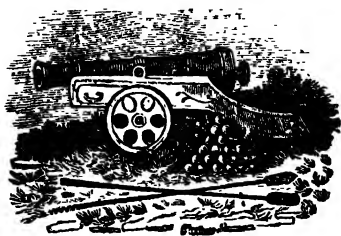
The arrival of Caroline and her companion was hailed with delight by their friends, by whom the most lively alarm had been experienced for their safety during the brief continuance of the terrific tempest. The marquis started involuntarily when the appearance of the guerilla chief was described ; questioning the narrators minutely respecting all they had observed when sheltered within the haunt of the outlaws. He then cautioned the earl and

history of the trials and sorrows she had experienced throughout life, with her commiseration, were mingled mental thanks that she had not been called upon to endure similar vicissitudes. She sincerely rejoiced in the hope that their misfortunes were passed, and that the future of Constance and Werner might be as happy as their early years had been unfortunate. Caroline and Constance parted with mutual regret, and expectations were entertained of a meeting in England at no distant period. Alas! how fallacious were those hopes; and when Caroline pressed the warm hand of Constance, she did not dream how fatal her native shores would prove to Werner and his fair betrothed. Nor did Caroline deem that the event which would terminate their earthly career, would prove so bright an era in the existence of the obscure island maiden she so often remembered, through the mist of time, with a crowd of grateful recollections.

No feeling save one could, however, long occupy the mind of Caroline. With corroding anxiety she waited each day, hoping the next might bring relief from her cares. The thought of her brother, sick and in prison, was never a moment absent; and the knowledge was most painful, that no friend was permitted to see him to administer to his comfort, or endeavour to divert the langour engendered by disease. When she felt the pure fresh air fanning her brow, how did she sicken at the idea, this was a blessing from

which he was debarred. The buoyant, volatile Charles, to whom a day's restraint had ever been the greatest punishment, shut up from the pure breath of heaven within a grated cell, was a retrospection fraught with distress.

The endeavours of the marquis had been equally ineffectual with those of the major and the earl. Even the omnipotence of wealth had on this occasion failed. By means of a powerful bribe, an interview had, however, been permitted with the captive during the secrecy of midnight. Charles was found much emaciated from sickness and confinement, but his spirits and resolution apparently were unbroken. He smiled with pleasure on recognising the earl, begging him to comfort his father and sister, and not to allow them to despair of his liberation. Shortly afterwards Charles was removed from Madrid, but where his prison was now situated the major and his friends were unable to learn, and the motives which had caused this arrangement were also inexplicable.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

“ Ah, who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his varying path may lie ?
Ah ! who can give to other's woes his sigh—
Secure his own will never need it too ? ”

HEAVILY the hours drag on within the walls of a prison. The dawn of morn. and the twilight of eve come and go unmarked. The sun seems to flag upon its course, but the termination of its race brings with it no relief to the wearied spirit. For many weeks the mind of Charles Dudley arose superior to the gloom of his situation. The first period of his captivity he had been insensible to all things, the fever consequent upon his wounds having been accompanied by delirium. With a care but little to have been expected, he was attended during his illness ; and when at length the strength of his constitution triumphed, and he became convalescent, he learned from his gaoler the events which had succeeded his captivity, and the efforts made by his friends to obtain his liberation.

Charles requested materials for writing, with which to wile away the monotony of his solitude : this was denied him, and the few books allowed were of a nature totally devoid of interest. The interview he was permitted with his friends afforded a fortunate relief from the vacuum into which his mind was beginning to sink. He summoned his flagging spirits, unwilling to allow his father to

know how great were his fears that his captivity would be of long endurance: or if terminated speedily, probably might be by the hand of the executioner. He was aware of the distress his situation had already occasioned to his friends, and he wished to lessen that anxiety by appearing reconciled to his imprisonment.

The uncertain termination of his durance was not the only subject galling to the mind of Charles, his heart had long been disturbed by another cause of anxiety: to this circumstance had been owing the reserve and absence of mind which had yielded so much pain to Caroline during the secret visit he had made at Madrid.

More than twelve months antecedent to the present time, the army to which Charles was attached was encamped in the enchanting plain of Andalusia. On an evening Charles had strolled forth, leaving the tented plain far behind. The orb of light was sinking to rest in a sea of gold, and the surrounding scene received a tint of mellowed richness, which nothing but a setting sun in Spain can give. The castellated mansion, the luxuriant vine, and the distant mountain were all radiant with the glow of even. All around slumbered in repose—nothing was heard, save at times the pass-word of the sentinels and the distant chime of a convent bell.

Charles wandered on unheeding. The peacefulness of nature was grateful to his feelings, when contrasted with the turmoil and carriage in which he had been engaged. He paused not until he found himself within the verge of a

chateau, embowered in a grove of orange-trees, which scented every gale with their fragrance. Charles stood in mute admiration of the elegance of the place, when the sound of a guitar, accompanied by tones of the most heavenly sweetness, rivetted him to the spot. The words sung were those of an ancient Moorish ballad, familiar to his fancy, but never before had he heard them warbled with such power and sweetness. He felt the most resistless desire to observe the fair minstrel, but feared to move lest his vicinity should be discovered. There he remained spell-bound, while various Andalusian love-songs were sung with feeling and expression. Anon he heard another voice, whose creaking tones jarred harshly on his ear, address the lovely songstress, for Charles already felt assured she was both young and lovely.

Come, *senhora*, said the intruder, it is time to close the casement. Vespers have been chanted in every convent in the plain; in your fondness for your guitar, you forget your orisons to the blessed virgin.

The night is so lovely and tempting, was the reply, that you, my good Maria, will pardon my inattention to your wishes—only come forth, and see what a lovely scene lies spread on every side. Surely admiration of the beauties of nature cannot be displeasing to the holy virgin.

Two figures now advanced to the edge of the balcony; the last speaker bending forward to point out to her companion the beautiful objects in the landscape, afforded Charles the opportunity he had desired of scrutinizing her appear-

ance. The maiden he gazed on excelled in loveliness all he had previously beheld. Her figure was slight and girlish, and apparently had not attained its full perfection ; but the face was exquisitely beautiful, and her large black eyes were full of delicious langour and softness, expressive of the most tender sensibility. Charles lingered by the place long after the fair vision had disappeared ; then he retraced his steps, his thoughts involved in a labyrinth of passion.

The next evening he was at the chateau at an earlier hour : again he listened to the voice of the fair enchantress. For several succeeding nights his vigils were repeated, but no opportunity was afforded of addressing the lovely girl ; and he feared to cause alarm by abruptly making known his vicinity to her. His passion so strongly excited continued to increase, and he entertained the most lively fears of being ordered from the place without an opportunity of discovering if her mind was as lovely as the casket it enshrined. By indirect enquiries, Charles had ascertained that the chateau belonged to the Count Murilla, but nothing could he learn relative to the family of the count. At last fortune befriended him, and the admittance he so long had sighed for was obtained.

Lingering about the purlieus of the chateau, he heard screams of alarm, and soon discovered they proceeded from a female who was attacked by a fierce and savage-looking dog. Humanity prompted Charles to fly to

the rescue of the distressed female, and his efforts to beat off the assailant were in a short time successful. The hope which had sprung up in his breast that the lady might prove to be his innamorato was in a moment dispelled by the wrinkled person who met his sight. She expressed voluble thanks for his gallantry, and with feelings of joy he recognised the voice he had heard upon the balcony the first night of his visit. He immediately offered, with an urgency not to be resisted, to see the lady home, expressing his pleasure at being able to be of service in the most polite terms. The old lady, who was one of the plainest of duennas, listened to his compliments with a gratified air, and seemed in no way very loth to permit his attendance.

Supporting her faltering footsteps, for he discovered the old lady was lame, they proceeded through a garden arranged in the most elegant style. Charles perceived a sylph-like form walking slowly before them, her eyes bent towards the ground, when his heart immediately assured him it was the lovely minstrel. The old lady had also perceived the senhora, and calling to her by the name of Camilla, she turned quickly round, and in evident surprise awaited their approach.— Well might she be amused to see her old duenna hanging familiarly upon the arm of a young and elegant-looking officer. She was soon made acquainted with the circumstances which had led to the introduction, and added her thanks to those the delighted Charles had

already received. Refreshments were straitway placed before him, of which he was pressed hospitably to partake by the old lady, but he could only gaze in admiration upon Camilla, she so far surpassed all he had previously imagined. She was young, much younger than he had supposed—not more than fifteen years, but her countenance was expressive of womanly feeling and sensibility.

Unobserved by the duenna, Charles expressed to Camilla his admiration, informing her how long he had vainly sighed for admission to her presence. Fearing to arouse the suspicion of the old lady, Charles took his leave, having first obtained permission to repeat his visit at the chateau. The following evening, Charles was at his accustomed station beneath the balcony, and replied to the song of Camilla with stanzas of his own. She recognised his voice; his solicitations won from her a consent to meet him in the garden.

He found Camilla all he had pictured; she was a true Spanish maiden, full of romance and confidence. She could not listen unmoved to his eloquence, when assisted, as it was, by his handsome face and noble form. Repeated interviews ensued; at last Charles won from her lips an admission, that his love was fondly, fervently returned. There was no witness to their vows, or the kiss which sealed this confession, save the radiant moon which was brightly shining above; and Charles felt, while he gazed on the dark eyes so fondly turned to meet his own, her love was more

precious to his heart than all the world beside. Camilla had told him her little history ; she was an orphan, the daughter of Count Marilla's sister, and had lost her parents ere she was old enough to appreciate their value. Since then she had resided with her duenna in this chateau, belonging to her guardian. She was a perfect stranger to society, and even the visits of the count were few and far between. The priest of the next village attended for the purpose of instructing Camilla in the more erudite branches of learning ; and her principal knowledge of mankind had been obtained from an extensive collection of national romances occupying a portion of the library. Charles discovered, that notwithstanding her simplicity and ignorance of the world, Camilla possessed an understanding of the finest order, and he proudly looked forward to the time when he should introduce as his bride the lovely Spanish maiden.

The next evening Charles was at the lattice of Camilla, who was waiting his arrival with an impatience equal to that of his own. His brow was pallid, and the wonted smile had deserted his countenance. The alarmed girl eagerly enquired the cause. With deep reluctance, and in a tone of sorrow, Charles informed Camilla he was come to bid her adieu ; on the morrow, at the call of duty, he was obliged to leave the province ; but soon he would return to claim her as his bride.

Gently as this intelligence was communicated, it appeared to bear with it a death-blow

to Camilla. She fell into the arms of Charles, senseless and without motion, like a lily stricken beneath the blast. The warm embraces of Charles at length awoke her from her trance ; she wept long and convulsively, her grief completely defying all his endeavours to reconcile her to the separation. He assured her of his love, and that he would return as soon as he could leave the army, fondly beseeching her, for his sake, to moderate her grief. He placed upon her finger a ring as a pledge of their engagement, and obtained one of her long jetty ringlets in return. After repeated embraces, Charles tore himself away, and reached the camp in a state of mind by no means enviable.

At dawn of day the march commenced, and Charles felt each mile he traversed, removed him still further from the being in whom was centred his every hope of happiness. The braid of Camilla he wore next his heart ; he would often gaze upon its lustrous folds, when musing on the loved one, from whose fair brow it had been severed. In constant warfare the next four months were passed, but neither the anxiety endured by Charles respecting the Marquis of Santalina, who during this period was taken prisoner, or the turmoil of the field could banish for one moment the image of Camilla from his heart.

As soon as hostilities were suspended, Charles obtained leave of absence, and, after a hurried journey, arrived at the chateau in Andalusia. Expeditiously as he had travelled,

he did not keep pace with his wishes ; his soul had already flown to the feet of Camilla. An air of gloom pervaded the mansion, but this he imputed to the change of the season ; dismounting, he advanced to the portal, and hastily rang the bell. Again and again Charles rang, but no one replied to his summons, and then only he discovered the casements were closed, and the house evidently unoccupied. In despair he left the chateau, all his fond expectations being destroyed by this event.

His next step was to seek the residence of the tutor of Camilla. He easily found the old man ; with an air of sincerity which could not be doubted, the priest asserted that he was equally in ignorance respecting the place to which Camilla had been removed. About two months previous to the present time, on attending at the chateau as usual to instruct his pupil, he found it deserted ; the whole establishment having unaccountably disappeared, without leaving the slightest trace to mark their destination. Charles interrogated the father respecting the family of Camilla, and also that of her guardian, but could obtain no information. For several days Charles remained in the neighbourhood, vainly hoping some clue might be found to the wished-for discovery. He could, however, obtain no information respecting Count Morilla or the place of his residence ; indeed, all appeared involved in mystery : yet with his wonted impetuosity, Charles vowed never to resign the search till he had found his loved lost one.

Charles traversed the province, enquiring at the various religious houses, but nothing was discovered to reward his endeavours. "

It was, while almost sunk in *déspair* from his fruitless researches, that his secret visit was made to Madrid, as has previously been narrated. A thousand times he was on the point of communicating to Caroline the cause of his unhappiness, yet why, he reflected, should I add to the anxiety my sister at all times experiences from the dangerous path I have chosen, by revealing the hopeless blight which has fallen upon my heart. During all the succeeding events which had occurred to Charles, the image of Camilla had observed his every feeling. By his brother officers he was often rallied on his gravity, for to all it was evident the once gay, brilliant young Englishman had some corroding subject of anxiety.

Now, when alone in his solitary cell, Camilla became the constant object of his musings, and the fear that never should their fond dreams of love be realised, was at times an idea too painful for endurance. Charles had painted from memory a miniature likeness of Camilla. This he wore within his vest, and many an hour was wiled away in gazing upon the inanimate ivory.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

“ Come o’er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro’ sunshine, storm, and snows !
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where’er it goes.”

THESE words, sung in a rich, manly voice, aroused Grace Darling from a reverie in which she was indulging while rambling along the shore. She hastily looked round to discover from whence they proceeded, and descried a gay looking bark, in which were two persons seated, approaching the island. Grace immediately retraced her steps homewards, to assist her mother in exercising the rites of hospitality ; for she surmised these were visitors to the light-house. Her attention was rivetted to the boat ; it was of an unusual construction, and silken sails of a brilliant colour floated gracefully beneath the breeze. When moored, the gentleman who had been singing sprang out, leaving his companion to secure the boat.

There was a peculiarity about the appearance and dress of this gentleman, who was proceeding leisurely towards the light-house, which did not fail to attract the attention of Grace. He was attired in a light summer costume, although the month was November ; in his hand he carried a fowling-piece, with all the airs of an aspiring sportsman ; his head was covered with a crimson velvet cap, and long

black hair fell far down his shoulders. He entered the house without discovering her vicinity ; and with awakening curiosity, Grace afterwards made her appearance. The stranger was standing conversing earnestly with her parents, but on her entering he paused, and turned an eagle glance upon her, with an expression so keen and searching, as to cause her involuntarily to shrink from his look.

Miss Grace Darling, I presume, was said by the stranger—my name is Henry Montford : permit me to express the desire I have felt to behold the heroic daughter of the self-ennobled Mr. Darling. Ever since hearing of your brave achievements, I have been most anxious to visit Fern Island ; and now, Mr. Darling, continued Montford, if you will permit me to become your boarder for a few days, I shall regard it as a favour of considerable magnitude. I am really anxious to become acquainted with the localities of this part of the coast ; and you perceive, glancing at his fowling-piece, I have brought with me a companion.

Mr. Darling obligingly yielded an assent to his request ; and the luggage of Mr. Montford, consisting of a variety of packages, being brought into the light-house, were straightway stowed in the guest-chamber, which was appropriated to his use. In a few hours Mr. Montford was as completely at home in the light-house as if he had been a resident there for as many years. His prepossessing manner, in despite of a degree of flightiness

and coxcombry, won for him the good-will of the family. He had a fund of information, and his lively and appropriate manner of relating an incident or giving point to a jest, rendered him a most amusing inmate.

Mr. Montford expressed a wish to make an excursion in his boat along the coast, requesting Mr. Darling to become his pilot. He also gracefully solicited that Miss Darling might accompany them. Grace hesitated, when Mr. Darling observed—You may as well go, Grace, and we will soon shew Mr. Montford the most interesting places. With a good-humoured smile, she then expressed her willingness, and lightly tripped from the apartment to prepare for the excursion. When Grace returned to the sitting-room, her slender figure enveloped in a shawl, and a straw bonnet shrouding her head, she looked the personification of modest retiring simplicity.

The gay bark was floating beneath the light-house ; with gallant courtesy Mr. Montford proffered his arm to Grace, to assist her down the rocky path. This offer she frankly declined, bounding down the steep with the graceful ease of a gazelle, leaving Montford and her father to proceed at a more measured pace. When at the beach she again examined admiringly the beautiful bark, which was waiting to convey them upon the waste of waters. The boat was of an elegant construction, and differed materially from those usually seen at the island ; and with an undefined feeling, Grace recognised her own name, in

gilt letters, on its stern. Mr. Darling and Mr. Montford had by this time attained her side; the latter noticing the direction of her eyes, observed—Yes, Miss Darling, this is only one of the many barks honoured by bearing your name; and prosperous and happy voyages may surely be anticipated, when performed under the auspices of the guardian genius of the storm. Grace could only bow to this compliment, and with a tranquil air she took her seat by the side of her father.

Mr. Montford intimated a wish to land upon the various islands, of which there are upwards of seventeen denominated as the Fern Islands. The first which they attained was the Pinnacles, deriving its name from a number of immense columnar rocks at the southern part. These are the abode of guillemots, shags, and other sea-birds. Having ascended to the summit of the nearest of those cliffs, Mr. Darling described to Montford the manner in which the fowlers prosecute their labours, and that they fearlessly cross from one of those columns to the other, by means of a narrow board, placed above a gulph of tremendous depth. Upon the other islands which they visited was nothing worthy of particular description; until they arrived at House Island, the place sanctified by the residence of Saint Cuthbert. This is a wild and dreary spot, and the cold gleams of a November sun failed to render its appearance attractive.

The memory of Mr. Darling was well stored with legendary lore, and Grace listened with

interest to the conversation which ensued between her father and their guest, relative to the early ages when those islands were only visited by the sandalled pilgrim. The coldness and gloom of the season were not favourable for a lengthened examination of the island; and having seen the tower and ruins of the church, and the coffin of Saint Cuthbert, they resumed their places in the boat.

The attention of Mr. Montford was particularly attracted by the bold and noble outline of Bambrough-castle, and his enquiries elicited from Mr. Darling an account of the noble and benevolent purposes to which it is now applied. After passing a few hours, which Mr. Montford enthusiastically asserted had been rich in interest, the aquatic party returned to the light-house.

Grace was completely puzzled by the manner of their visitor; he was gentlemanly, yet the glances of his bold black eye often brought the angry blood to her face, and aroused feelings of displeasure to which her bosom had previously been a stranger. At last her perplexity was solved in no very agreeable manner, by a most florid declaration of everlasting, ever-enduring love from Montford, who had taken the opportunity of following her unobserved in one of her rambles. Rise, Mr. Montford, she replied in a tone of grave rebuke, for he had thrown himself upon his knees at her feet—What has led to this insulting conduct? I beg that you will never again address me in a similar strain; or, if so,

I shall certainly inform my father. So saying, and without waiting for further parley, with a hurried step Grace walked on, not casting another glance upon the sighing Strophon. Her anger gradually subsided, and she met Montford on his return to the light-house in her usual quiet manner.

Grace soon found, however, that this was only the commencement of a series of attentions and professions from Mr. Montford, who intimated that they were of the most pure and honourable nature; and he would often assure her how anxious he was to remove her from her present solitude to scenes she was well calculated to adorn. The good sense of Grace immediately took the alarm; she was too humble and right-minded to imagine, for one moment, that she was either fitted by education or habit for the circles Mr. Montford described in such glowing colours. This she more than once told him, in reply to his protestations, assuring him, that if even that objection did not exist, she was resolved never, on any account, to leave her parents, but to devote herself to the comfort of the dear and respected authors of her being. Mr. Montford saw that the determination of Grace was not to be over-ruled; and with a mortified air he left her presence.

Well was it for herself, that Grace possessed so much firmness of mind and strength of intellect, as not to be dazzled by the appearance and conversation of this plausible and insinuating stranger. Although she felt at

all times disposed to judge most favourably of the actions and motives by which mankind are influenced, yet she was not romantically credulous; and to her it was most evident, that simple approbation of her conduct was not the only inducement to Montford in prosecuting his addresses. Nor did she, in thus judging, do Montford any great injustice. He was a man of light principles and gay character, governed by every passing impulse; and though unquestionably the heroism of Grace Darling had awoke his admiration, yet the wealth bestowed by her partial well-wishers had still more exerted his attention; and to obtain the noble girl and her dowry, became for a time an object of paramount interest. When he found that his addresses were rejected, with a decision that left not the slightest grounds for hope, a scheme was formed by Montford for secretly carrying her from the island. Most fortunately, however, his plans were revealed by his servant who accompanied him to the island in his boat, to Tom —, the young seaman previously alluded to as a warm and sincere lover of Grace. Tom lost no time in putting Mr. Darling upon his guard against the plausible Montford. Finding his designs were divulged, Montford abruptly left the island. It may be questioned if the pleasure which beamed so animatedly from the countenance of Grace, was to be imputed to the departure of Montford, or the presence of the frank-hearted young sailor, who was watching her with looks of admiration:

The kindness and unreserve with which Grace thanked Tom for the service he had rendered her, inspired the young man with confidence to plead his long-felt flame. It was most painful to Grace to reject the suit of the young sailor, whom she greatly esteemed and respected, but her determination never to leave her parents, was not to be subdued. With prudent care she had guarded her heart against the first approaches of that insidious passion, which, where it once gains admission, even the barriers of filial affection oppose a poor defence against its rapid progress. The refusal of Grace was tempered with the most conciliating kindness; though she could not sympathise with the feelings of her lover, yet she strove to prevent his experiencing that mortified pride which a rejection so often conveys.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“ We live in a world on all sides beset with mysteries and riddles,”

OCTOBER, with its sere and variegated foliage, had arrived, and the leaves falling around, presented a startling memento of the brief duration of gay and lovely terrestrial objects. Caroline Dudley was strolling amid the falling leaves in the park of Santalina, painfully reflecting on the causes which had of late produced so much unhappiness. A light rustling,

as if of something falling at her feet, aroused her attention; and with the utmost surprise she discovered a letter at the point of an arrow, but the hand that had sent it in this unusual manner, was no where to be seen. In a moment the billet was in her possession; the characters in which it was addressed, were too familiar to allow her doubting for one moment that the writer was Charles. She hastily broke the seal, and with anxious trepidation her eyes scanned the welcome contents. She received from it assurance that the writer was at liberty, but no time was then afforded him of informing her to whom he was indebted for his freedom. He begged Caroline to urge their friends to proceed to Paris, where he would join them ere the elapse of many weeks.

This was the substance of the welcome billet, and Caroline hurried into the castle to inform the marchioness of the intelligence she had received. The delight of the marchioness was equally great, and the most anxious desire was expressed to witness the return of their friends from the far-distant capital. At last this wish was gratified, and the arrival of the travellers was hailed with delight. Caroline was unaware of the occurrence until she entered the saloon, and the gay looks of the marchioness bespoke that she had pleasing news to communicate.

Our friends have arrived, Caroline, the marchioness hastily observed; the earl has been in search of you for the last ten minutes. Ah! there he is, she continued, as the earl appeared at the door. I will leave you to receive him,

whilst I join the marquis and your father—so saying, her ladyship passed out of the apartment. Happy and delighted as was Caroline to see her lover, yet even his presence could not long detain her from flying to assure herself that the health of the major had not suffered from the late harassing events. She found her father well, and in better spirits than she had expected, but this was accounted for on finding that he was no stranger to the intelligence she had to communicate respecting her brother. Previous to their leaving Madrid, the major observed, the marquis had informed him that Charles was then at liberty, but he declined stating how the tidings had arrived, asserting, however, it was from a certain and authentic source.

Vainly Caroline interrogated the marquis upon the subject; he shook his head with a mysterious air, saying—Suspend your curiosity until Charles is amongst us, then all shall be explained to your satisfaction: for some time, Caroline, we shall all be too much occupied to have leisure for idle ruminations; for ere many days elapse, I expect we shall be domesticated in Paris. Excuse me now, Caroline, continued the marquis, I shall be fully engaged this evening with my agent, in arranging for the management of my affairs during our absence from this country; and in two days from this time we shall, I expect, be in readiness to commence our wanderings.

Caroline was grieved at the melancholy tone in which her uncle spoke. She was aware

how deeply he felt the miseries of his native land, and how sincerely he mourned for his prince, who was enduring so many hardships in prosecuting his hopeless claim to the throne of his ancestors. She respectfully pressed the hand of the marquis to her lips, and with a look that bespoke sympathy in his feelings, withdrew.

From Clanranald, Caroline heard a narrative of all the events which had occurred to them at Madrid. They were few, and but of little interest—the principal portion of their time having been consumed in vain solicitations and futile plans for procuring the liberation of Charles. The earl was totally ignorant how his escape had at length been achieved, but he suspected the marquis was privy to the subject. A stranger had come to their mansion at Madrid, and having demanded an interview with the Marquis of Santa-lina, was ushered into the library where the marquis was seated along with the major and the earl. The former started up with apparent surprise and agitation; and apologizing to his friends, intimated to them his conversation with this visitor must be without the presence of a third person—we, of course, immediately withdrew. The interview was of long continuance; and it was soon afterwards that the marquis informed us of Charles being at liberty.

Was there any thing peculiar in the appearance of this visitor to my uncle? eagerly enquired Caroline. I regret I cannot inform

you upon that subject, replied the earl: from the position in which he stood, his countenance was shaded from my sight, and his dress was that of a simple cavalier. Caroline forbore making any further enquiries; indeed, but little time was afforded for that object; for when not employed in preparations for their journey, her attention was engrossed by the earl upon the subject nearest his heart. He earnestly besought Caroline to consent immediately to become his bride, urging her to allow the domestic chaplain of the marquis to unite them ere they departed from the castle. To this, however, Caroline firmly refused to agree; begging the earl to waive the subject until they arrived in their native land, when she would offer no further opposition to his wishes.

It was a melancholy morning on which the journey from the castle was commenced. The attendants who were to be left behind in charge of the castle, surrounded their revered lord in mournful silence. The marquis addressed them in a kind and feeling manner, assuring them of the confidence he reposed in each individual; and the assurance he felt that every duty, during his absence, would be faithfully and zealously discharged. At last the carriages drove slowly out of the courtyard. Whatever regrets Caroline might experience in per chance bidding an eternal adieu to the seat of her ancestors, her feelings were concealed in order that she might support the spirits of the marchioness. Indeed

the children, Ferdinand and Isabella, were all of the party who felt happy and at ease ; theirs was the blissful age, when no impression is made beyond that of the passing moment. Their delight was exuberant on finding themselves in the well-known travelling carriage, and they prattled incessantly about the wonders they expected to find in Paris.

The earl occupied a place in the carriage along with the marchioness and Caroline, and his piquant descriptions rendered the journey interesting to Caroline, if not also to the marchioness. They arrived at their destination without encountering any thing of particular remark, and in a short time were domesticated in a magnificent hotel in the vicinity of the Tuilleries. The travellers soon recovered from their fatigue, and entered with avidity into the gaieties of the capital. Each day afforded some new scene of interest ; and but for one subject of anxiety, Caroline would have felt completely happy.

The time appointed by Charles passed without his arrival. This occasioned the utmost anxiety and alarm ; and even the gaieties of this brilliant metropolis became at length tasteless and devoid of interest. The pale cheek of Caroline bespoke the grief this delay occasioned, and the silent gravity of the major appeared an echo to her feelings. The earl was most kind, and attentively considerate, seeking by every device to lighten their anxieties.

A party was projected to the opera, on an

evening when the house was expected to be unusually gay; the king and the members of the royal family intending to honour it with their presence. The major declined all solicitations to attend, and the marquis volunteered to remain with him, deputing to the earl the office of attending upon the marchioness and Caroline. The splendour of the house and the elegance of the audience were almost unrivalled; yet the little attention paid to the citizen king excited no slight degree of surprise in the mind of Caroline, who had been accustomed to behold the appearance in public of our late revered monarch hailed with demonstrations of enthusiastic pleasure. The voice of the prima donna exceeded her expectations; and Caroline, passionately fond of melody, could have listened for ever to the rich breathings of her full seraphic voice. The marchioness was less enthusiastic in her feelings, and when the curtain fell, she smilingly rallied Caroline upon the idolatry of sweet sounds.

On arriving at their hotel, a travelling carriage was at the door, and from its bespattered appearance had performed a long and rapid journey. One thought was ever foremost in the mind of Caroline. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she flew rather than ran through the corridor, and, unannounced, burst into the saloon. In a moment she was in the arms of Charles! who fondly wiped from her eyes the tears which pleasure had called forth; and when the earl and mar-

chioness entered, she was in a state of hysterical agitation. A most joyful recognition ensued between Charles and the earl, whilst the delighted marchioness stood in speechless surprise. Soon Caroline recovered her composure, and feelings of the most exquisite happiness reigned in every bosom. No traces of previous suffering or privation was expressed upon the countenance of Charles, but his looks were radiant with joy and felicity.

I have brought one, dearest girl, said Charles, addressing his sister after the turbulence of joy had subsided—one for whom I bespeak your affectionate and kind attentions. Observing Caroline regarded him with a smile of incredulity, he continued—Nay, dearest, do not doubt me when I tell you, it is your sisterly love which I crave, and I am assured I shall not vainly solicit that boon for the noble girl who has consented to share my fortunes, and become the partner of my future years. Let me lead you to my Camilla, and I know your heart, Caroline, will spontaneously acknowledge her as a sister. She has already received the kind welcomes of my father and uncle : she was completely overpowered with fatigue and agitation ; and just ere you entered, I had conducted her to an apartment where undisturbed solitude would restore her to composure.

.Amazement prevented Caroline replying to this address of her brother. When he had concluded and regarded her with a look of intense anxiety, she could only signify, by

placing her hand within his, her readiness to comply with his wishes. The enquiries rushing to her lips, she felt inadequate to make, and when they entered the apartment, her eager glances sought the sister whose claims upon her love had been so strenuously asserted. An elegant form was reclining on a couch in a state of apparent repose, but when Charles pronounced Camilla in an accent of tenderness, the lady started up, welcoming his approach with a look of fond confiding affection. Caroline lingered behind, until Charles had prepared his lovely bride for the interview, her eyes powerfully attracted towards her new relative. The countenance of Camilla was, however, hidden from her sight by long jetty ringlets, flowing in unconfined elegance. At length Charles led the embarrassed and evidently timid girl towards his sister, and placing the little tremulous hand within hers, in an agitated manner expressed his deep joy at presenting to each other the two objects dearest to his heart.

Caroline endeavoured to express the pleasure this interview afforded her; but one gaze at the lovely girl had sufficed to inform her, this was not the first time she had seen the large dark eyes which were regarding her with a look of anxious solicitation. The recognition apparently was mutual. The surprise of Camilla equalled her own, whilst Charles regarded them with amazement. At last Caroline exclaimed with one of her fascinating smiles—Beatrice of Santa Croce!—is it not? Oh! yes, yes! and you are the kind lady who interested yourself so much

in the sorrows of the unhappy novice : thanks, thanks for that, as well as your present kindness ! With the impetuosity of her character and nation, Beatrice, or rather Camilla, threw herself upon the neck of Caroline, who fervently returned the caresses of the warm-hearted girl.

Charles fervently embraced the two lovely girls, whilst they were yet encircled within each other's arms, expressing with humid eyes his joy at witnessing their affectionate meeting. The night is too far waned, he continued, to permit my entering upon explanations ; Camilla is almost worn out with her journey ; I also feel the effects of the fatigues I have endured ; but on the morrow, Caroline, I shall make you acquainted with all the circumstances which have occurred to me since last we parted. Caroline assented to the proposition of Charles, and, after exchanging a kind good night with her brother and his lovely bride, she rejoined their friends in the saloon.

The comments made upon the arrival of Charles with his unlooked-for companion, were such as might have been expected ; but all were compelled to suspend their curiosity on the subject, until Charles should afford them the desired information.

The following morning Caroline was abroad, accompanied by the earl, to enjoy their accustomed promenade in the garden of the Tuilleries. One subject occupied their conversation, and the congratulations of the earl on the arrival of Charles was sincere and heart-felt. The sound of their native language, accompanied by

a merry laugh, caused Caroline to regard with attention a group approaching towards them ; each party paused ; the next moment the hand of Caroline was warmly grasped by her old friend, Lady Emma Lumley ; greetings were also exchanged between Caroline and the mother and sister of her friend.

Lady Louisa was quite as vivacious as when Caroline had parted from her in London ; and with lively quickness she commenced a rallying conversation with the earl. Caroline had the meanwhile taken the arm of the mild and gentle Emma, and enquiries ensued respecting their mutual relations. The friends with whom they had associated when in London were afterwards alluded to, and Count Werner at length became the subject of conversation.

Lady Emma informed Caroline that they had recently met the count in a most unexpected manner, at Rotterdam, in the vicinity of which city the Lumleys had been residing for some time, the Earl of Lumley having been engaged in a negotiation with the government. In returning from the cathedral, continued Lady Emma, we were obliged to pass near the fish-market, and Louisa, delighted with every thing new, begged to alight from the carriage, in order to observe more closely the singular group of persons who were assembled there. Our curiosity was amply gratified ; the grotesque dress and appearance of the people, so very dissimilar to any thing at home ; and the many splendid buildings

around, still further increased, the effect in contrast to the humble employment of the quiet apathetic looking women seated at their various booths. We were returning to the carriage, when a crowd, in a degree of bustle, arrested our attention. A footman was despatched to learn the cause; he soon returned with the information, that a girl had fallen into the canal, and but that a gentleman passing at the moment had plunged in to her rescue, would inevitably have perished. We immediately went towards the crowd, to offer pecuniary assistance, if such were needed by the parents of the rescued child. In doing so we came in contact with the humane stranger, and were delighted to recognise our former friend, Count Werner! Surprise and pleasure were mutual. The count promised to call at our residence as soon as he had made the necessary changes in his dress, for his attire was completely saturated with water. The object of our solicitude had been removed to the house of her parents, and our proffered aid the generosity of Werner had rendered unnecessary.

We were soon joined by Werner, and with surprise learned his fortunate discovery of Constance Lovinia, and happy union with the object of his early and devoted love. Werner and Constance became our guests for the few days they remained in Rotterdam; but the anxiety they experienced to have the business terminated, which occasioned their journey to Scotland, hurried them away. We saw them

on board the vessel which was to convey them to Hull, and my father shortly after received a letter from Werner, announcing their safe arrival, and intention to embark on the following evening on board the Forfarshire steam-vessel for Dundee. Since that time, continued Lady Emma, we have heard nothing further from the count or countess, but look forward to meeting them in London in the course of a few weeks. Constance is a most charming and amiable person ; and you, Caroline, would pronounce her worthy of Werner's affections.

During this narrative of Lady Emma, Caroline uttered various exclamations expressive of surprise. She then informed Emma of her having seen Constance at the castle of Santalina ; but the progress of time prevented further conversation, and with a promise of meeting during the day, good mornings were exchanged.

Caroline and the earl were soon at the breakfast table, where a happy and smiling group were assembled. Camilla looked still more lovely and interesting than on the preceding evening, and she returned the salutations of the earl and Caroline with graceful naivette. Charles looked the happy and delighted bridegroom : it appeared that in obtaining the object of his love, every wish and desire were gratified. When the attendants had withdrawn, Charles was reminded of his promise to explain those circumstances which were yet a mystery to his friends.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“ I am free.

Once more, dear England, on thy sunny land
Is my firm footstep planted. Who can tell,
Whose limbs ne'er felt a manacle, the joy
That fills the heart of the released captive,
As he inhales the first breath of free air,
And treads with chainless limbs his native shore.’

WEEKS, appearing like ages in duration, passed over in the prison of Charles Dudley. The various devices with which he sought to beguile his captivity soon became exhausted, till at length all appeared to his mind as one dull and cheerless blank. It is only when condemned to unbroken solitude, that a communion with our kind is justly appreciated; and the converse of the dullest dotard would, in the unvaried silence of his cell, have been hailed by Charles with a pleasure equal to that he formerly experienced in listening to the treasured words falling from the lips of beauty.

The interview with his friends, which was permitted by the governor of the prison, had been revealed, and an order was received for the removal of Charles to a stronghold in one of the eastern provinces. Ere day-break he left Madrid, guarded by a party of soldiers. Proceeding at a rapid pace, they entered towards the evening a wild and dreary common. The jaded steeds were then urged to their utmost speed, for the guards were anxious to

reach the hostelry where they were to remain during the night, before darkness should close around.

Charles was guarded on each side by a stout *gendarme*, and every precaution was evidently taken to prevent the possibility of escape; but when he felt his throbbing brow bathed by the free air, and gazed upon the blue firmament of heaven, an idolatry of freedom revived within his soul, and he vowed to make one bold endeavour for liberty, or perish in the attempt. He had matured within his mind a plan for flight, and in order to allay the suspicion of his guards, conversed on different subjects with calm self-possession.

The dark heath, across which they were journeying, on a sudden became animated, and a numerous party of mounted cavaliers were seen approaching at a rapid pace. An order was hastily given by the commander of the guard, to be prepared for an encounter, in case the advancing party should prove hostile, and to shoot the prisoner if he attempted to escape. Long they were not suffered to remain in ignorance as to the intentions of the cavaliers; a brief but decisive struggle ensued, and the clang of arms disturbed the tranquillity of nature. It was a bitter reflection to Charles Dudley, that he should be unarmed; the bridle of his steed was held by one of the guards, whose pistol was in readiness to execute the commands of his superior; and Charles was aware that the slightest movement on his part would be the

signal of lodging the contents within his brain. No time was, however, left for deliberation ; his guard was felled from his steed by a powerful sabre, whilst a weapon was placed within the hands of Charles, accompanied by this address—Fight bravely, for your freedom is yet at stake !

The conduct of Charles proved that this hint had not fallen on an inattentive ear, for he was found a most efficient assistant to his liberators. One heavy blow aimed at his head by the commander of his late fellow travellers, caused Charles to reel upon the saddle ; his senses swam, and consciousness deserted him. When recollection returned, he was prostrate upon the green sward ; a goblet was held to his lips, and the flavour informed him it was a beverage of no mild quality ; and after swallowing a draught, he was enabled to regard the surrounding objects. They were then in a different part of the heath from that in which the *mêlée* had been fought. No trace remained of his late conductors, but a group of cavaliers were near, and an equal number of steeds pawed the ground, as if impatient to commence their journey. Charles had received a deep sabre wound in his sword-arm. A sash was bound around, and with a gentle hand he was assisted to arise. He was then addressed in an impressive voice by one apparently holding command over his fellows :—

“ You are amongst friends, who would have staked their lives to have restored you to free-

dom. A steed is waiting ; we must mount and ride, lest your captors should return with a reinforcement to recover their prisoner. Our leader and a part of the band are now many miles on their journey, and I was desired to use the name of the Marquis of Santalina, to allay your suspicions, should any exist, that our intentions were otherwise than friendly towards you."

In few words Charles expressed his thanks for his liberation, and his reliance on the honour of those who had given him freedom. He and the party were quickly mounted on their coursers, and before long the last echo of the horses' hoofs had faded from the heath. For several hours they continued at the same rapid pace ; the cold night-air blew chill upon the cheek of Charles, and he felt the pain and stiffness of his wound, but his soul revelled in his recovered freedom ; he beheld the bright stars, long strangers to his sight, glittering above, all remembrance of his dreary and cheerless captivity was forgotten.

From the quick rate at which they travelled, no opportunity was afforded Charles for questioning his companions, and he resigned himself entirely to their guidance. At length a deep forest was entered ; then only their pace was slackened. Onward they proceeded through a path so narrow as only to allow one steed to advance at a time. Here the leader halted, and Charles was desired to dismount. He immediately complied, as also with the wish of his companions, that he should suffer a bandage

to be bound over his eyes, to prevent the possibility of its ever being in his power to betray the entrance of the habitation, to which he was about to be conducted.

Firmly grasping the hand of his conductor, for some time they proceeded down what Charles supposed to be a steep and rugged path; at length they paused, and the covering was removed from the eyes of the wearied traveller. Gazing around in strange bewilderment, he found himself in a cave of immense dimensions, apparently formed by the hand of nature. A table was spread with various viands, and from its size was evidently intended to banquet a considerable number of guests. The hand of Charles was met by a friendly grasp from a martial-looking cavalier, who had advanced on his approach; and a warm welcome was uttered in a voice familiar to his ear.

Ha! Don Givona! Is it possible—do I behold my late fellow-soldier among those free denizens of the forest? involuntarily burst from the lips of Charles.

Even so, was the reply. But you, Dudley, are weary with your journey. See the good cheer is courting us, whilst we stand talking here; and by my faith, my brave fellows will be raising a mutiny if the venison be suffered to cool, and the flagons to go unplenished.

Charles was then pressed into a seat on the right hand of Don Givona, who presided at the board, and his platter was hospitably heaped with the smoking and savoury viands. Flagons, filled with the most choice vintage of the

sunny south, were placed in admired disorder on the table, and bumpers were quaffed to a successful issue of the cause in which Charles had of late been engaged. In the motley group assembled around the table, with increased surprise many a face was recognised, which the muster or parade rendered familiar to his memory.

• Charles felt exhausted by the fatigue and privations he had recently undergone; Don Givona observing the langour of his guest, intimated that a couch was in readiness in an inner apartment, where he might court the repose his wearied frame required. Charles gladly availed himself of this permission, and unnoticed left the table of the boisterous convivialists. It was long ere sleep visited his heavy eye-lids; hopes for the future mingled vividly with some degree of distrust upon the singular beings into whose power he was so completely thrown. Notwithstanding the high character for valour and discretion in the field, which had appertained to Don Givona, Charles could not shut his eyes to the fact, that his present pursuit was one truly inimical to the interests of his fellow-men.

When Charles and Don Givona met on the following morning, the latter played with grateful courtesy the part of the hospitable host. A long and explicit conversation ensued, and Charles learned with surprise and commiseration the events which had tintured with gloom, and driven the high-born and chivalrous Don Givona to become the leader

of a band of lawless guerillas. It was a tale but too common in the annals of absolute monarchies, where a weak sovereign is led by a dissolute and imperious minion to acts of injustice and tyranny.

Don Givona was descended from one of the noblest families in Spain, whose proudest boast had been, that the sons were all brave and the daughters virtuous. He succeeded to his paternal inheritance at an age when every pulse beat high in the anticipation of pleasure; and no disappointments had occurred to damp his ardour in pursuit of happiness. He loved the daughter of a brother noble, and young, handsome, and generous, he did not sue in vain at the feet of the lovely Isabella. Against the high-born and wealthy suitor, the parents of the young donna did not oppose the slightest barrier, and bright hopes of years of felicity seemed opening to the lovers.

Donna Isabella had passed her life in the seclusion of her father's castle, but ere becoming a bride, she was to be partially initiated to the gaieties of the metropolis. Her entrance into public was marked by the homage of the multitude, but she shrank from the adulation of the crowd—her smiles were exclusively given to her lover—his praises alone were grateful to her ear.

At this time the Duke of ——— was the minion of the imbecile Ferdinand; he was a man of the most fascinating manners, but so profligate in his pursuits, his very gaze bore with it pollution; and one glance of his bold

reckless eye blanched the cheek of female purity. Unfortunately, Donna Isabella attracted his regard ; he was aware of her engagement, but difficulties only stimulated him, and it was his boast—never had he sued in vain, or the ear of beauty been deaf to his addresses. As a preparatory step, the favourite lover was to be removed, and a regiment, in which Don Givona held a high command, was ordered into immediate action for the purpose of quelling a rebellion in the frontiers of the kingdom.

So brief was the notice of departing from the city, that Don Givona could only scrawl a hurried farewell to his beloved, reiterating his vows of eternal fidelity. For several months Givona was so entirely engaged in the field, that no opportunity was afforded him of visiting Isabella. He had written frequently, but no word in reply was received ; and this circumstance awoke distrust and anxiety. At length the provinces were tranquil; the praises bestowed upon Don Givona for his valour in the field, yielded but little pleasure, so deep was his uneasiness respecting the object of his love. He sped to Madrid, and sought the mansion of Don Helveteus alone ; in embarrassment and sorrow he was received, and a silent pressure of the hand was his only welcome. Givona sank upon his seat in a state of the utmost alarm ; his heart too surely, foretold some direful evil. He besought Don Helveteus to relieve him from his suspense, and inform him if, as he dreaded, Isabella

were indeed numbered with the dead.— Would to God that were the case! was the reply. Gladly would I mourn my daughter dead, rather than grieve for the dishonour of a living child.

At length the impassioned Givona learned the sad tale from the heart-stricken father. It appeared from the moment in which Givona had departed from the city, the duke, by every insidious means sought to erase the image of her lover from the heart of the mobile Isabella. Every art was employed, which his knowledge of the sex afforded him, and as no letters from Givona ever reached Isabella, she at last credited the insinuations that her lover was faithless, and she felt herself an outraged and deserted woman. From that time her whole character appeared changed; an unnatural lustre burnt in her eye, and a wild and reckless gaiety took place of her former gentle manner. The catastrophe was soon brought to a close; her apartment was found deserted, and vainly she was sought throughout the domains of her father. At length, the too certain conviction of their daughter's fall reached the heart-stricken parents, in the tidings that she was become an inmate of the palace belonging the profligate Duke of —, on the banks of the Ebro.

Great as was the grief of the aggrieved father, his sorrow was childish when compared to that of Don Givona, who mourned less for his own disappointment than for the fall from virtue of one who had seemed to him as but

little lower than the angels. At last he demanded if no means had been taken to win her from the place to which she had been lured, and received a brief negative in return. Givona then resolved to seek an interview with Isabella, to endeavour to awaken a feeling of remorse within her breast, and paint to her the grief into which her conduct had plunged her parents, and their willingness, if penitent, to receive her. He would then bid her an eternal adieu, and seek in active warfare oblivion to his regrets.

Givona found entrance into the garden surrounding the palace of the duke. It was, indeed, a fitting haunt for soft subduing pleasure; but the rich perfume which filled the air with fragrance, was as poison to his soul. After wandering through labyrinthian walks, he at length descried a female figure reposing by the edge of a gushing fountain, and the beautiful proportions of the head and figure assured him it was Isabella. Cautiously he approached, and was soon convinced it was indeed the object of his search, and quickly he revealed himself to the shame-stricken girl. A scream of dismay, and an attempt to veil her face with her taper fingers, bespoke the feelings of the wretched Isabella. She sought to fly, but gently, yet with firmness, he detained her, whilst effectively he painted the anguish of her bereaved parents. Convulsive sobs bespoke her sorrow and remorse.

When she was able to give utterance to her feelings, Givona learned a long tissue of cir-

circumstances which served at least to palliate her conduct. By the most insidious art, she had been made to believe that he was faithless; nay, indeed, that his vows had been pledged to another. Her mind was then plunged into a state of chaos, and all her actions dictated by the frenzy of disappointed affection. Her desertion of her parents' protection had not been a voluntary act, but she was forcibly carried off by the emissaries of the duke, and detained as a prisoner in this temple of Circe. At last the arts of the duke prevailed, and she became the wretched and degraded being Givona then beheld her.

Conscious I am, she exclaimed in a broken voice, raising her eyes to heaven with a look of despair, my soul is plunged in dishonour beyond redemption, and nothing in this life can wash away my guilt. But tell me, she said to Givona, in an accent of entreaty, tell me that you do not hate and utterly despise me, and when I am no more, you will sometimes think with pity and forgiveness upon the memory of the wretched girl whose heart was wholly yours, until a malignant demon distilled his poison into her mind.

Givona gave her the desired assurance, beseeching her to fly the power of the vile betrayer, and return to the arms of her parents. Never! she replied; to them I can never be ought but a bye-word and reproach: my presence would only serve as a constant memento of the disgrace I have brought on a once peerless name. Bear to my parents the assu-

rance of my penitence ; and now, convinced of your forgiveness, death shall be welcome as an only refuge from despair. So saying, and ere Givona could prevent the act, the frantic girl had plunged a dagger into her heart ! Her aim was certain and deadly ; in vain Givona sought to staunch the gushing wound, beseeching her to live for his sake, and all the past should be a blank. A smile of gladness beamed from the countenance of the dying girl, while she softly breathed—It is now too late—this is happiness enough to die in thy arms. Comfort my bereaved parents.—Holy virgin ! forgive thy erring child, and receive her spirit !

In a state of the wildest anguish, Givona clasped the inanimate form within his arms, and for a time evinced the most frantic grief. Kneeling by the side of the yet warm corpse, he registered a sacred vow never to desist from his pursuit of vengeance until his sword had drank the life-blood of the betrayer of Isabella.

He sought and found the duke—even within the inmost recesses of his palace. In a voice frightfully calm, he demanded, for the injury he had done, he should give him immediate satisfaction at the point of his sword. With a cowering brow and blanched cheek, the duke shrank from the gaze of Givona, ordering his menials to thrust the madman from his presence.

Givona continued his pursuit of vengeance, now become the only object of his existence, and even the presence of the monarch was no protection. For this and the contempt of court

implied by his conduct, repeated fines and confiscations were levied upon Givona, until at last but a remnant remained of his once princely inheritance; and had not Don Carlos, the brother of the king, interfered on various occasions, a dungeon would also have been awarded. The Marquis of Santalina also rendered Givona important assistance in eluding the attempts of the duke to place him in durance.

At last the object of all his wishes was granted to Givona. He found his victim unattended—they fought, and the sword of Givona was at length buried in the heart of his recreant foe!

For years the fate of Don Givona remained in obscurity, until the Marquis of Santalina met him as the leader of a band of free guerillas. When the memorable contest commenced for the throne, Don Givona came forward with his brave followers, offering to serve to the utmost the cause of Don Carlos, whose kindness he remembered with gratitude through the lapse of years. It was with this object that he had, in the secrecy of night, visited the castle of Santalina when observed by Caroline Dudley. By a trusty spy, Givona learned all that was passing at Madrid; and when aware of the imprisonment of Charles Dudley, he determined to effect his liberation—how he succeeded, is already known to the reader.

Don Givona heartily congratulated Charles upon being at liberty to return to England; a design to be immediately executed, since the utmost efforts would no doubt be made for his recapture. Had one circumstance not existed,

Charles would gladly have availed himself of this permission; the peace and tranquillity of his native land was an image fraught with pleasure, after the turmoil and warfare which of late had encompassed his path. He communicated to the chieftain the history of his love, and his determination to traverse Spain until he had found the object of all his hopes and wishes.

Finding that Charles was not to be dissuaded from this design, Don Givona suggested the precaution of using a disguise so complete, that he might even enter the presence of his nearest friends undetected. His hair and complexion were darkened with a powerful dye: he was supplied with a dress of a travelling merchant, and a box of various trinkets. However anxious Charles might be respecting Camilla, he could not be unmindful of the uneasiness endured by his friends; and on alluding to this, the chief assured him a billet should be safely conveyed to his sister, and that he himself would inform the marquis of the welcome fact. An arrangement was made by which Charles could obtain the assistance of any of the band, should he require their co-operation in recovering Camilla.

Charles and Givona parted with mutual emotion; and the latter used expressions which led his friend to understand, that he felt weary of his present pursuit: and regretted, that in the first ebullitions of his feelings against the injustice with which he had been treated, he should have embraced so wild

and lawless a course. Repeated disappointments awaited Charles in his wanderings, and hope of success had become almost extinct. Arriving at Toledo, he was gazing upon its magnificent cathedral, when he recognised Maria, the duenna of Camilla, returning from mass. He revealed himself to her, demanding the present abode of her lovely ward. For long Maria hesitated to reply, but at length his entreaties, aided by a well-filled purse, won from her the intelligence that Camilla was then a novice in the convent of Santa Croce, and a few days afterwards she was to assume the veil.

Charles experienced the wildest distress when he learned this ungrateful tidings. He impetuously declared his determination to proceed to the convent and claim Camilla as his betrothed wife. The arguments of Maria overruled this mad design; she offered to convey a letter to Camilla, and obtain a reply.

Charles wrote a long incoherent epistle; he pictured the agony the prospect of an eternal separation would occasion, conjuring her by the remembrance of their hours of love, never to repeat the vows which would be the fiat of his unceasing wretchedness as well as her own. He assured her he would exert every energy to free her, and begged her to write an assurance that her heart yet reciprocated his affection. Every moment of suspense seemed an age to the impatient Charles. At length the reply of Camilla was placed in his hands: in a moment the scroll was unfolded,

and its contents revealed. Camilla fondly assured him of her fidelity, and the solace the memory of their mutual affection had afforded her. She had believed they were parted for ever, but her heart continued to beat true to his image; but, alas! she feared flight was impracticable; she besought Charles to run no risk, but to leave her to her fate. The world would soon teach him to forget her, and she hoped that time and her religious duties would reconcile her to an eternal separation from one to whom the first feelings of her heart had been offered. Charles vainly pondered upon how he was to act. He was soon at the gate of the convent, and obtained an interview with the superior. With all the eloquence inspired by a true and fervent passion, he represented the mutual love of Camilla and himself, and the wretchedness a separation would entail upon both. He besought his gentle auditress to have compassion upon them, and not doom to eternal misery two fond and devoted hearts.

Alas! what can I do to serve you, was the reply of the gentle Clementina. I feel deeply for your emotion, but the power to alleviate your unhappiness rests not with me.

Suffer Camilla to fly with me, and a few hours will suffice to remove us far beyond the power of aught on earth to part us.

The abbess shook her head in doubt; but, at last, won by the pleadings of Charles, she consented to second his plans for the escape of Camilla. As no vows had been pronounced

by the novice, she was yet unfettered by any religious scruples, which could offer an effectual barrier to the hopes of the anxious lovers. A powerful opiate was administered to Camilla, which produced the appearance of death; and this semblance continued for forty-eight hours. Believed by all in the convent to be indeed no more, she was interred in a large vault, the general-cemetery of the departed sisters. During the secrecy of night, Camilla was removed by Charles, and conveyed to a safe asylum until recovered sufficiently to be able to travel.

The rites of the church soon united him to Camilla, and a rapid journey brought them to Paris, where the affectionate reception received by his bride was such as he scarcely had dared to anticipate.

CHAPTER XL.

“ Britain, thou’rt my home—my best;
— My own land, I love *thee* best.”

FAVOURABLE were the gales which wafted Caroline Dudley and her friends toward their native shore; and when the white cliffs of Dover appeared in sight, not one bosom on board but throbbed with emotions of pleasure. The years which Major Dudley and his children had passed in a foreign land, had served but to endear still more to memory their far-

distant home. And England—dear England was remembered with feelings fraught with the most fervent pleasure.

During the passage across the Channel, the Earl of Clanranald remained on deck by the side of Caroline, watching with silent attention the emotions which her ever-varying and expressive countenance revealed. Charles lingered with watchful tenderness over the lovely form of Camilla. Her dark eyes were turned to meet his with fond anxious scrutiny, as she listened to his animated description of the home which was henceforth to be her own. Whatever of regret the Marquis of Santalina and his amiable lady experienced, in undertaking what justly might be deemed years of exile from their native country, was softened by the presence of their well-tried friends; and by the remembrance of unnumbered acts of kindness received in their former sojourn in the island, whose shores they were now approaching.

Arrived in London, every object they beheld had its attractions for Camilla. The perfect seclusion in which her youth had been spent, debarred her from all intercourse in the manners and customs of the world. The ties of affection which link us to the home of our childhood, she had never known: her head was never pillowed on a mother's bosom, and the remembrance she had of her other parent was slight and indistinct; consequently all the kind and warm emotions of her nature were thrown back upon her heart;

and until she met with Charles Dudley, she felt herself a being unloved and alone. Now her feelings glowed with a most fervent warmth; towards her husband they approached to idolatry; and the kindness shewn to her by his noble and amiable friends, awoke all the channels of affection in her heart, which had been chilled, not destroyed, by ungenial circumstances. She would often express her feelings with enthusiasm to Caroline, dwelling with delight upon the happiness of which she was now a participator. Nor was Caroline less happy than Camilla; her sentiments towards the earl partook of equal warmth, though delicacy restrained the avowal. The earl was most urgent to have appointed an early day for the completion of his happiness by affording him a constant and hourly claim upon the thoughts and society of Caroline. She urged no affected delays, but wished, and her desire was seconded by her father, that the ceremony should be performed in her own native village of St. Leonard's. The earl willingly agreed to this proposal, only premising they should immediately arrange for leaving town.

Ere they left London, a new subject of thought and conversation was presented to the party. This was no other than the achievements of Grace Darling and her father. Every coterie which Caroline entered, she heard the fame of Grace dwelt upon with the most unqualified admiration; and every newspaper and periodical which she perused seemed but an echo of the general feeling. Caroline, it may be be-

lieved, was not indifferent to the honours so plentifully awarded to the noble island maiden, whose kindness to herself and nobility of heart had been remembered with pleasure during the many years intervening since her sojourn upon the island. Caroline gladly added her meed to the praises bestowed upon Grace, and detailed to many an attentive auditor the circumstances connected with her being at the light-house, and described in glowing terms each member of the worthy family.

Caroline wrote a long and affectionate letter to Grace Darling, congratulating her with equal sincerity and feeling upon her well-won fame. She gave a brief detail of the most striking events which had occurred to her family since last she had written to her friend; also intimating her present situation, and the change about to occur in her existence. Caroline alluded to the parents of Grace in terms sufficiently gratifying to the affectionate daughter, and expressed an expectation of again visiting Fern Island at no distant date. Her epistle concluded and despatched, Caroline was at liberty to accompany her friends to view a painting of the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, then exhibiting at Somerset-house. The wild and sublime scene depicted, far exceeded ought she had imagined of the wrath of the ocean in its direst mood, and she veiled her eyes from gazing on its horrors.

The marquis and his lady intended remaining until rejoined by their friends, after the union of Caroline and the earl should be cele-

brated. The honey moon was to be passed at Delmore Priory, a seat possessed by the earl in Hampshire; and in a few weeks they purposed returning to London, when the presentations at court of the two young brides, Caroline and Camilla, were to take place at a similar drawing-room.

The little village of St Leonard's exhibited an unusual degree of bustle and excitement as the travelling carriages of Major Dudley drove through the place on their way to the hall. It was not without varied emotions, that the home so long deserted was entered by the travellers; and many a scene of past happiness, in which Isora was numbered amongst the dwellers upon earth, was remembered with painful distinctness. Time, and a Christian hope had taught the major resignation and contentment; and as he witnessed the happiness of his children, he ceased to repine for the blessings he had lost.

The first visitor they received at the hall, was the rector of the parish; and with equal surprise and pleasure, in this gentleman they recognised Morrington, the college friend of Charles. He was most affectionately saluted by all, and Charles immediately introduced him to Camilla, as the chosen friend and companion of his youth. The events which had led to the appointment of Morrington in the parish were soon explained—and Charles was delighted to find that henceforth he should enjoy a constant intercourse with his valued friend and former Mentor. It had been ar-

ranged that Charles should continue to reside at St. Leonard's with the major. Camilla had already, by her kind and winning attention, considerably reconciled the major to the prospect of being deprived of his beloved daughter.

At the appointed time the major bestowed the hand of Caroline upon the Earl of Clanranald, who received it as the choicest gift heaven could bestow upon him. The nuptial ceremony was performed within the rustic church of St. Leonard's; and with the most devout and heart-felt emotion, Caroline responded to the solemn and impressive words pronounced by Morrington, whose sacred office it was to unite her to the earl. The children of the school founded in the village by Isora, met the bridal party proceeding from the church; and primroses, the first offering of spring, were strewed upon the path of the lovely and happy bride. Tears of the most acute sensibility streamed from the eyes of Caroline, when strained to her father's bosom in the moment of parting. The firmness of the major was also severely taxed, and his voice faltered as he pronounced his parental benediction upon his departing child. Caroline affectionately embraced Camilla, entreating her to watch with tenderness over their father's drooping health; and she was gladdened by the assurance, that Camilla would indeed be all that she had desired. Caroline was then conducted to the carriage by Charles and the earl, and soon the spire of the village church faded from her sight.

The warm caresses of the earl, soon banished the regrets experienced by Caroline in parting from the friends she had left ; and with no feelings but those of happiness, she entered within the home now to be her own. Blissfully flew the weeks of their retirement at the Priory. If ever happiness was experienced by mortals in this frail state of existence, it was surely the lot of Caroline and her noble lord ; and it was not without regret that they quitted a place sanctified in memory by hours of unalloyed felicity, to mingle amid the gay and brilliant crowd in the metropolis.

The major and his son were already in town, and also the Marquis of Santalina and family, the latter having engaged a spacious mansion in York Place for the remainder of the season. The meeting between Caroline and her friends was marked by nought but pleasure, as yet nothing occurring to dispel the happy halo which enshrined her and her devoted husband. Amongst the first visitors the Countess of Clanianald received in Grosvenor-square, was Lady Mary Dudley. Her ladyship appeared most extravagantly delighted at witnessing the fulfilment of all her hopes, of a noble connexion being formed by her lovely relative : and she congratulated the major with her usual warmth and volubility.

Scarcely had Lady Mary departed, when Lady Emma Lumley was announced ; and the two friends met with the most sincere and lively pleasure. Caroline soon observed, that a cloud of sadness rested upon the gentle

spirits of Emma—and her enquiries elicited the occasion of her ladyship's gloom. The Earl of Lumley had, a few days before, received the certain information, that Count Werner and his lady had perished amongst the unfortunate passengers on board the Forfarshire steam-boat: and Lady Emma had as yet scarcely recovered from the shock the intelligence had occasioned. The sensibility of Caroline was severely pained by this melancholy information, and she mingled her tears freely with those shed by Emma, for the unfortunate destiny of the ill-fated Constance and her loved lord. How inexplicable, she reflected, are the ways of Providence, and how relentless the awards of fate! Strange that the shore, once so nearly proving fatal to myself, should be the scene where was to be sealed the destiny of two beings, cherished so fondly in my heart! When I exulted so proudly on hearing of the fame won by Grace Darling from that disastrous wreck, little did I dread that Werner and Constance were numbered amongst the victims who perished!

The earl sympathised most truly in the sorrow of Caroline; and for a time a gloom was cast over the before cloudless atmosphere. The major, the marquis, and Charles all participated in the regret; nor was the marchioness or Camilla indifferent, although to the latter Werner and Constance were scarcely known by name. A striking lesson of the mutability of human affairs was, however, afforded by the fate of this devoted pair: and

while Caroline rejoiced at her own happiness, it was with fear and trembling that she reflected on how frail a tenure is suspended all we love and value.

The tour previously projected to the north, now possessed to Caroline additional interest, yet an interest of a melancholy nature; and the pleasure with which she had previously anticipated visiting Fern Islands, was now tinged with sadness. The major, with Charles and Camilla, were to be of the party, and the Marquis of Santalina and his lady also agreed to accompany them. The Highlands of Scotland were to be visited ere their return to the south; and Camilla was most enthusiastic in her expectations of beholding the land of Burns and Scott.

CHAPTER XL.

“ I never spoke the word ‘farewell,’
 But with an utterance faint and broken;
 An earth-sick yearning for the time
 When it shall never more be spoken.”

It will be remembered, that when last the attention of the reader was claimed by the Darlings, they were enjoying their usual Christmas festivities within the light-house. When that halcyon period of family re-union had passed, the domestic circle was broken up; the visitors returning to their various homes, in order to resume their usual employments,

and in peaceful serenity pursue the humble and blameless tenor of their way. Brooks Darling, however, continued at the light-house, and his active co-operation considerably relieved the before arduous labours of his father.

Time continued to roll on in its usual course ; January, with its nipping frosts, and March, with its blustering winds, came and passed, but not unheeded. Winter fled, and spring, with its sunshine and showers, was warmly welcomed. The variations of the changing season had each their peculiar charms to the enquiring mind of Grace. The visits of her migratory friends of the feathered race, would alone have served as a memento, reminding her of the changing seasons ; the return of those wanderers of the year from the climes to which they had flown, was always watched with interest ; and Grace would often vainly wish to know, what shores their light wings had skimmed during their absence. The May of this year was, however, anticipated from another cause ; for it was to bring with it Caroline Dudley and her friends to the island.

From the moment in which Grace had received the letter of Caroline, announcing her intention of visiting the island, she had been in a state of joyous excitement. Each morning, from the tower of the light-house, the surface of the ocean was anxiously scanned, in the hope of descriing the approach of the wished-for bark. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Darling was indifferent to the feelings experienced by Grace, but participated most sincerely in her anticipations.

At length all the expectations of Grace were realized, and the voyagers, consisting of Major Dudley, his son and daughter, with the Earl of Clanranald and Camilla, landed upon the island. With cordial and condescending kindness Mr. Darling and Grace were saluted by the visitors, Caroline introducing the latter to her husband and sister, as one whom she highly esteemed and valued. She then drew the arm of Grace within her own, cordially enquiring, as they paced the beach, after the welfare of her mother and each member of the family. The earl had taken the other arm of Caroline, and preceded by Major Dudley and Mr. Darling, Charles and Camilla following, they proceeded towards the light-house. Mrs. Darling was waiting by the entrance, her broad good-humoured countenance illumined with the most radiant smiles; every movement was expressive of her pride and satisfaction, as she returned the friendly greetings of her condescending guests.

Grace could not forbear regarding, with the utmost surprise, the change undergone by the appearance of Charles Dudley, since a few short years before when at the light-house. Scarcely could she credit that the mustachioed warrior she now gazed on was the wild stripping youth, whose highest aim then appeared to be, to guide a boat through the dangerous current, or to wing the sea-bird on its flight. Since that period Charles had mingled amid the strife of men, and high resolve and daring thoughts had set their impress upon his brow ;

but his laugh was as joyous as before, and the same heart-felt smile gave an inexpressible charm to his countenance, as his dark eyes were fondly bent upon his beautiful wife. From Charles, it was natural Grace should look towards Camilla, who was seated by his side, appearing to listen with untiring attention to each word which fell from his lips.

‘The localities of the coast were totally unknown to the major and the earl, and their enquiries drew from the blushing Grace an account of the various interesting remains which render this portion of Northumberland so well worthy of attention. Brooks Darling became the cicerone of Charles and Camilla, the latter proceeding with fearless step along the narrow board laid across the cliffs, whilst the less daring Caroline remained seated on a rock by the side of Grace, and in conversation, the time employed by the others in exploring the islands flew swiftly away: the earl had joined Charles and his companions, so that the *tete-a-tete* of the two fair friends was totally uninterrupted.

Caroline described the varied scenes in which she had mingled during her absence from England, kindly questioning Grace respecting her family, and whatever had occurred to them during that period. William, the brother of Grace, who had assisted in rescuing Caroline, her brother, and Morington, was not forgotten by Lady Clanranald; and she placed in the hands of Grace a valuable memorial of her gratitude. The coun-

tess listened with intense interest to the harrowing description afforded by Grace of the melancholy wreck of the Forfarshire, pointing out the scene of the fearful catastrophe; and when the remembrance of all the miseries endured by poor Werner and his Constance rushed upon the mind of Caroline, she was completely overpowered by emotions. In the utmost surprise and alarm Grace witnessed the sensibility of the countess, but when acquainted with the cause she ceased to wonder, and could only express her sorrow, that two beings so good and noble should have been doomed to so early and dire a fate.

Conversation of a less affecting nature ensued, and before rejoined by the earl, Caroline had learned the visit of Grace to Alnwick Castle, and whatever else of import had occurred to her since that period when her name had been so widely spread throughout the kingdom. Caroline half-jestingly rallied Grace on a subject seldom indifferent to a woman's ear, but the latter, in a manner which carried with it conviction of its sincerity, assured her kind enquiring friend of the perfect freedom of her heart from all soft impressions; that a determination had been formed never to leave her parents, but to devote herself to the comfort of their declining years.

Caroline could only express her admiration of such filial piety, and her hopes that in this life it should not go unrewarded.—Will it not be reward enough, exclaimed Grace with en-

thusiasm, to witness the happiness of my parents, and to know that my attentions are valued? Here they were interrupted by the return of the party.

Camilla declared the delight she had received from their research, in answer to the enquiries, if she were not fatigued with her wanderings. Major Dudley obtained from Mr. Darling much information of a valuable nature respecting the coast, and the cause of the frequency of shipwrecks, which was noted down for future discussion with the Earl of M., of Etal Castle, where the major and his party had been staying for several days, and where they had left the Marquis of Santalina and his lady, to await their return. Mrs. Darling did not forget to enquire respecting Morington, whose frank and kind manner had made considerable impression upon the mind of the old lady. She was informed by Charles that his friend was rector of St. Leonard's, and had not forgotten her kindness and hospitality.

The happiest day must have its close. But it was not without the most sincere regret that Grace witnessed the approach of the hour appointed for the departure of the visitors. She received an invitation of the most cordial nature from the earl and countess to visit them on their return to Delmore Priory.

The gay sails of the yacht were flapping lazily beneath the breeze; the attendants had all in readiness for departure. long ere any of the party thought of leaving the light-house. All had felt the day to have been one of calm

rational enjoyment, devoid of worldly emotions—one to be looked back to with pleasure, and regret that few such hours are passed by the favourites of wealth and fortune. Each of the family followed their guests down to the beach. Adieus were uttered with feelings, echoing the sentiments of regret that little word expresses. They stood by the shore, observing the receding vessel, until the last vestige of it had faded from the bosom of ocean. With entrancing gaze, Grace watched the courtesan who continued waving her handkerchief towards her; and when she was no longer visible, her feelings of regret found vent in tears of sorrow. One word of kind endearment from her father chased away her grief; and supporting the arm of that loved parent within her own, they proceeded towards their home.

Blessed with the endearments of her relatives, sorrow could not long remain an inmate of the bosom of Grace Darling. A gentle and serene happiness rested upon her brow; the tranquillity of her mind was reflected upon her countenance.

And is not the island maiden happy in her rocky home? As much so as the princess in her gorgeous palace! There she continues to gladden her parents with her presence. The world possesses no attractions to win her from her simple duties; and those who behold the modest gentle girl, would never dream she possessed the soul of a heroine. And a heroine Grace Darling is, in the true interpretation of the term. The same feeling of courage and

self-devotion which led her to the rescue of the sufferers from the *Forfarshire*, would, in other circumstances, have induced her to emulate the conduct of a Joan d'Arc, or the maiden of Saragossa.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling yet continue to pursue the same simple and useful course of life, as when unknown to fame. His heart and hand are absorbingly devoted to the service of his fellow-beings—he is emphatically the sailor's friend. The solitary light-house will long appear to the desolate mariner, as the bright star of hope amid the gloom of the tempest; and the island, isolated as it may to others appear, is a paradise of peace to its contented inhabitants. Their wishes never stray beyond its boundaries. Family affection, or the ties which bind them to their fellow-beings, alone cause their thoughts to look into the world.

Happiness is an effulgence of the mind, owning no respect to place. The odour of the brave deeds of Grace Darling must surround her as with a halo of light; and may the blessings she has bestowed upon others, return to herself a thousand fold increased.



